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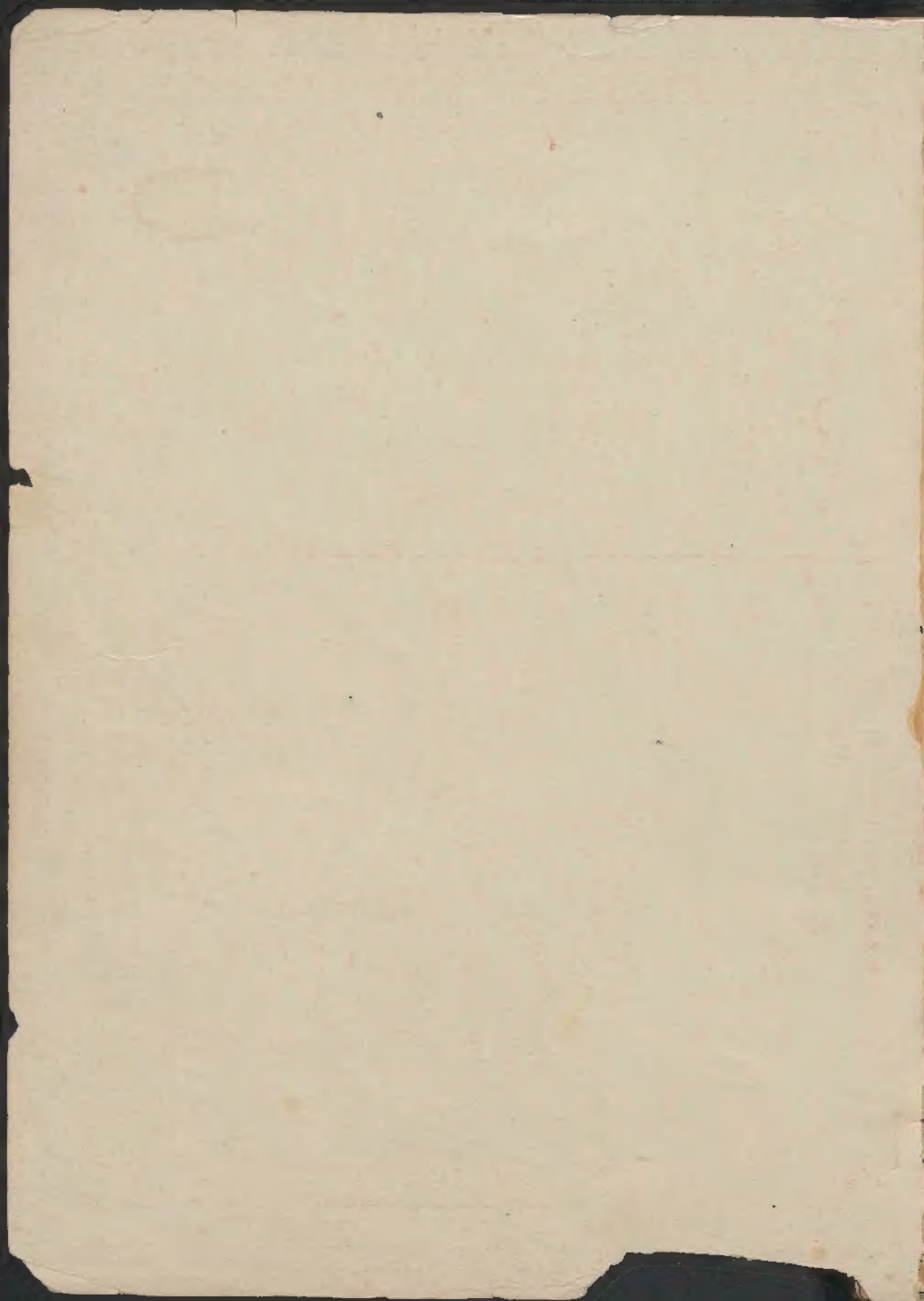
# THE REMICK FAVORITE-COLLECTION of OLD HOME SONGS



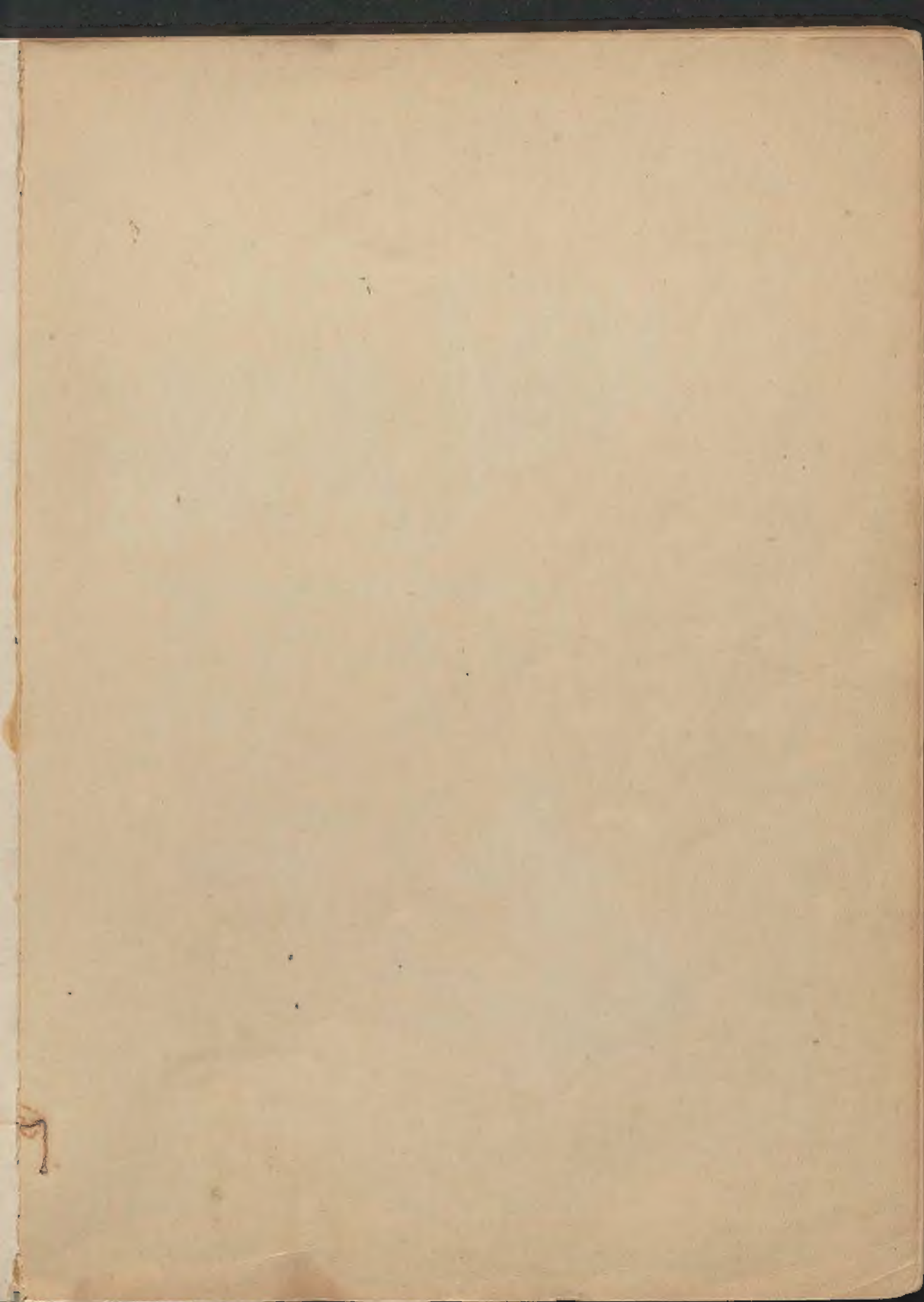
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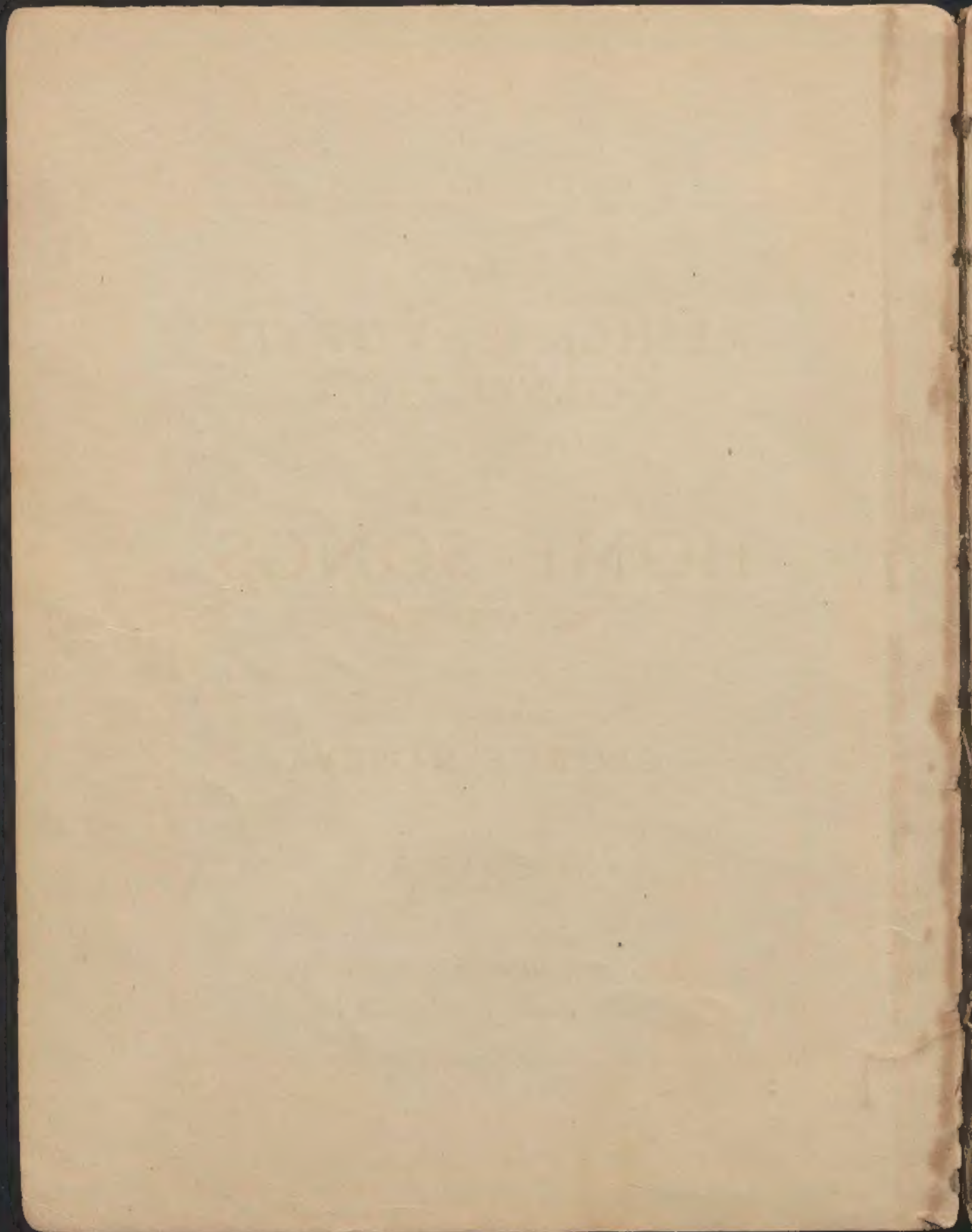
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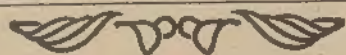






118  
122

*The*  
REMICK FAVORITE  
COLLECTION  
*of*  
HOME SONGS



ARRANGED BY  
GEORGE ROSEY

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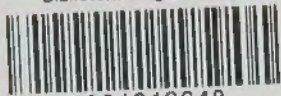
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# INDEX OF CONTENTS

A Life on the Ocean Wave.....	13	Hail, Columbia .....	90
Alice, Where Art Thou.....	26	Holland's National Hymn .....	109
A Warrior Bod.....	46	Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls, The .....	115
Auld Lang Syne—(Should Auld Acquaint- ance) .....	61	How Gentle God's Command.....	126
Afterwards .....	78	In the Gloaming.....	9
Annie Laurie .....	89	I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.....	10
America—(My Country 'Tis of Thee)....	91	In the Sweet Bye and Bye.....	120
Austrian National Hymn .....	106	John Anderson, My Jo.....	30
✓ Abide With Me—(Eventide).....	122	Juanita .....	87
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name—(Cor- onation) .....	122	Jingle Bells .....	88
Ben Bolt .....	4	✓ Jesus, Lover of My Sou'.....	118
Charms .....	6	Jerusalem the Golden .....	119
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Bridge, The .....	42	Killarney .....	57
Bavarian Yodle .....	81	Listen to the Mocking Bird.....	8
Battle Cry of Freedom, The.....	104	Long, Long Ago .....	29
Blue Bells of Scotland.....	107	Love's Old Sweet Song.....	34
Come Back to Erin.....	32	Last Rose of Summer, The.....	47
Comin' Thro' the Rye.....	33	Last Night .....	54
Charles John, Our Brave King—(Swedish National Hymn) .....	105	Loreley, The .....	56
Come Thou Almighty King.....	126	La Paloma .....	71
Darling Nelly Gray .....	2	Low-Backed Car, The .....	82
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.....	14	Lead Kindly Light .....	121
Do They Miss Me at Home.....	18	My Mother's Old Red Shawl.....	48
Dearest Spot is Home, The.....	21	Minstrel Boy, The .....	65
Do They Think of Me at Home.....	23	My Old Kentucky Home.....	66
Dixie's Land .....	95	My Bonnie .....	70
Forsaken .....	25	Maid of Athens .....	80
Forty-Nine Bottles .....	30	Marching Through Georgia.....	93
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton .....	36	Maryland, My Maryland .....	98
Future Mrs. 'Awkiffs, The.....	76	March of the Man of Harlech—(Welsh National Hymn) .....	102
Fair Harvard .....	67	Maple Leaf Forever, The—(Canadian Na- tional Hymn) .....	108
Flee as a Bird .....	129	Marseilles, The—(French National Hymn).....	112
Girl I Left Behind, The.....	52	Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.....	85
Goodbye Sweetheart .....	55	National Hymn of Italy—(Italian National Hymn) .....	114
Gaily the Troubadour .....	59	Nearer, My God to Thee.....	128
Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye.....	60	Old Folks At Home.....	7
Good-Night, Ladies .....	60	Old Cabin Home, The.....	17
Glory, Glory, Hallalujah—(Battle Hymn of the Republic) .....	99	Old Oaken Bucket, The.....	19
Home, Sweet Home .....	1	Old Black Joe .....	28
Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee.....	3	Off to Philadelphia .....	83
Hark! I Hear a Voice.....	12	Old Hundred—(Doxology) .....	124
Hard Times Come Again No More.....	16	Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow, The.....	53
Home Again .....	20	Palms, The .....	116
How Can I Leave Thee.....	35	Quilting Party, The .....	86
Heart Bowed Down, The.....	44		



## CONTENTS --- CONTINUED

Rock of Ages .....	123	Three Fishers .....	40
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.....	11	There's Music in the Air.....	41
Robin Adair .....	39	Three Blind Mice .....	41
Red, White and Blue, The—(Columbia, the		Take Back the Heart .....	50
Gem of the Ocean.....	94	The Campbells Are Coming—(Scotch Nat-	
Rule Britannia—(British National Hymn).....	111	ional Hymn) .....	44
Russian Hymn .....	113	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp .....	100
		There is a Happy Land.....	125
Stars of the Summer Night.....	5	Vacant Chair, The .....	15
Sally in our Alley .....	31	When the Corn is Waving .....	22
Soldier's Farewell .....	45	When the Swallows Homeward Fly.....	24
St. Patrick's Day .....	58	Within a Mile of Edinboro .....	38
Sailing .....	68	Woodman, Spare That Tree .....	51
Some Day .....	74	Wearing of the Green .....	62
Silent Night! Holy Night.....	124	Watch on the Rhine, The.....	110
Softly Now the Light of Day.....	128	Work for the Night is Coming.....	127
Star Spangled Banner, The.....	92	Yankee Doodle .....	101
Then You'll Remember Me.....	37		

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# The Remick Favorite Collection

## OF

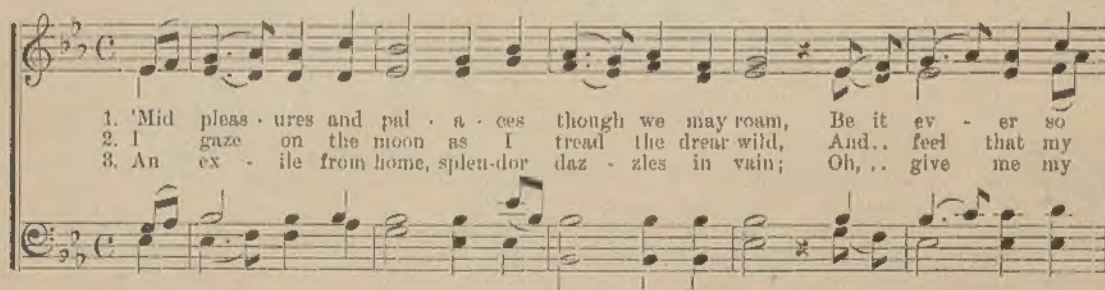
# Home Songs

### HOME, SWEET HOME.

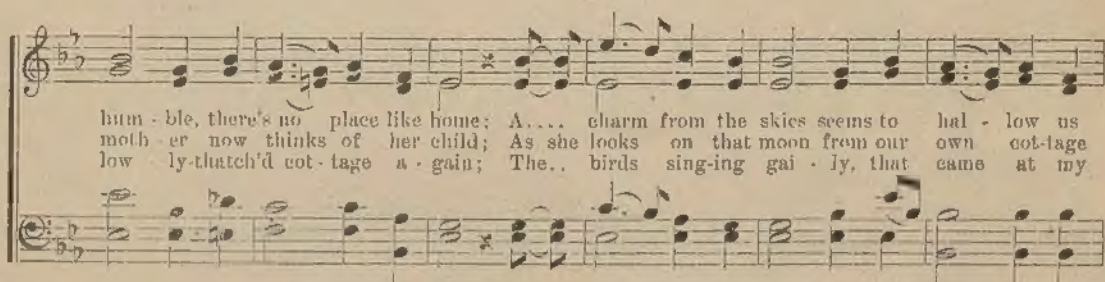
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

(MIXED VOICES.)

SIR HENRY BISHOP.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And.. feel that my  
3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, .. give me my



hum - ble, there's no place like home; A... charm from the skies seems to hal - low us  
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage  
low - ly-thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The.. birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home,  
door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,  
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,



sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

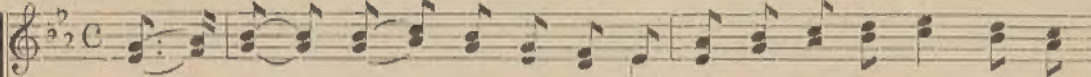
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# DARLING NELLY GRAY.


(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

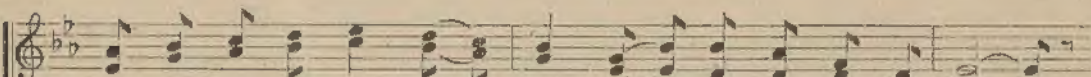
*Con espres.*



1. There's a low, ... green.. val ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've  
 2. When the moon had climb'd the moun-tain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd  
 3. My, ... eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can-not see my way. Hark! there's

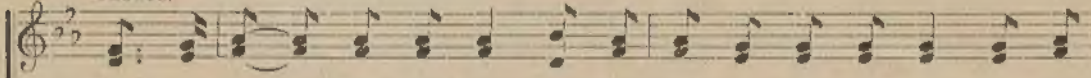


whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way, A - - sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the  
 take my, ... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float... down the riv-er in my  
 some-bod-y knock-ing at the door— Oh, I hear the an-gels call-ing, and I



lit-tle cot-tage door, Where lived my, ... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.  
 lit-tle red ea-noe, While my ban-jo, ... sweet-ly I would play.  
 see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

CHORUS.



1-2. O my poor, ... Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you a-way, And I'll  
 3. O my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, up in heav-en there, they say, That they'll



# DARLING NELLY GRAY.

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I'm... sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm  
nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a - com - ing - com - ing - com - ing, as the

weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.  
an - gels clear the way, Fare well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

# HOME, HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato*

1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home? No, no, still I re - gret thee,  
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, once more receive me,

Tho' I may far from thee roam. Home, home, home, home, dear - est and hap - pi - est home.  
Quick - ly to thee I'll re - turn. Home, home, home, home, dear - est and hap - pi - est home.

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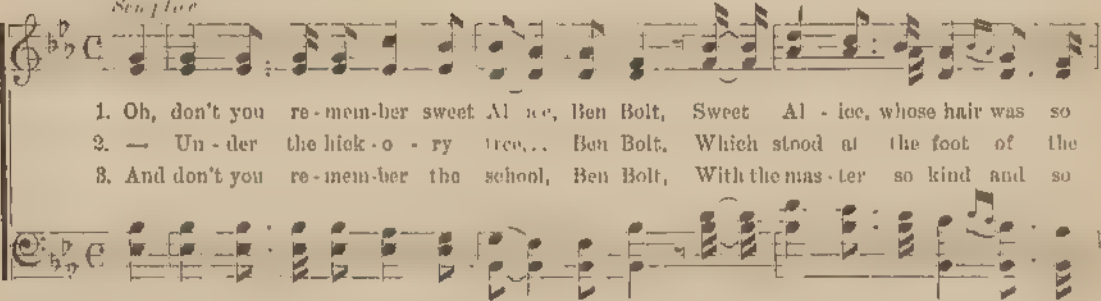
# BEN BOLT.

THOMAS DUNNE ENGLISH.

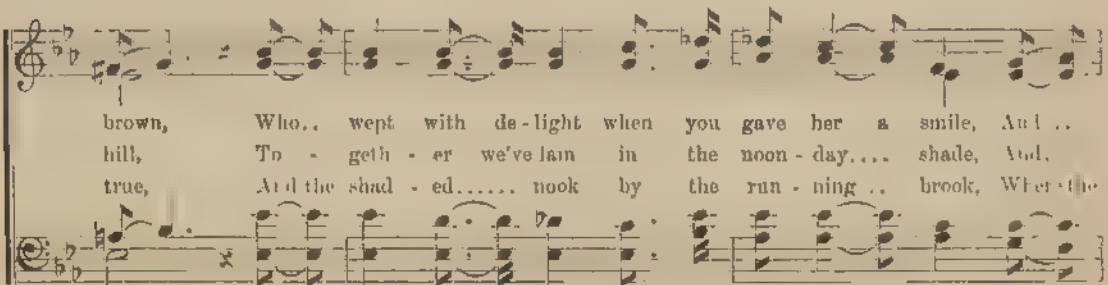
( MIXED VOICES, )

NELSON KNEASS.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

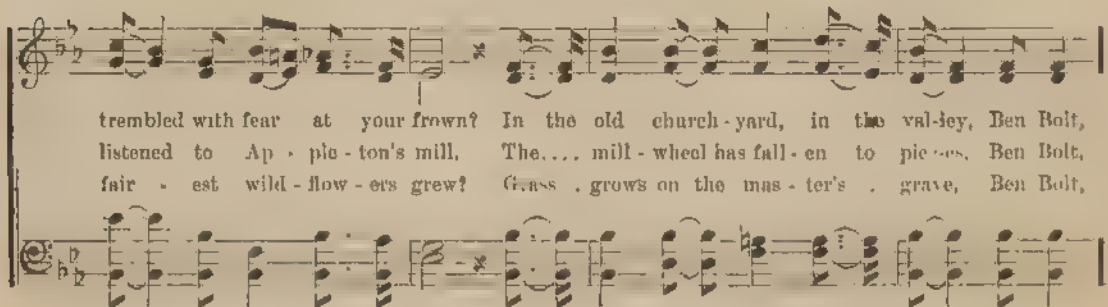
*Sanctus*



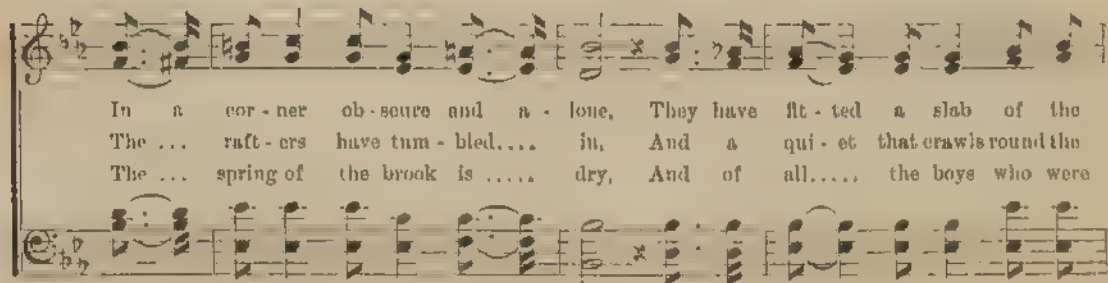
1. Oh, don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so  
2. — Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the  
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so



brown, Who.. wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And..  
hill, To- geth- er we've lain in the noon- day... shade, And..  
true, And the shad- ed..... nook by the run- ning.. brook, Where the



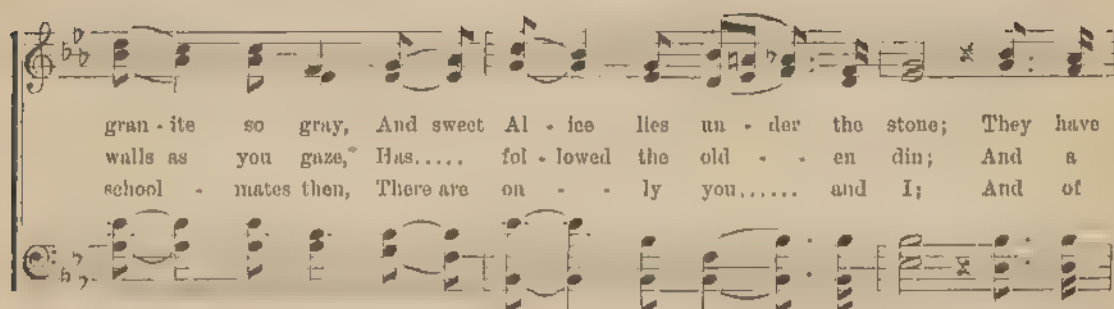
trembled with fear at your frown? In the old church- yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt,  
listened to Ap- ple- ton's mill, The... mill- wheel has fall- en to pie-ces, Ben Bolt,  
fair- est wild- flow- ers grew? Grass . grows on the mas- ter's . grave, Ben Bolt,



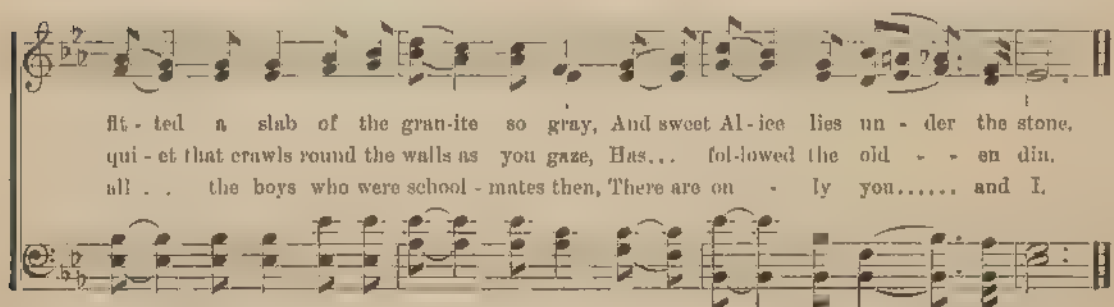
In a cor- ner ob- sours and a- lone, They have flt- ted a slab of the  
The ... raft- ers have tum- bled.... in, And a qui- et that crawls round the  
The ... spring of the brook is ..... dry, And of all..... the boys who were



# BEN BOLT.



gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone; They have  
walls as you gaze, Has.... fol - lowed the old - - en din; And a  
school - mates then, There are on - - ly you..... and I; And of



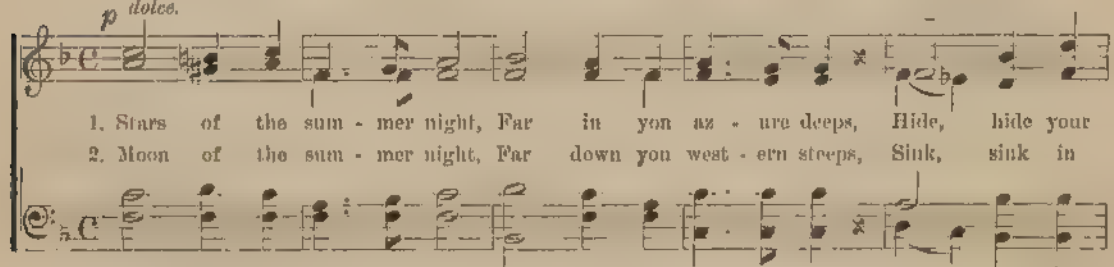
fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone,  
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has... fol - lowed the old - - en din.  
all... the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you..... and I.

## STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

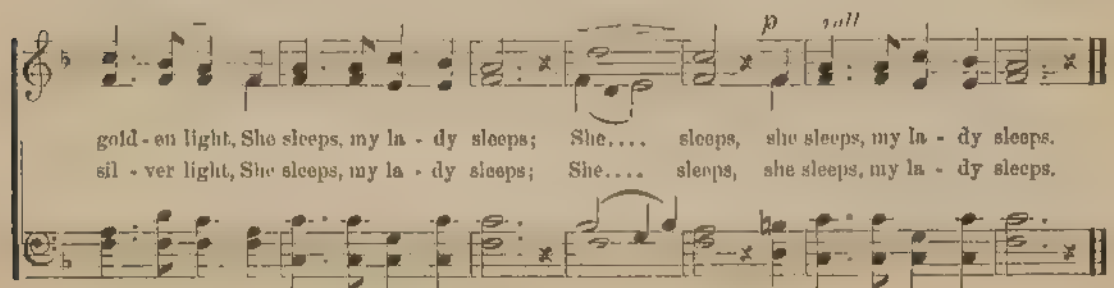
(MIXED VOICES)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Andante.*  
*p dolces.*



1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your  
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in



gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She.... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She.... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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# BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

THOMAS MOORE.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*p Andante moderato.*

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -  
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro - faned by a

day, . . . Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like . . .  
fear, . . . That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way . . . Thou would'st still be a - dored, as this  
time will but make thee more dear. Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved

mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness live as it will; . . . And a -  
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close . . . As the

round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still  
sun - flow - er turns on her God when he sets The same look that she gave when he rose.

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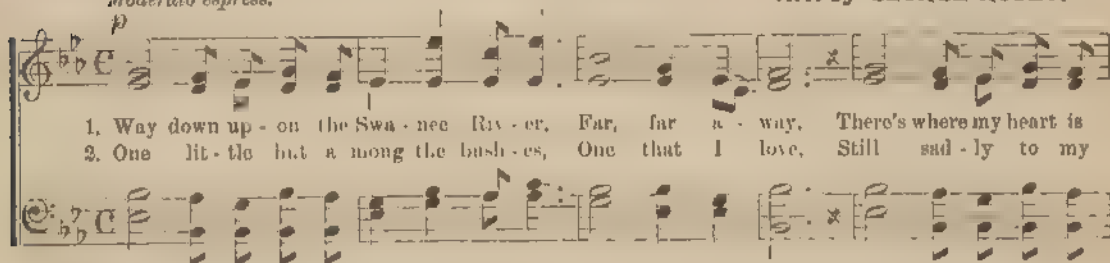
# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

( MIXED VOICES )

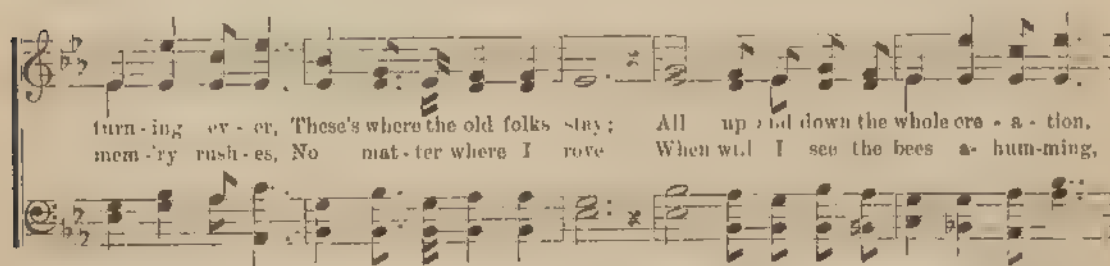
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderalo espres.*

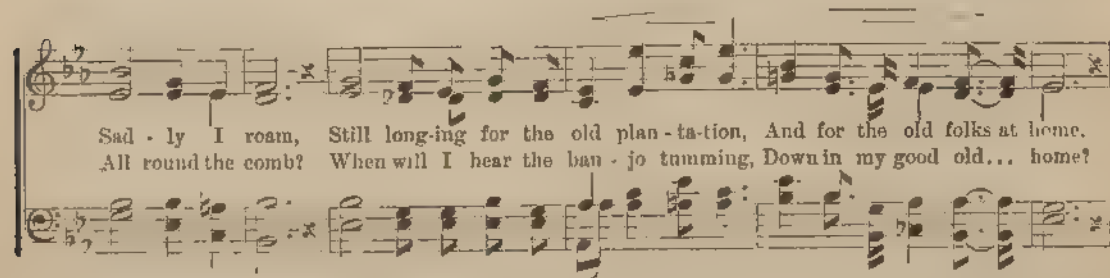
*p*



1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way, There's where my heart is  
2. One lit - tle hut a mong the bush - es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my



turn - ing ev - er, These's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre - a - tion.  
mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove When will I see the bees a - hum - ming,

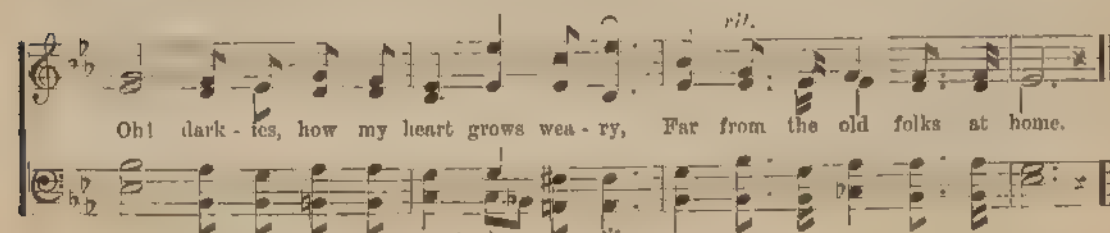


Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.  
All round the comb? When will I hear the ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old... home?

CHORUS.



All the world am sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,



Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.


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# LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

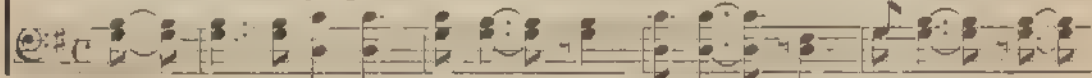

(MIXED VOICES.)

ALICE HAWTHORNE (SEPTIMUS WINNER).

*p Moderate*


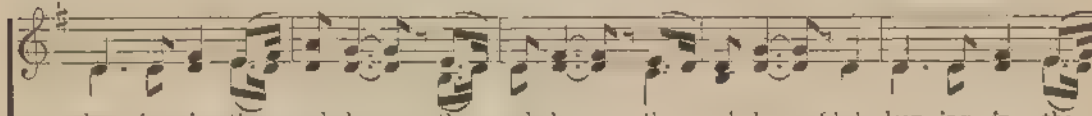


1. I'm ... dream-ing now of Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, I'm ...  
 2. Ah!... well I yet re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, Ant...  
 3. When the charms of spring a-wak-en, a-wak-en, a-wak-en, When the

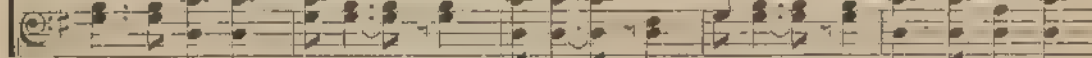



*pp*


dream-ing now of Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's  
 well I yet re-mem-ber When we gathered in the cot-ton, side by side; 'Twas  
 charms of spring a-wak-en And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the bough, I



sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleep-ing in the  
 in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep-  
 feel like one for-sak-en, for-sak-en, for-sak-en, I feel like one for-




*CHORUS p leggiero.*



val-ley, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,  
 tem-ber, And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,  
 sak-en, Since my Hal-lie is no longer with me now, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,

Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the





# LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Mocking bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including trills and grace notes. The bottom part is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

## IN THE GLOAMING.

Words by META ORRED.

(MIXED VOICES)

Music by ANNIE F. HARRISON.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui-et  
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! think not bit-ter-ly of me! Though I passed a-

The score begins with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. It includes two vocal parts with lyrics. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a melody in the treble and accompaniment in the bass.

*rall.* *agitato.*  
shad-ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go; When the winds are sob-bing  
way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free; For my heart was crushed with

This section of the score includes tempo markings 'rall.' and 'agitato.' The melody continues with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment provides a steady harmonic base.

*con anima.*  
faint-ly with a gen-tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once  
long-ing; what had been could nev-er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

The tempo marking 'con anima.' is present. The musical notation continues with a more active melody. The lyrics are split across two lines of music.

1. 2. *all.* *cres.*  
long a-go?  
best for (omit) me; It was best to leave you thus... Best for you and best for me....

The score concludes with a first and second ending. The tempo markings 'all.' and 'cres.' are indicated. The final line of music shows a resolution of the chords.

# I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Slowly. Can express.*

1. I can not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For  
 2. I can not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their  
 3. I can not sing the old songs, For vi - sions come a - gain Of

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For  
 mel - o - dies would wak - en, Old sor - rows from their sleep; And  
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed And years of wea - ry pain; Per -

by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, I  
 tho' all un - for - got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, ... I  
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, ... My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain; I  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me; My  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty, My

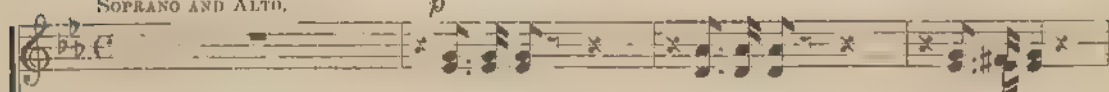
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

# ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

*Moderato.*  
SOPRANO AND ALTO,

(BASS SOLO.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



TENOR AND BASS.

*mf*

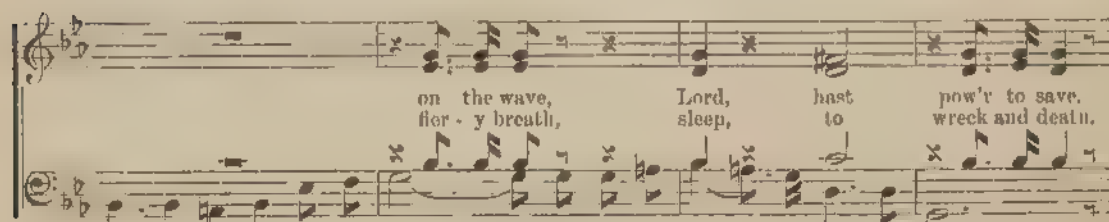
1. Of the deep,  
2. Still were mine,

lay me down,  
stormy winds,

peace to sleep;  
o'er the brine,

1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,..... I lay me down .... in peace to sleep;  
2. And such the trust that still were mine,..... Tho' stormy winds,..... sweep o'er the brine,

Se -  
Or



on the wave,  
fier - y breath,

Lord,  
sleep,

hast  
to

pow'r to save.  
wreck and death.

cure I rest up - on the wave, ..... For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.  
though the tempest's fier - y breath, ..... Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,



I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall!  
In o - cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty;



And calm

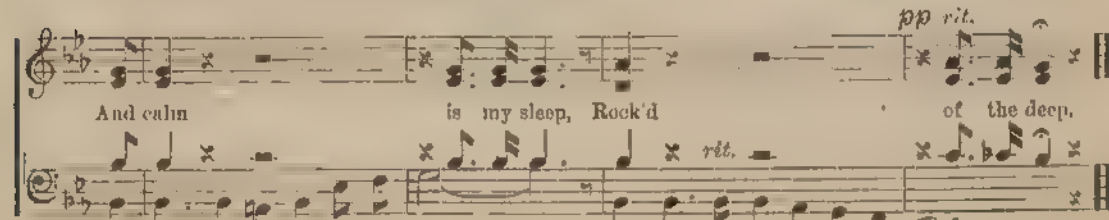
sleep...

Rock'd

in

of the deep;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,



And calm

is my sleep, Rock'd

of the deep,

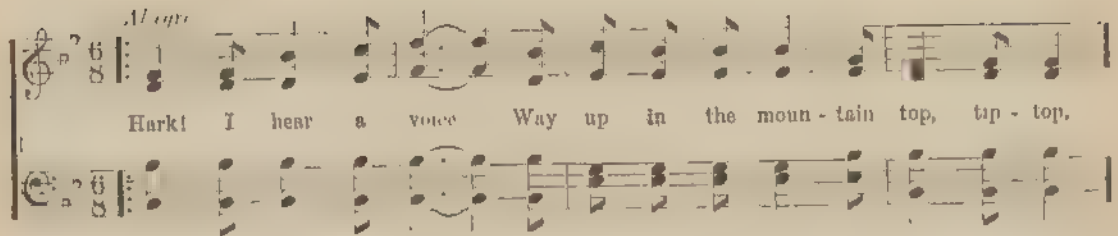
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ..... Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.



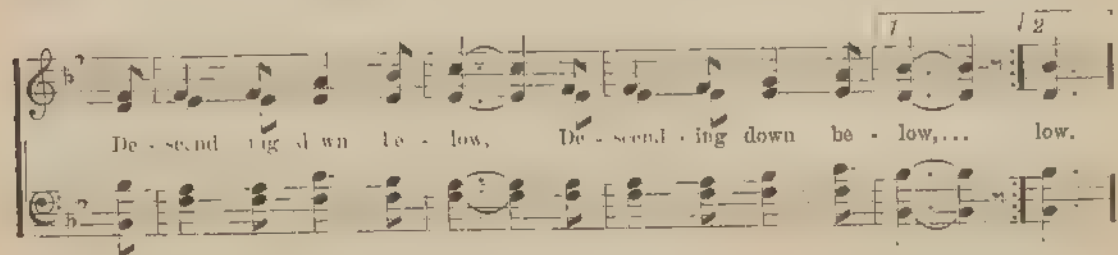
# HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

(MIXED VOICES.)

*Allegro*



Hark! I hear a voice Way up in the moun-tain top, tip-top.



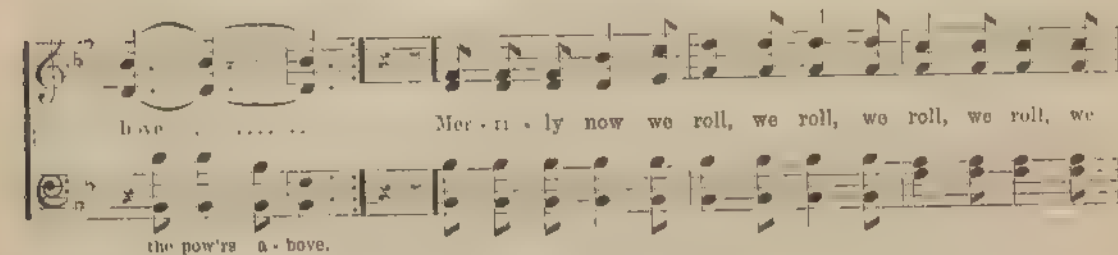
De-scend-ing down be-low, De-scend-ing down be-low, low.

*Chorus*



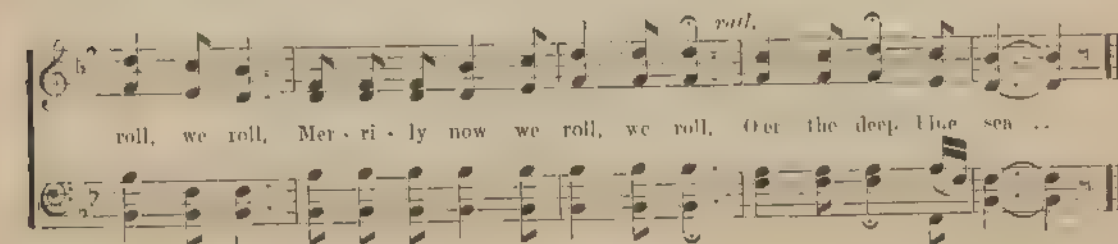
Let us all unite in love, Trust-ing in the pow'rs a

Let us all unite in love, Trust-ing in



bove Mer-ri-ly now we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we

the pow'rs a-bove.



roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we roll, we roll, Out the deep blue sea

# A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Words by EPES SARGENT.

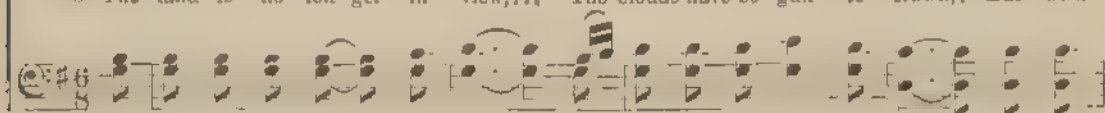
(MIXED VOICES.)

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

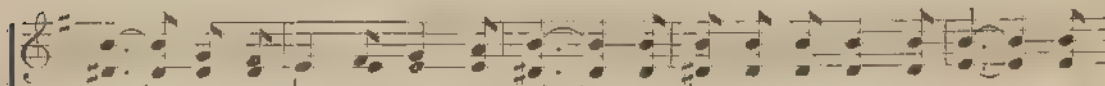
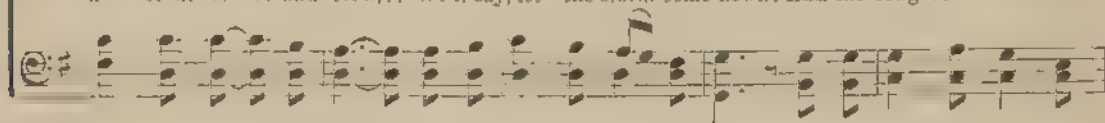
*f Allegro*



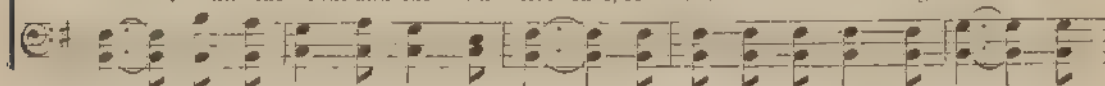
1. A life on the o - cean wave,... A home on the roll - ing deep... Where the  
2. Once more on the deck... I stand... Of my own swift-glid - ing craft... Set sail  
3. The land is no lon - ger in view,... The clouds have be - gun to frown... But with



scat - tered wa - ters rave... And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an an - gel caged I  
fare - well to the land... The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the spaw - ling  
a stout ves - sel and crew... We'll say, let this storm come down! And the song of our heart shall

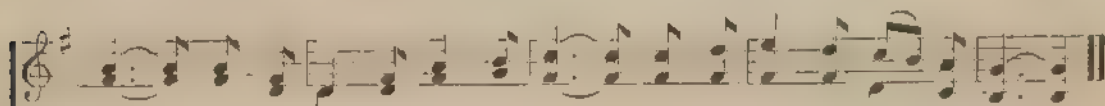


On this dull, un - chang - ing shore; Oh, give me the flash - ing brine, The  
foat, Like an o - cean bird set free... Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll  
Whil - the winds and the wa - ters rave, A life on the heav - ing sea A

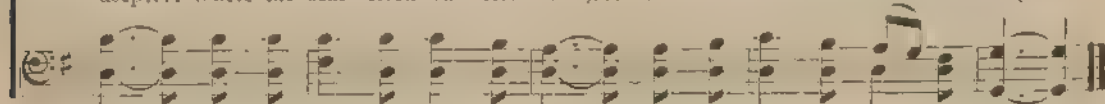


CHORUS.

spray and the tem - pest roar!... A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing  
find far out on the sea!... A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing  
home on the bounding wave... A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing



deep!... Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave... And the winds their rev - els keep!...



# DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

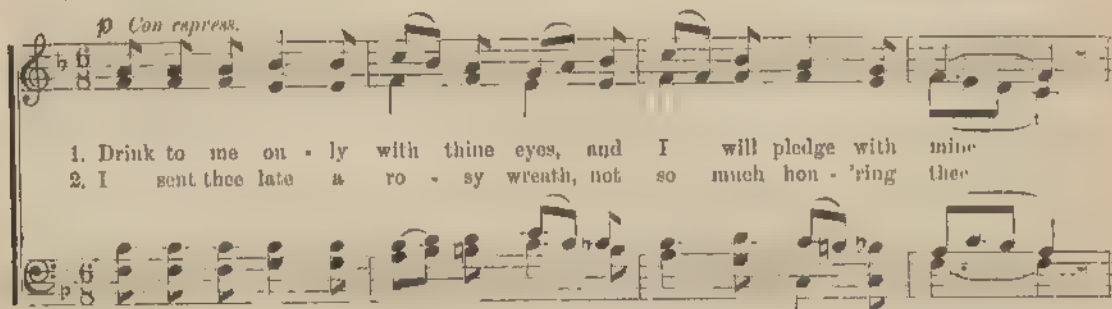
(MIXED VOICES.)

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

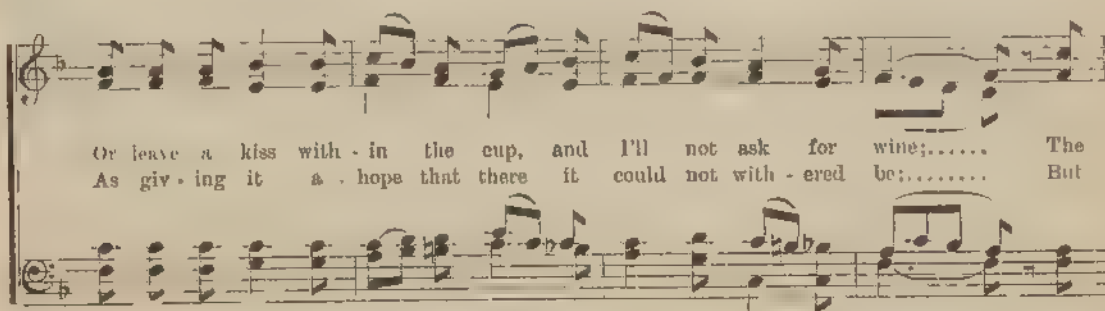
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

BEN. JONSON.

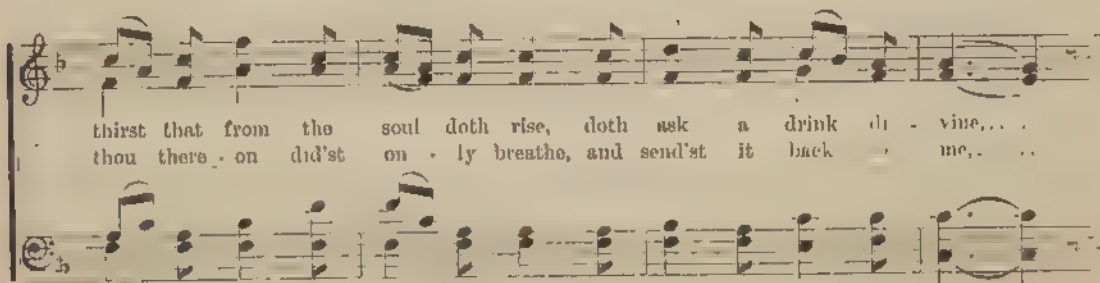
*p Con espress.*



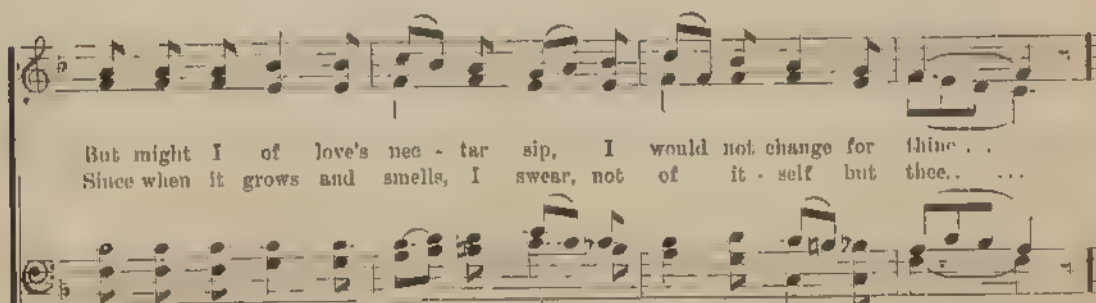
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine  
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;..... The  
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be;..... But



thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine,...  
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me,...



But might I of love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine...  
Shue when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self but thee...

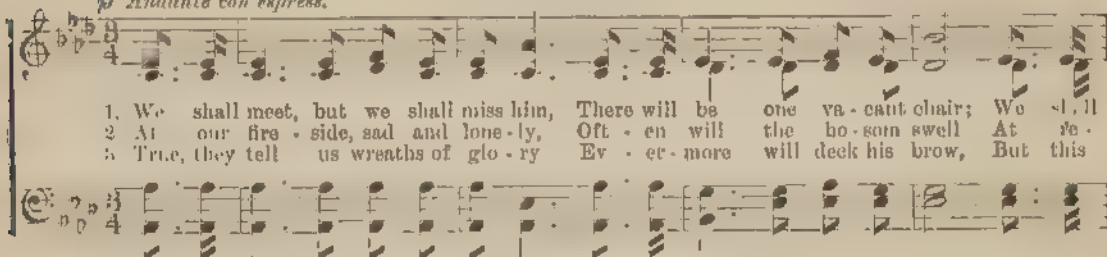


# THE VACANT CHAIR.

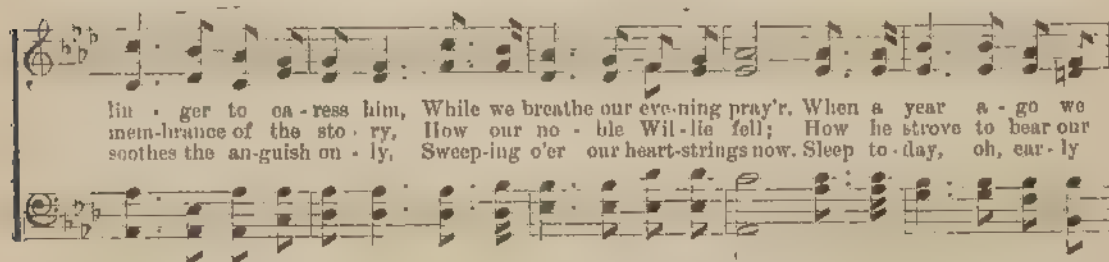
(MIXED VOICES.)

Music by GEORGE F. ROOT.

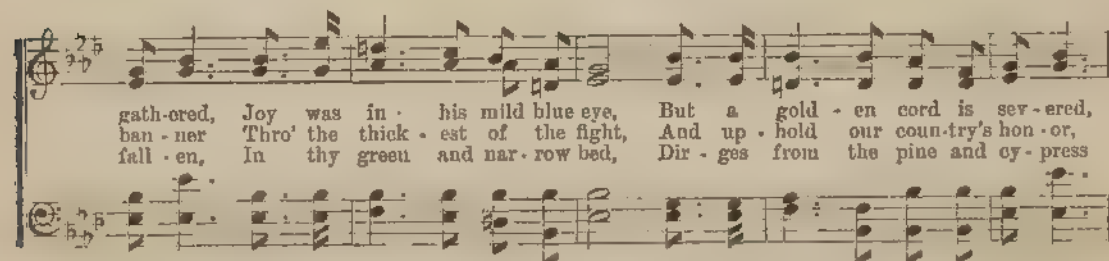
*p Andante con espress.*



1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall  
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the ho-som swell At re-  
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this



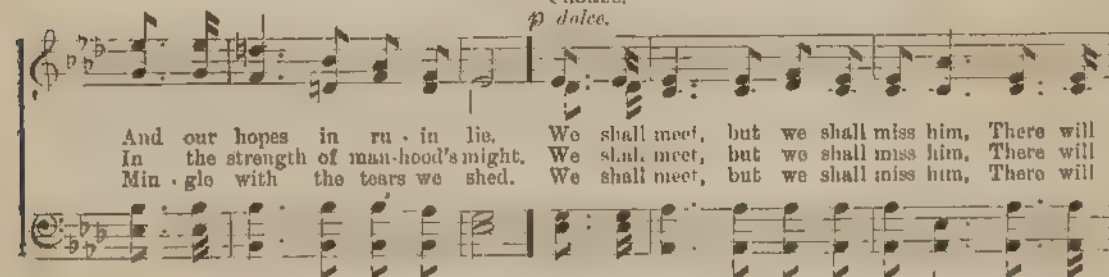
lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r. When a year a-go we  
 mem-brance of the sto-ry, How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our  
 soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, oh, ear-ly



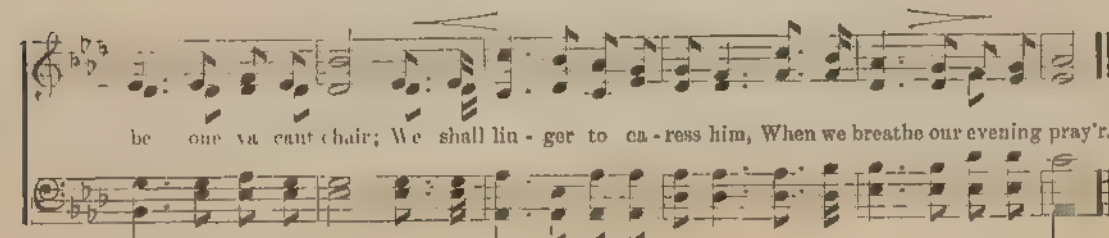
gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered,  
 ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or,  
 fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press

CHORUS.

*p dolce.*



And our hopes in ru-in lie, We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will  
 In the strength of man-hood's might, We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will  
 Min-gle with the tears we shed. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will



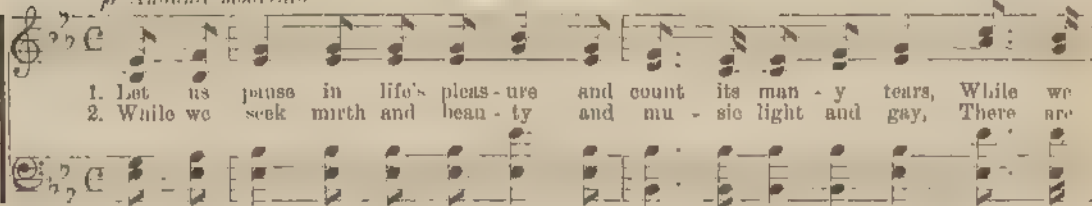
be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, When we breathe our evening pray'r.

# HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.


( MIXED VOICES )

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.


*p Andante moderato*



1. Let us pause in life's pleas-ure and count its man-y tears, While we  
2. While we seek mirth and beau-ty and mu-sic light and gay, There are



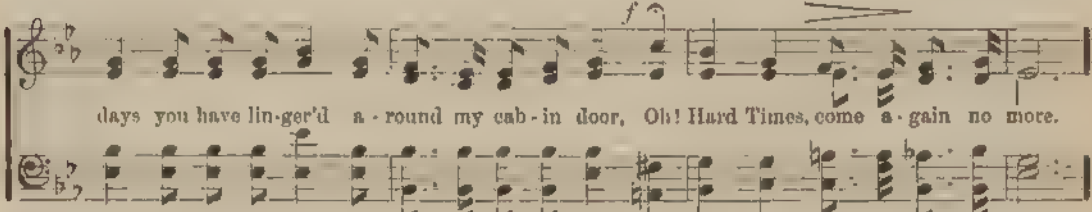
all frail sup- sor- row with the poor; There's a song that will lin- ger for-  
frail forms fanc- ing at the door: Though their voic- es are si- lent, their



CHORUS.  
ev- er in our ears: Oh! Hard Times, come a- gain no more... 'Tis the  
plead- ing looks will say: Oh! Hard Times, come a- gain no more... 'Tis the



song, the sigh of the wea- ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come a gain no more; Man y



days you have lin- ger'd a- round my cab- in door, Oh! Hard Times, come a- gain no more.

3 There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day—  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.—CHO.

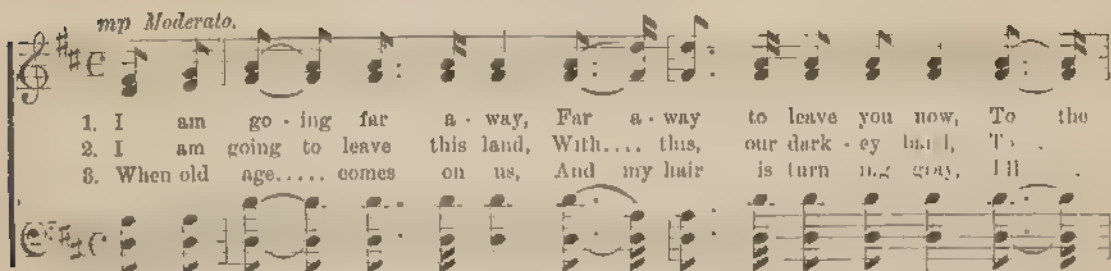
4 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,—  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.—CHO.

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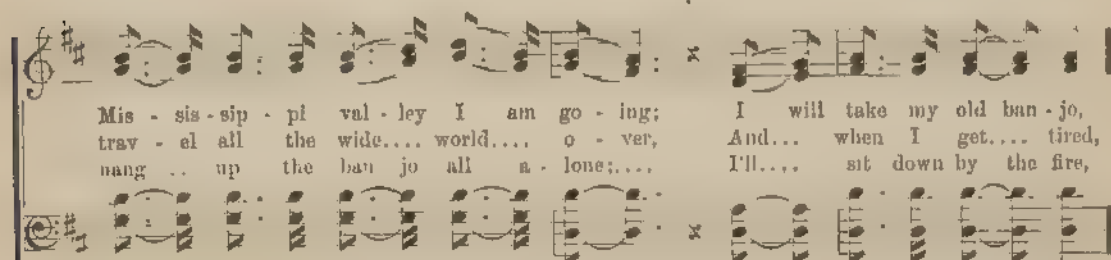
# 'THE OLD CABIN HOME.

(MIXED VOICES)

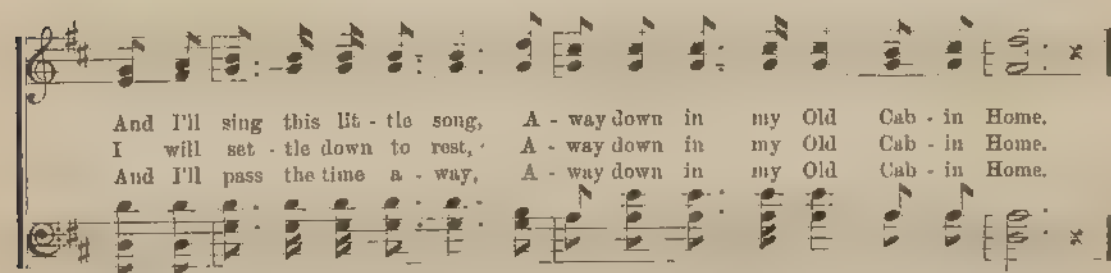
*mp Moderato.*



1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the  
 2. I am going to leave this land, With... this, our dark - ey land, To  
 3. When old age.... comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, I'll



Mis - sis - sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,  
 trav - el all the wide... world... o - ver, And... when I get... tired,  
 hang .. up the ban jo all a - lone;... I'll... sit down by the fire,

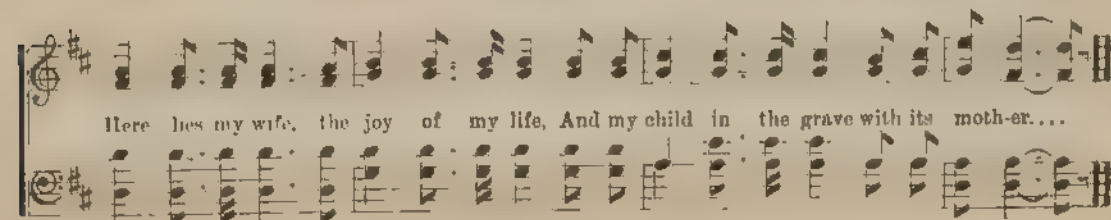


And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.  
 I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.  
 And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

*mf* CHORUS.



Here is my Old Cab - in Home... Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er;...



Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its moth - er....

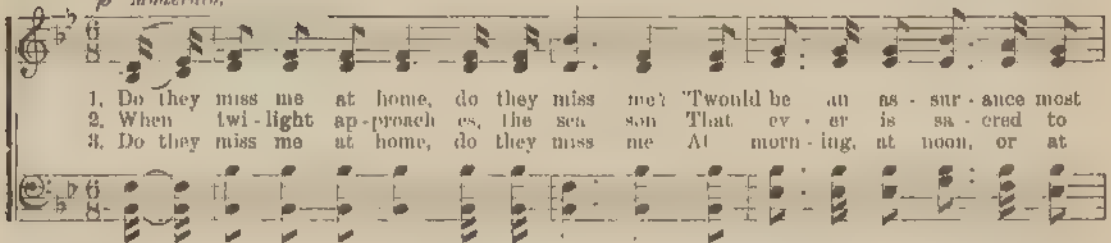


# DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

( MIXED VOICES. )

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

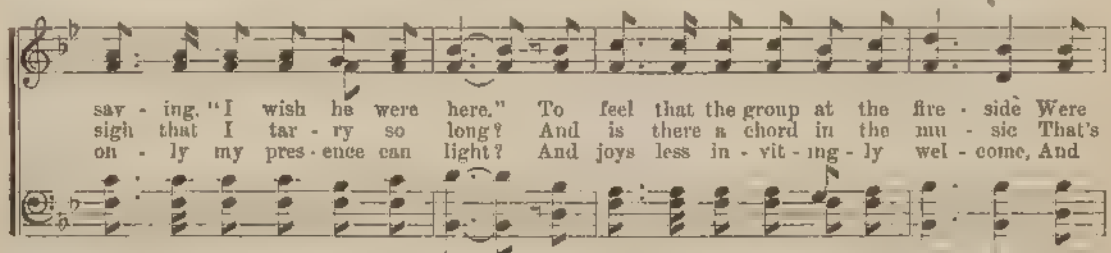
*p* Moderato.



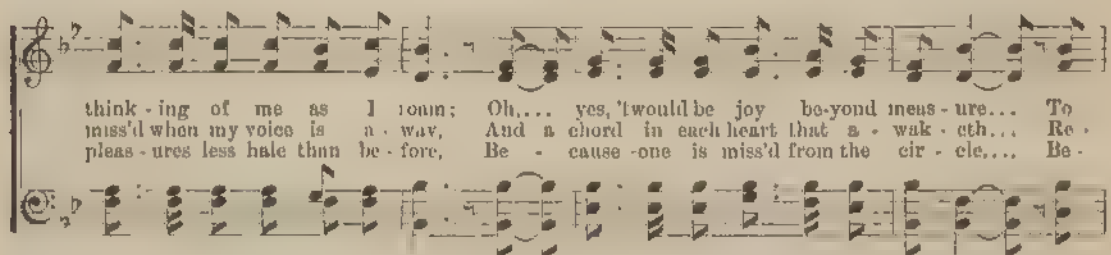
1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould be an as - sur - ance most  
 2. When twi - light ap - proach es, the sea son That ev - er is sa - cred to  
 3. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me At morn - ing, at noon, or at



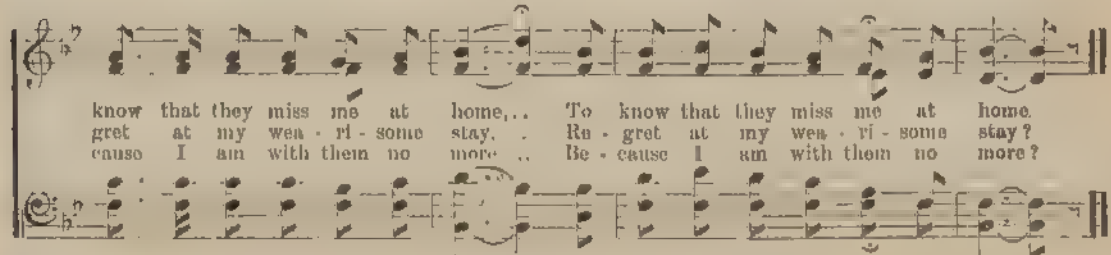
dear To know that this mo - ment some loved one..... Were  
 song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver,.... And  
 night? And lin - gers one gloom - y shade round them.... That



say - ing, "I wish he were here." To feel that the group at the fire - side Were  
 sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's  
 on - ly my pres - ence can light? And joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And



think - ing of me as I roun; Oh... yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure... To  
 miss'd when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth... Re -  
 pleas - ures less hale than be - fore, Be - cause - one is miss'd from the cir - cle... Be -



know that they miss me at home... To know that they miss me at home.  
 gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Ra - gret at my wea - ri - some stay?  
 cause I am with them no more.. Be - cause I am with them no more?

# THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

( MIXED VOICES )

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato*

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond re - ol - lec - tion pre -  
 { The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wild - wood; And ev - 'ry loved spot which my

sents them to view! { The wide - spread lag pond, and the mill that stood by it, Th -  
 in - fan - cy knew; { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house nigh it, And

bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; } The old oak en buck - et, the  
 e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }

iron bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure  
 For often at noon, when returning from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,  
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
 Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips  
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

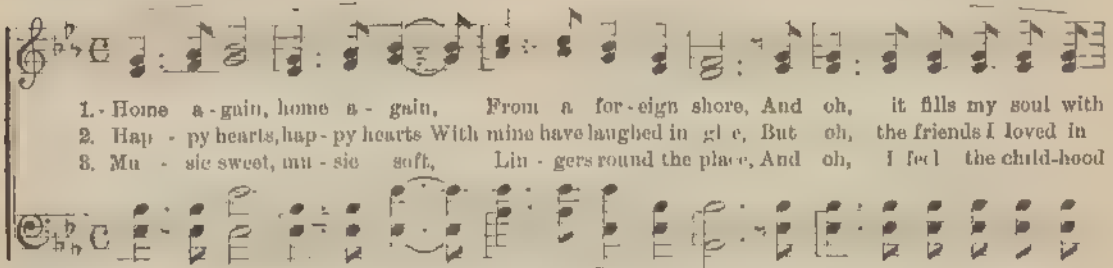
Copyright, 1891, by Jerome H. Remick & Co. Detroit and New York

# HOME AGAIN.

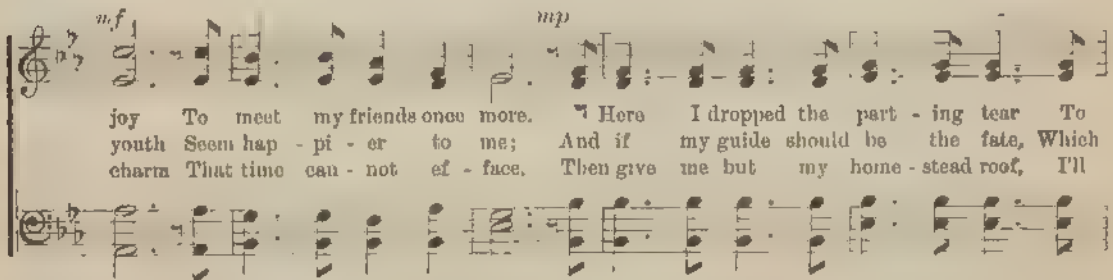
MIXED VOICES.)

MARSHALL S. PIKE.

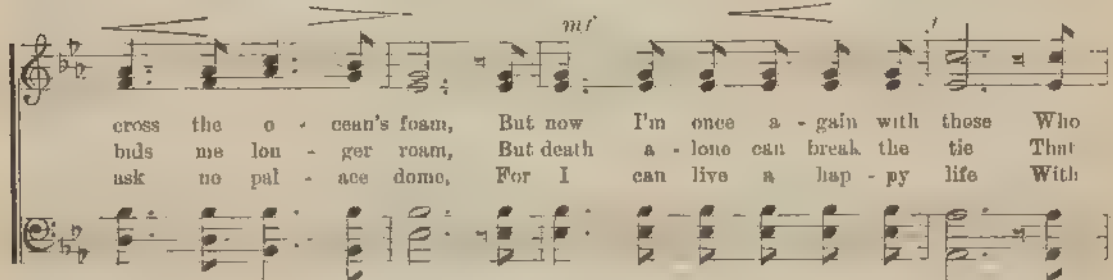
*Con moto moderato.*



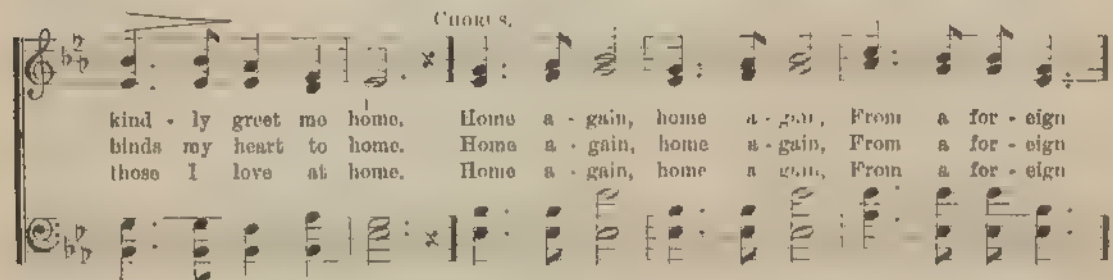
1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with  
 2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts With mine have laughed in gl e, But oh, the friends I loved in  
 3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh, I feel the child-hood



*mf* joy To meet my friends once more. *mp* Here I dropped the part - ing tear To  
 youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which  
 charm That time can - not ef - face. Then give me but my home - stead roof, I'll



*mf* cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with these Who  
 bids me lon - ger roam, But death a - lone can break the tie That  
 ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life With



*Chorus.*  
 kind - ly greet me home. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign  
 binds my heart to home. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign  
 those I love at home. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign



shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.



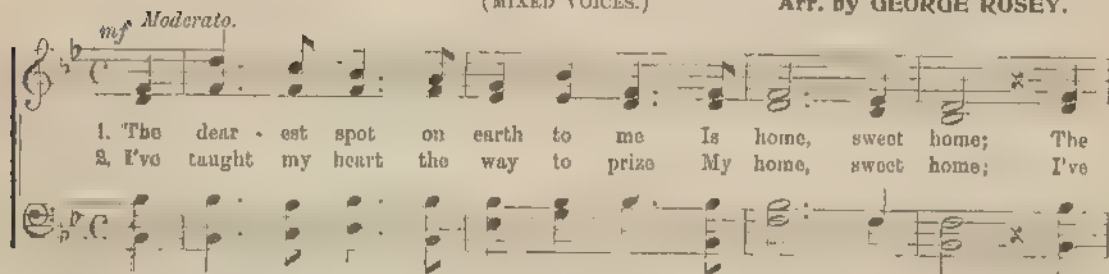
# THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.

(MIXED VOICES.)

W. T. WRIGHTON.

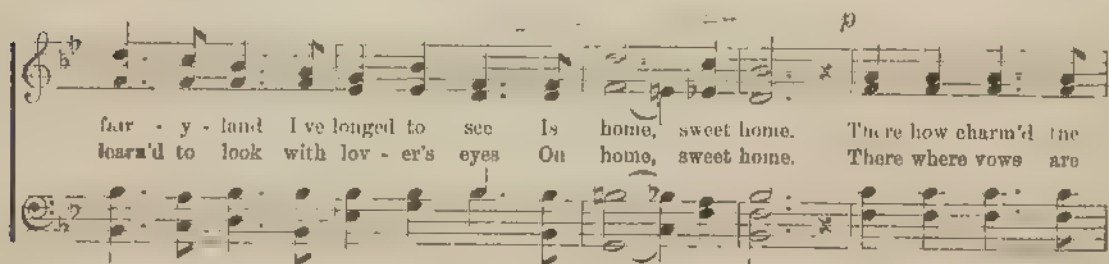
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*mf* *Moderato.*

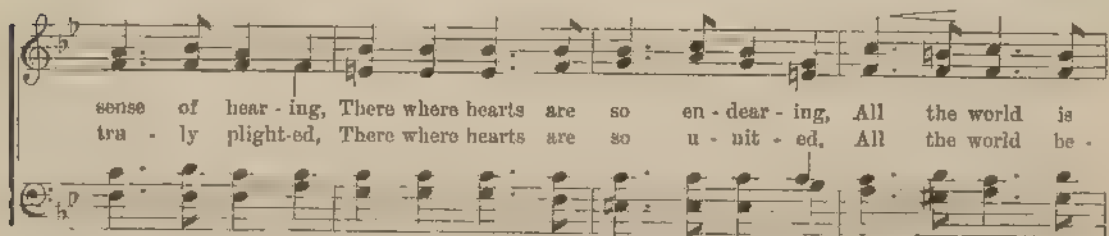


1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The  
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've

*p*

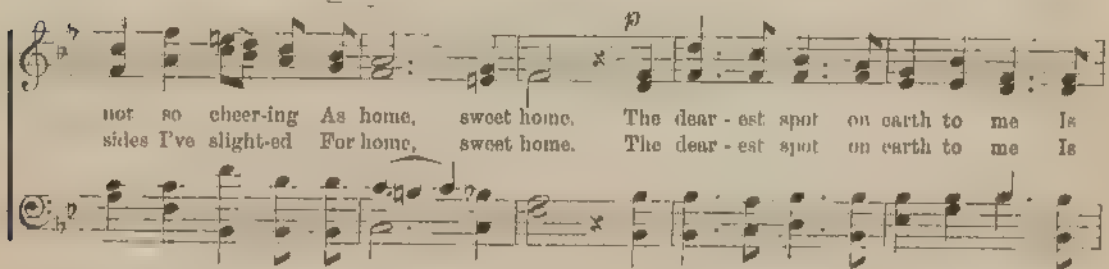


fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the  
learn'd to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are

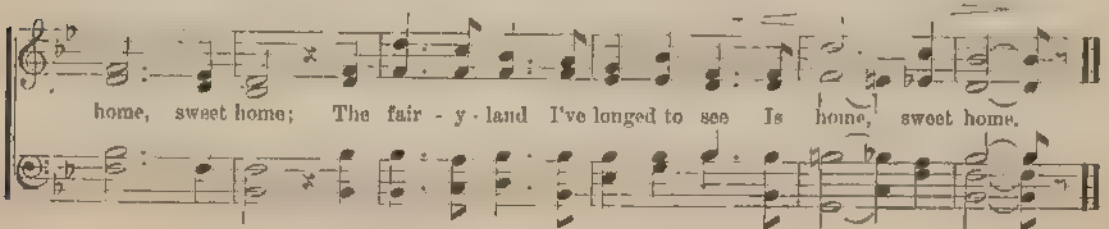


sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing, All the world is  
tra - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world be -

*p*



not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is  
sides I've slight-ed For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is



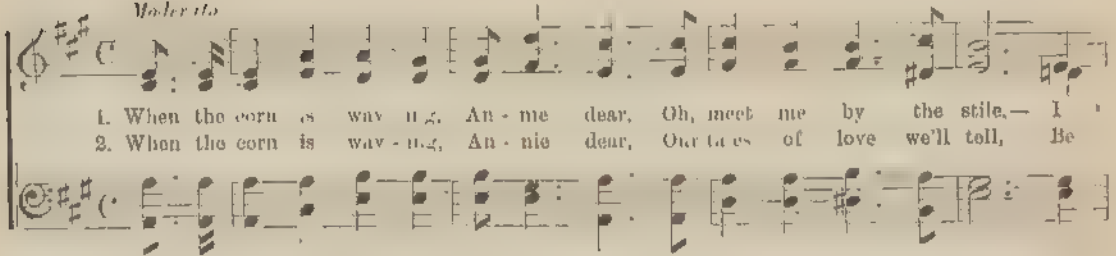
home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.

# WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING.

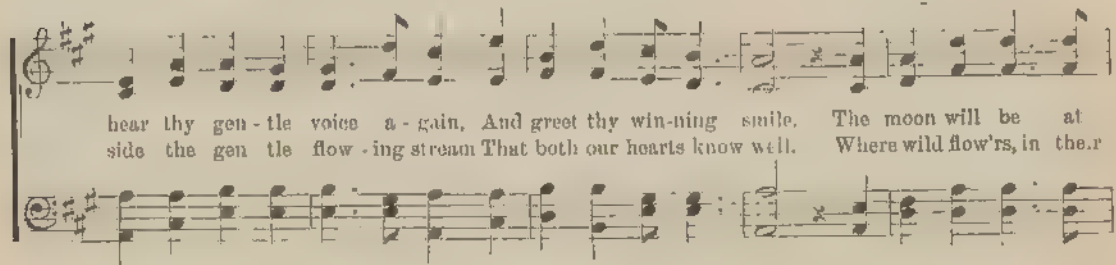
MIXED VOICES.

CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

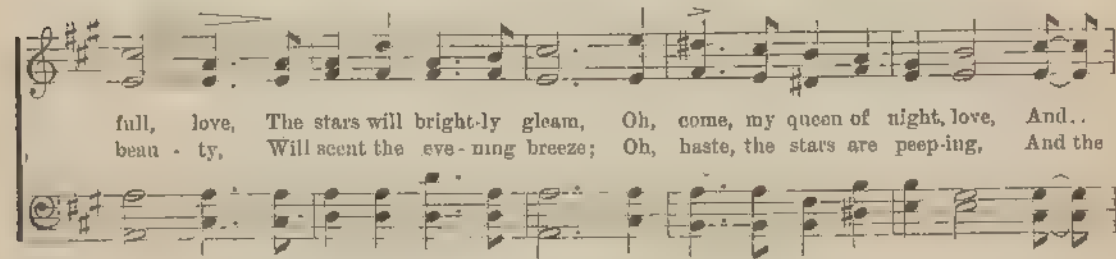
*Moderato*



1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile.— I  
2. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be

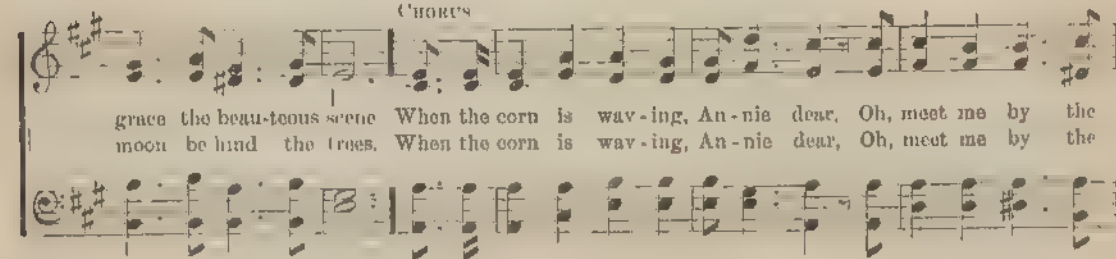


hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy win-ning smile. The moon will be at  
side the gen-tle flow-ing stream That both our hearts know well. Where wild flow'rs, in the

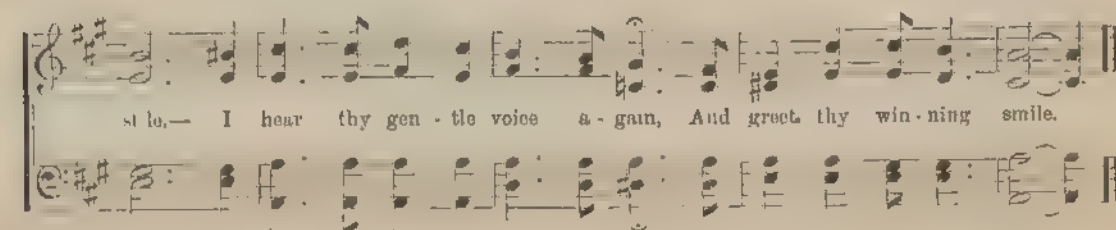


full, love, The stars will bright-ly gleam, Oh, come, my queen of night, love, And..  
beau-ty, Will scent the eve-ning breeze; Oh, haste, the stars are peep-ing, And the

CHORUS



grace the beau-teous scene When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh, meet me by the  
moon be hind the trees. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh, meet me by the



stile.— I hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy win-ning smile.

# DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME.

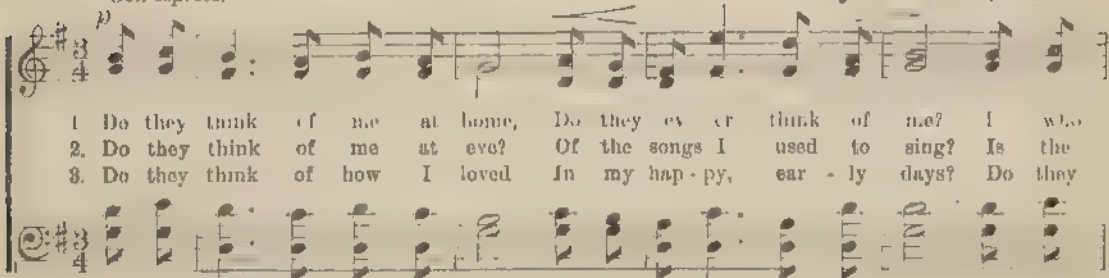
Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

(MIXED VOICES)

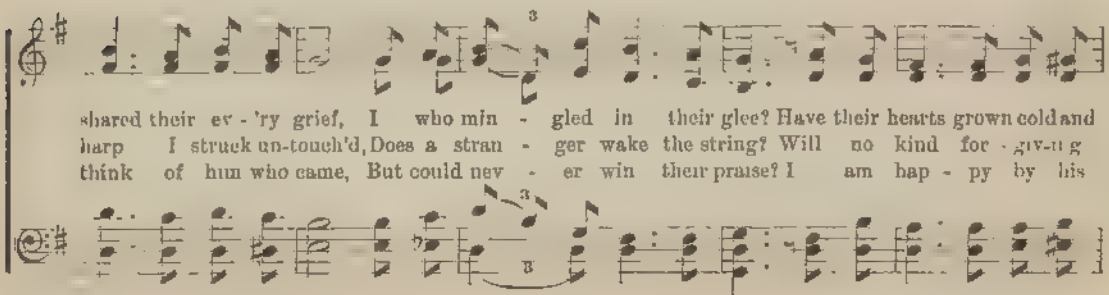
Music by CHAS. W. GLOVER.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

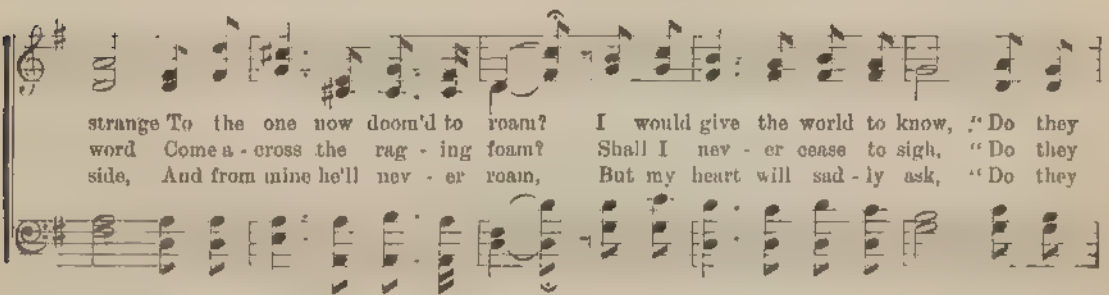
*Con espress.*



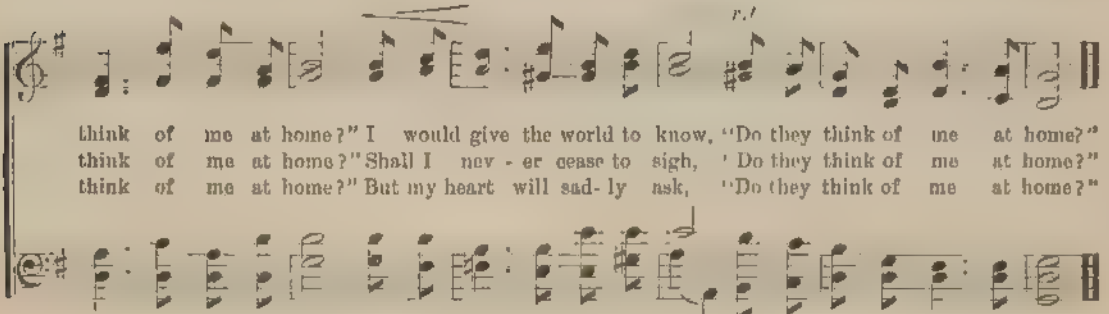
1 Do they think of me at home, Do they ever think of me? I who  
2 Do they think of me at eve? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the  
3 Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they



shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and  
harp I struck un - touch'd, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no kind for - giv - ing  
think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his



strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would give the world to know, "Do they  
word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they  
side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they



think of me at home?" I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"  
think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"  
think of me at home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

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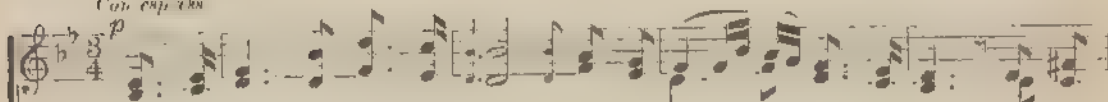
# WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

FRANZ ABT.

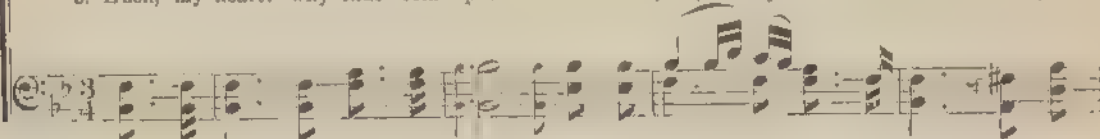
(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

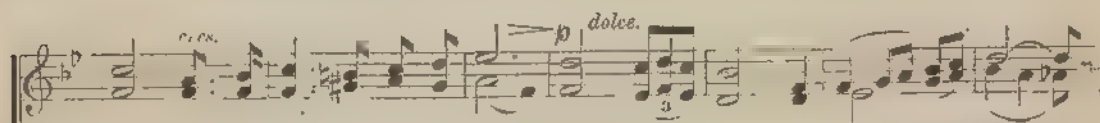
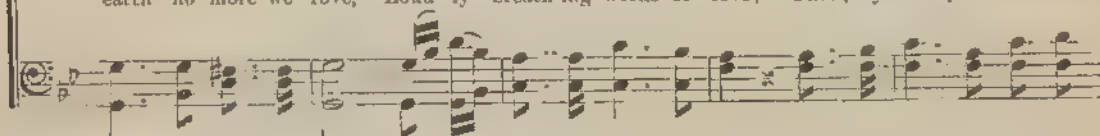
*Con esp. con*



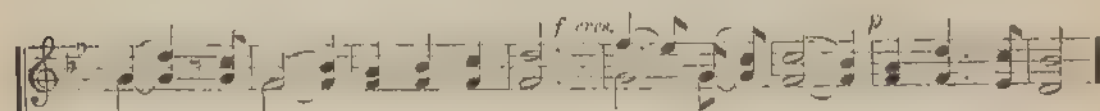
1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ros - es scat-ter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swansouth-ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the
3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con-tain, Though on



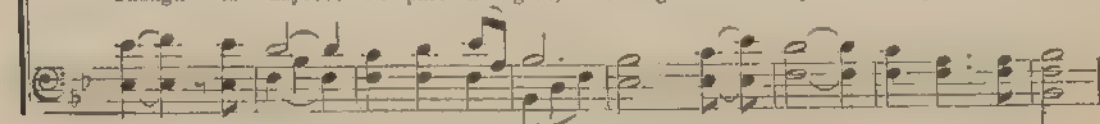
nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale; In these words my bleeding  
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding  
earth no more we rove, Loud-ly breath-ing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re -



heart Would to thee its grief im - part. When I .... thus thy im - age lose, ..  
heart Would to thee its grief im - part. When I ... thus thy im - age lose, ..  
hief, Yield-ing to these words ba - li I I shall see thy form a gain, ..



Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?  
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?  
Though to - day.... we part a - gain, Though to - day.... we part a - gain.



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# FORSAKEN.

(MIXED VOICES.)

THOS. KOSCHAT.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Lento.*

1. For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am I; Like a stone in the  
2. A mound in the church-yard, that blos - soms hang o'er; It is there my love

cause - way, my bur - ied hopes lie;... I go to the church-yard, my  
sleep - eth, to wa - ken no more;.. 'Tis there all my foot - steps, my

eyes fill'd with tears, And kneel - ing I weep there, oh, my love, loved for  
pas sions all lead, And there my heart turn - eth, I'm for - sa - ken, in -

years. And kneel - ing I weep here, oh, my love, loved for years,  
deed; And there my heart turn - eth, I'm for - sa - ken, in - deed.

# ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Can espress.*

1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam-eth bright;... Her  
2. The sil - ver moon full - ing, Just as it fall - eth now;... And

rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to - night. The  
all things slept gen - tly, Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've

winds sigh - ing by me, Cool - ing my for - ead brow;... The  
sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee... on the hill And

stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art thou? One year back this  
in the pleas - ant wild - wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in

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# ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

And  
I'm

First system of musical notation. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: e - ven, And thou wert by my side,.... for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n-ward now,...

thou wert by my side,  
look - ing heav'n-ward now;

Vow . . . me, . . . . . to  
Oh, there 'mid the

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: thou wert by my side, look - ing heav'n-ward now; Vow . . . me, . . . . . to Oh, there 'mid the. The piano accompaniment features a section marked *rit.* (ritardando) followed by *a tempo*. The system ends with a double bar line.

love me;  
star - shine,

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: love me; star - shine, One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side, I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n-ward now;. The piano accompaniment features a section marked *f* (forte). The system ends with a double bar line.

Vow - - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - - e'er might be - tide.  
Oh! . . . there a - mid the star shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.

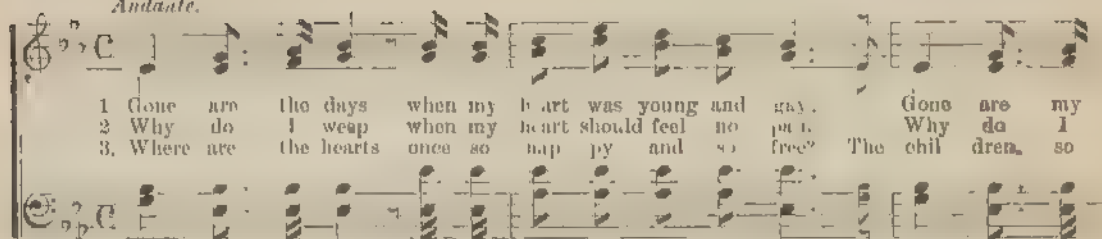
Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: Vow - - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - - e'er might be - tide. Oh! . . . there a - mid the star shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou. The piano accompaniment features a section marked *p* (piano). The system ends with a double bar line.

# OLD BLACK JOE.

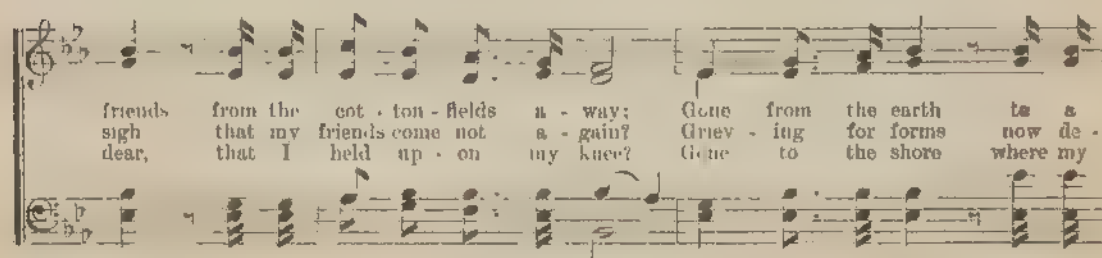
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

(MIXED VOICES.)

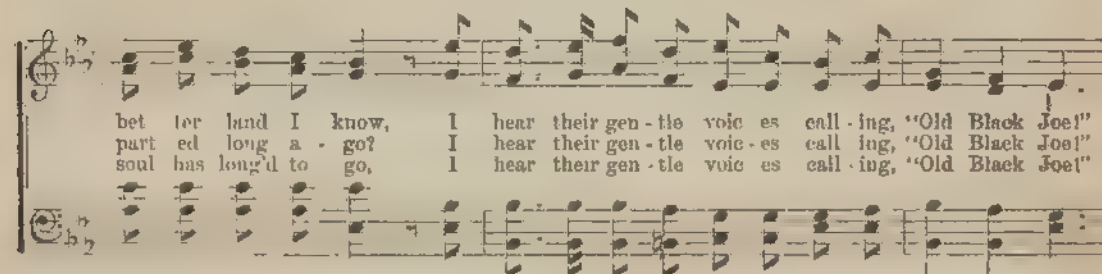
*Andante.*



1 Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay. Gone are my  
2 Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I  
3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free? The children so

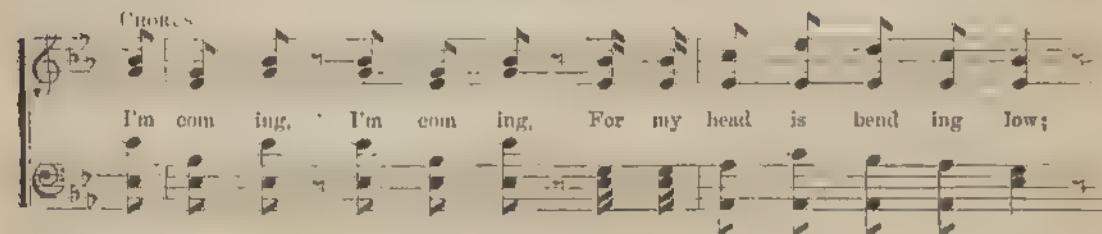


friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a  
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Gnev - ing for forms now de -  
dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my




bet ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voice es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"  
part ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voice es call ing, "Old Black Joe!"  
soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voice es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

*Chorus*



I'm com ing, I'm com ing, For my head is bend ing low;



*rit.*  
I hear those gen - tle voice es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

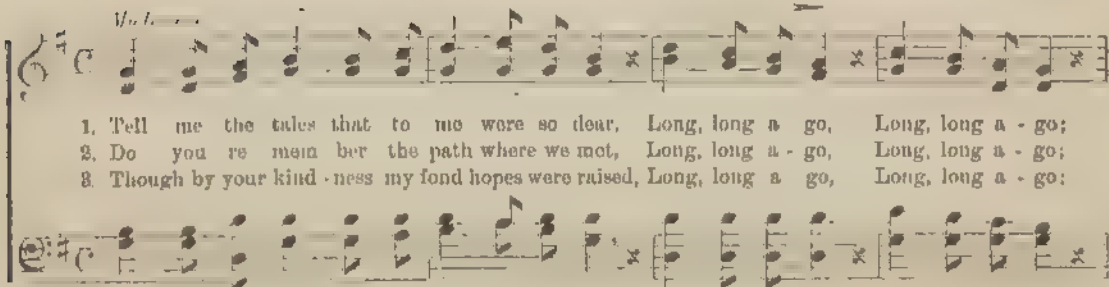
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# LONG, LONG AGO.

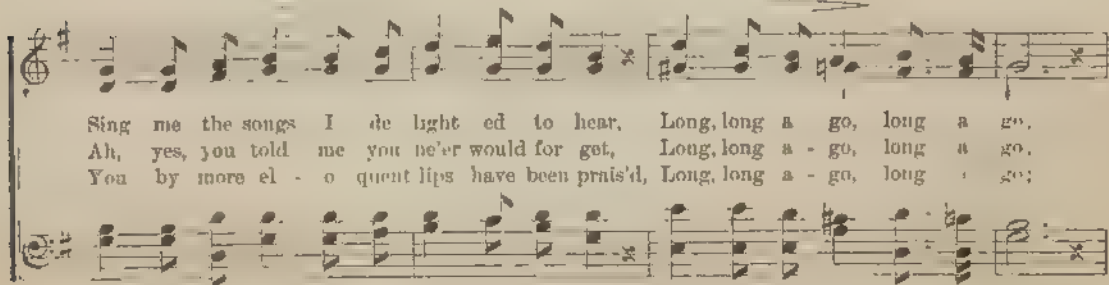
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

(MIXED VOICES.)

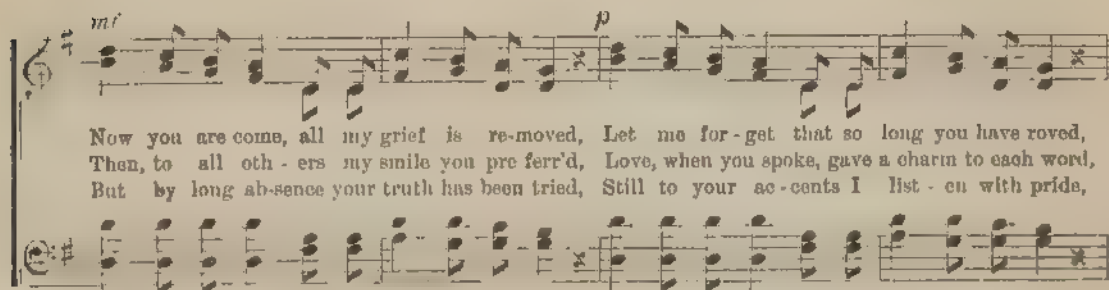
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a go, Long, long a - go;  
 2. Do you re - main - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;  
 3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a go, Long, long a - go;



Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a go, long a go,  
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a go,  
 You by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a - go, long a go;



*mf* Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,  
 Then, to all oth - ers my smile you pre - ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I list - en with pride,



Let me be lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a go, long a go  
 Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a go, long a go  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a go, long a go.



# JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

ROBERT BURNS,

( MIXED VOICES )

Old Scotch Melody.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato.*

1. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, When na-ture first be - gan To try her can - tie  
2. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, Ye were my first con - tent, I think nae shame to  
3. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, When we were first ac - quaint, Your locks were like the  
4. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, We've clamb the hills the-gith - er, And mo - ny a can - dy

hand, John, Her mas - ter work was man; And you a-mang them a', John, Sae  
own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late; They say ye're turn - ing auld, John, And  
ra ven, John, Your bon - nie brow was bent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your  
day, John, We've had wi' aye a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But

trig frae tap to toe, Ye proved to be nae jour - ney work, John An - der - son, my Jo.  
what tho' it be so? You're aye the same guid man to me, John An - der - son, my Jo.  
locks are like the snow, Yet bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my Jo.  
hand in hand we'll go, And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, my Jo.

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# FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.

*Allegro.*

For-ty-nine bot - tles hanging on the wall, For-ty-nine bot - tles hang - ing on the wall;  
Take one a - way from them a l, Forty-eight bot - tles hanging on the wall. Forty eight bottles, etc.

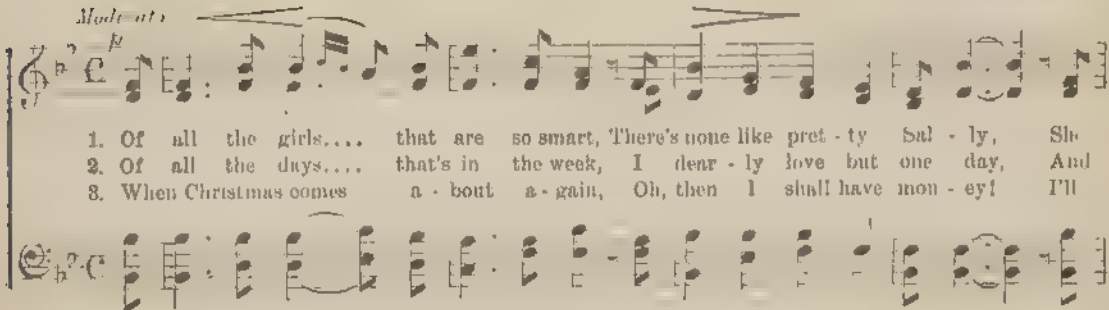
To return, by the same route, " Add one bottle to them all."

# SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

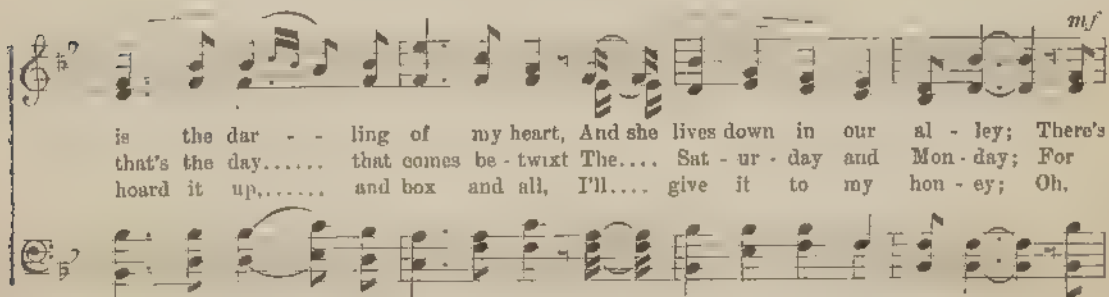
( MIXED VOICES )

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

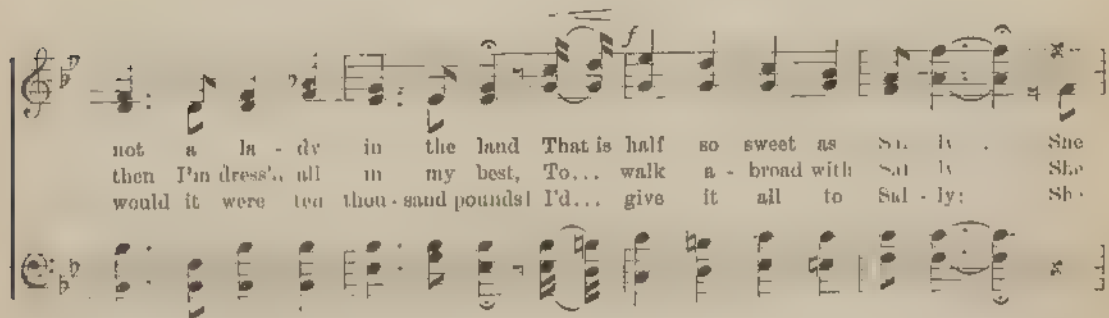
*Moderato*



1. Of all the girls.... that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty Sal - ly, She  
2. Of all the days.... that's in the week, I dear - ly love but one day, And  
3. When Christmas comes a - bout a - gain, Oh, then I shall have mon - ey! I'll



is the dar - - ling of my heart, And she lives down in our al - ley; There's  
that's the day..... that comes be - twist The.... Sat - ur - day and Mon - day; For  
hoard it up,..... and box and all, I'll.... give it to my hon - ey; Oh,



not a la - dy in the land That is half so sweet as Sal - ly. She  
then I'm dress'd, all in my best, To... walk a - broad with Sal - ly She  
would it were ten thou - sand pounds! I'd... give it all to Sal - ly; Sh -



is the dar - ling of my heart, And she lives down in our al - ley

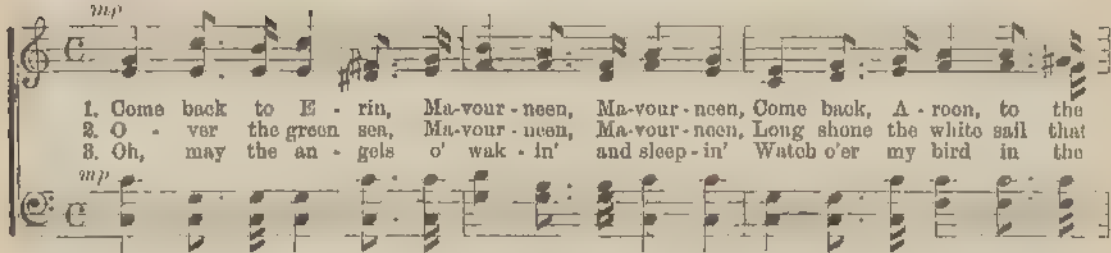
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# COME BACK TO ERIN.

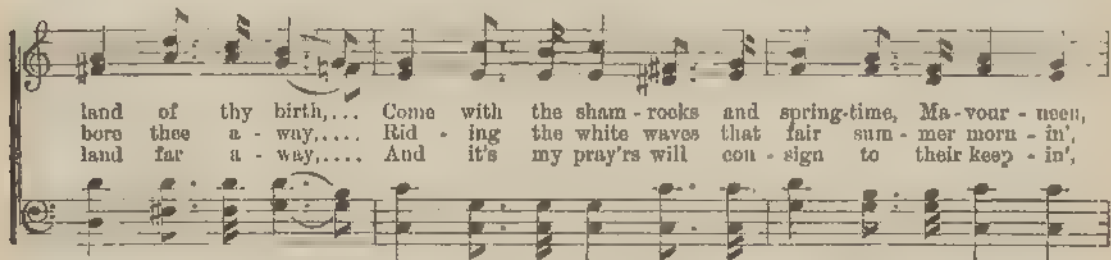
( MIXED VOICES. )

Mrs. C. BARNARD (CLARIBEL).

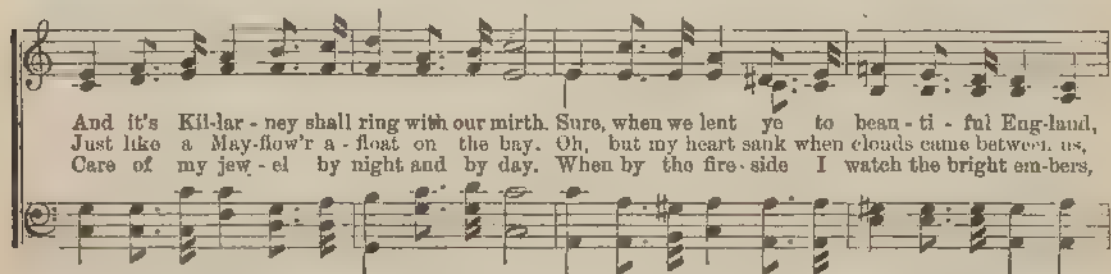
*Moderato*  
*mp*




1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back, A - roon, to the  
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that  
 3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the



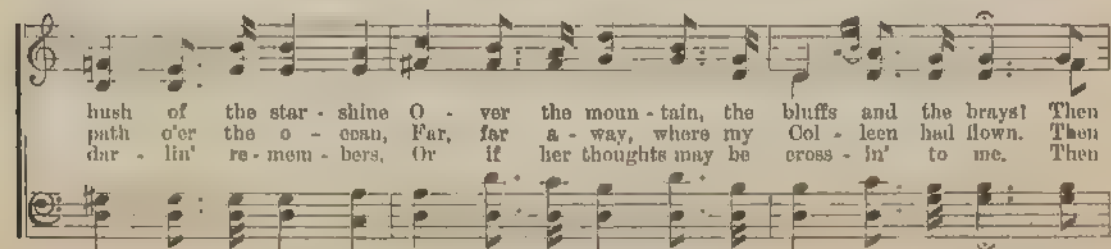
land of thy birth, ... Come with the sham - rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour - neen,  
 bore thee a - way, ... Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',  
 land far a - way, ... And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in',



And it's Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng-land,  
 Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,  
 Care of my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire-side I watch the bright em-bers,



Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the  
 Like a gray cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the  
 Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Crav - in' to know if my



hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the brays! Then  
 path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown. Then  
 dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me. Then



# COME BACK TO ERIN.

*Animato.*

comes back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a gain to the haul o' thy birth,

*cres.*

*molto cres.*

Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

# COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

ROBERT BURNS.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Air: "The Miller's Daughter."

*Lively.*

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, — If a bod-y  
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, — If a bod-y  
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

CHORUS.

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? Ev-'ry lassie has her lad-die,  
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? Ev-'ry lassie has her lad-die,  
where's his name, I din-na choose to tell. Ev-'ry lassie has her lad-die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, Wi' a' com-in' thro' the rye.

# LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

*Andante.*

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the  
 2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng,  
 dwells for ev-er-more; Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way,

Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where  
 Still we can hear it at the close of day; So to the end when

fell the twi-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.....  
 Life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.....

Chorus

Just a song a twi-light, when the lights are low And the flick-er-ing sha-dows

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## LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

soft - ly come and go, soft-ly go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry, Sad the day and long,  
and long,  
Still to us at twi - light, Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet... song.

## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE!

(MIXED VOICES)

*p Andantino.*

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly  
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me not," Wear it up -  
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

*mf* *p* *cres.* *f*

nast my heart, Sis - ter, be lieve Thou hast this soul of mine So close ly  
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with  
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee When by the low - ler saun, I at thy

*p* *rit.*

bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!  
us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.  
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful, I'd die!

# FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

(MIXED VOICES)

Music by J. E. SPILMAN.

*p Andante con moto.*

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, I'll sing the
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise, My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet  
clear wind - ing rill; There - da - y I wan - der, as morn - ri - ses high, My flocks and my  
Ma - ry re - sident How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As gath - ring sweet

Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the  
Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -  
flow'r - ets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

hill. Ye wild whist - ling black birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - ed  
low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prin - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild  
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -

lap - wing, thy screaming for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fan -  
eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me  
sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream




# THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

*Andante cantabile.*

BALFE.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

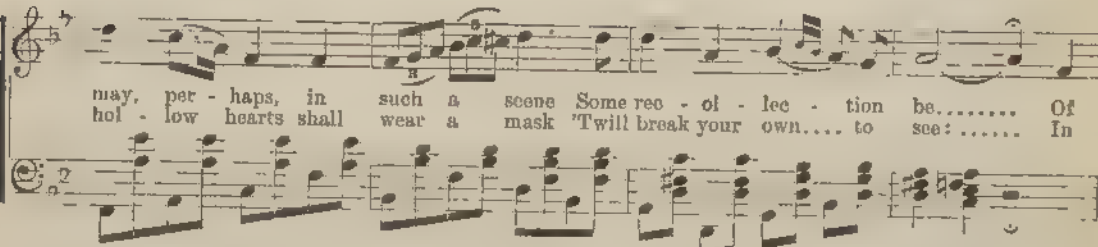
*p*



1 When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In  
2 When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And



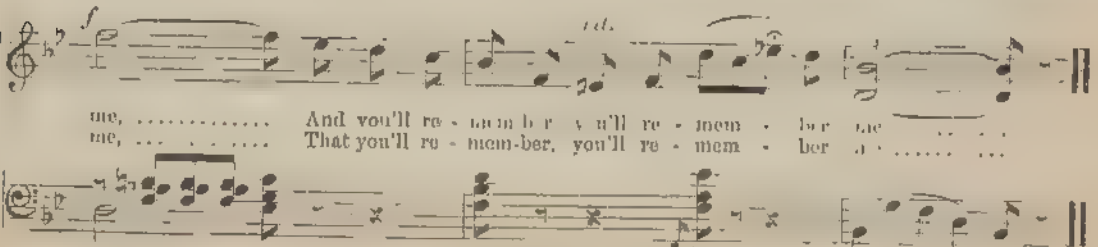
lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There  
deem it but a faded light Which beams within your eyes; When



may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be..... Of  
hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own.... to see:..... In



days that have as hap - py .. been, And you'll re - mem - ber  
such a mo - ment I.... but ask That you'll re - mem - ber



me, ..... And you'll re - mem - ber you'll re - mem - ber me  
me, ..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber

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# WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

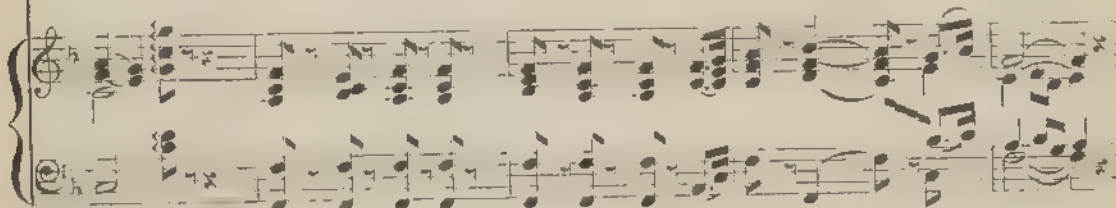
*Moderato.*



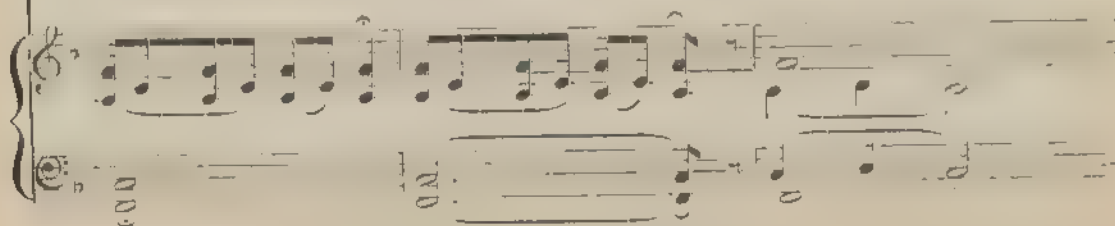
1. 'Twas with-in... a... mile of Ed-in - bo - ro' town, In the ro - sy... time of the
- 2 Jock - ie was... a... wag that nev - er wad... wed, Though lang he had fol - low'd the
- 3 But... when he vowed he wad make her his bride, Tho' his flocks and... herds were not



- year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was... down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear  
 lass, Con - tented she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the gras -  
 few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vow'd she'd for - ev - er be true



- Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kiss'd young Jeannie Mackenzie, The lassie blash'd and frowning cried, "Na,  
 Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na,  
 Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na



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# WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.



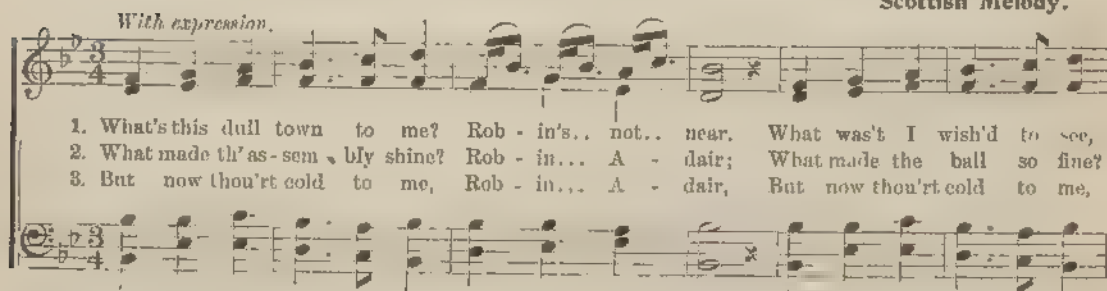
na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maun na buck to

## ROBIN ADAIR.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Scottish Melody.

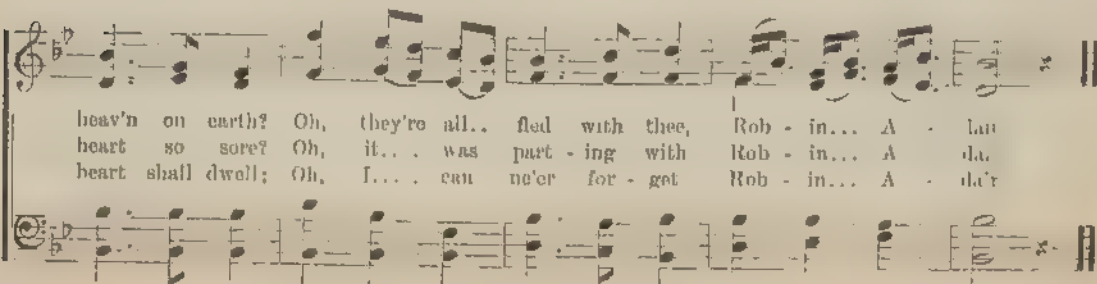
*With expression.*



1. What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's.. not.. near. What was't I wish'd to see,  
2. What made th' as-sem-bly shine? Rob-in... A-dair; What made the ball so fine?  
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in... A-dair, But now thou'rt cold to me,



What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a  
Rob-in... was... there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my  
Rob-in... A-dair. Yet him I lov'd so well, Still na... my.



heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all.. fled with thee, Rob-in... A-lan  
heart so sore? Oh, it... was part-ing with Rob-in... A-da  
heart shall dwell; Oh, I... can ne'er for-get Rob-in... A-da'r

# THREE FISHERS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(MIXED VOICES.)

JOHN HULLAH.

*Andantino.*

1. Three fish-ers were out sail-ing in - to the west, Out...  
 2. Three wives sail up the light - house tow'r, And they  
 3. Three corp-ses fly out on the shin-ing sands, In the

in - to the west as the sun went down; Each tho't on the wom - an who  
 trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They looked at the squall and they  
 morn-ing gleam, as the tide went down; And the wom - en are weep-ing and

*no poco rall.*  
 loved him the best, And the chil-dren stood watch-ing them out of the town; For  
 looked at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll-ing up, rag-ged and brown; But  
 wring-ing their hands, For those who will nev-er come back to the town; For

*a tempo.*  
 men must work, and wom-en must weep, And there's lit-tle to earn, and  
 men must work, and wom-en must weep, Tho'.... storms be sud-den and  
 men must work, and wom-on must weep, And the soon-er its o-ver, the

*cres.* *dim D.S. to last verse*  
 ma-ry to keep, Tho' the har-bor bar .. be moan-ing...  
 wa-ters deep, And the har-bor bar .. be moan-ing...  
 soon-er to sleep, And good-by to the bar and its moan-ing...

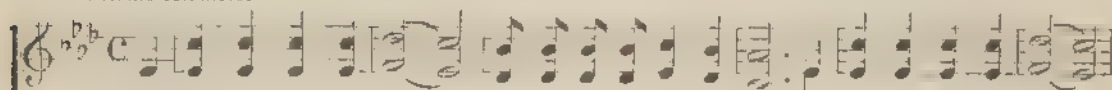


# THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

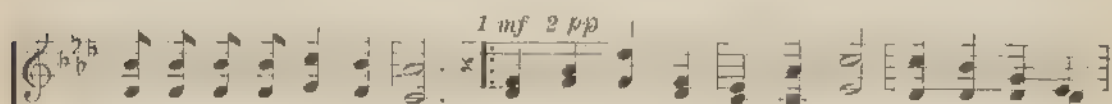
*Moderato con moto.*

(MIXED VOICES.)

GEORGE F. ROOT.



1. There's mu - sic in the air, When the in fant morn is nigh And faint its blush is seen..
2. There's mu - sic in the air... When the noon tide's sul try beam Re flects a gold - en light..
3. There's mu - sic in the air... When the twilight's gen - tle sight Is lost on eve ning's breast



On the bright and laugh - ing sky. Ma - ny a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of  
On the dis - tant moun - tain stream, When be - neath some grate - ful shade Sor - row's aching  
As its pen - sive beau - ties die. Then O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -



joy pro - found, While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air. air.  
head is laid Sweet - ly to the Spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air. air.  
les - tial song, An - gel voice - es greet us there In the mu sic in the air. air.



## THREE BLIND MICE.

(ROUND IN THREE PARTS.)



Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run! See how they run! They



all ran aft - er the farm - er's wife: She cut them in two with a par - a - ing knife. Did



ev - er you hear such a tale in your life, A - bout three blind mice

# THE BRIDGE.

(MIXED VOICES.)

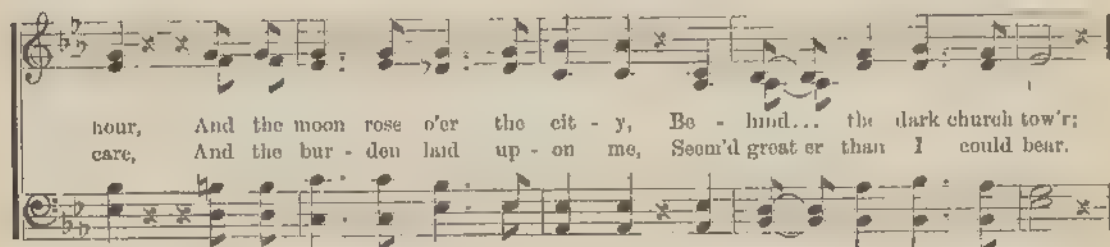
Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW

Music by M. LINDSAY.

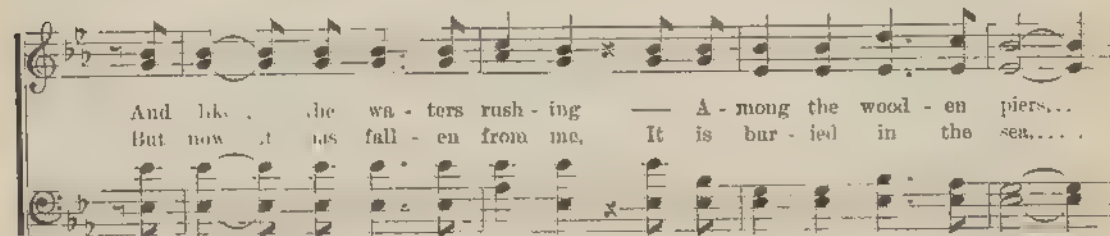
*With expression.*



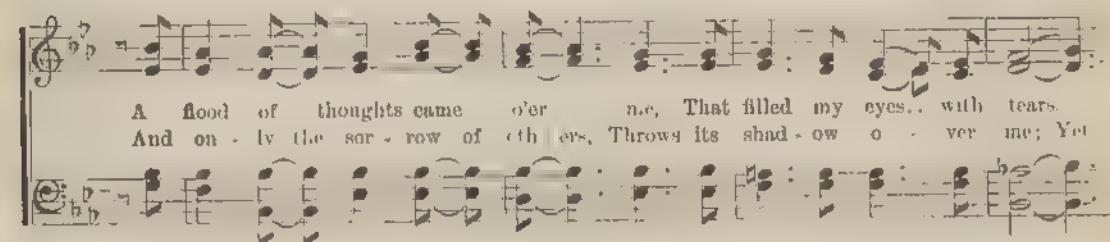
1 I... stood on the bridge at mid - night, As the clocks were strik - ing the  
2 For my heart.. was hot and rest - less, And my life was full of...



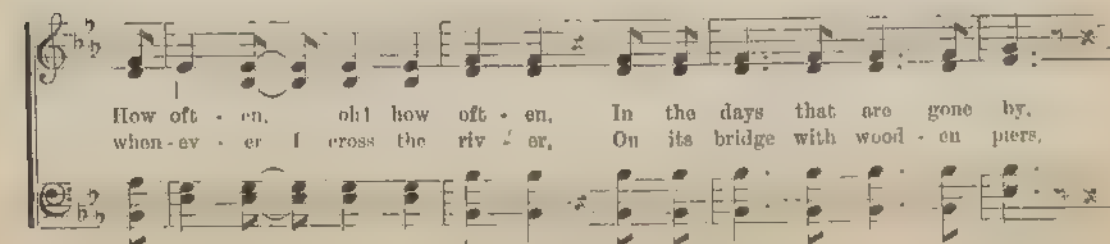
hour, And the moon rose o'er the cit - y, Be - hind... the dark church tow'r;  
care, And the bur - den laid up - on me, Seem'd great er than I could bear.



And like the wa - ters rush - ing — A - mong the wood - en piers...  
But now it has fall - en from me, It is bur - ied in the sea....



A flood of thoughts came o'er me, That filled my eyes.. with tears.  
And on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers, Throws its shad - ow o - ver me; Yet



How oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days that are gone by,  
when - ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers,

# THE BRIDGE.

I had stood on that bridge at mid-night, And... gazed on that wave and sky!  
Like the o - der of brine from the o - cean, Comes the thought of... oth - er years,

How oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days... that had gone by,  
And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er, As... long as the riv - er flows,

I had stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wav - er - ing sky!  
As ... long as the heart has pas - sions, As long . . . as life has woes,

How oft - en... oh!... how oft - en, I had wished that the ebb - ing tide  
The moon and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its ... own... shall ap - pear

Would bear me a - way on its bos - om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!  
As the sym - bol of love... in heav - en, And its wav - er - ing im - age here.

# THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

BALFE.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato*

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will  
2. The mind will in its worst de - spair, Still pon - der o'er the .

eling, past, T. thought and im - pulse while they flow, That  
On mo - ments of de - light that were Too

can no on - for bring That eat that eat no rom fort  
beau - ti - ful .... to last, That were too... beau - ti - ful .... to...

bring last; To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend. On  
To long de - part - ed years ex - tend, its

pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - try is the  
vis - ions with... them flown; For mem - try is the

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## THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own...

## SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

(MIXED VOICES)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Andante moderato.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee, And  
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With  
3. I look of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me Fare  
spear and pen - non glau - ing, I'll see the foe ad - van - cing Fare  
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whisper soft while dy - ing Fare

*Con espres.*

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare well, fare - well, my own true love.

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# A WARRIOR BOLD.

Words by EDWIN THOMAS.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

*Con spirito*

*f*

1 In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar - ons held their sway, A war-rior bold, with  
2 So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went gai - ly to the fray, He fought the fight, but

spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, . . . Sang mer - ri - ly his lay " My  
ere the night, His soul had pass'd a - way, . . . His soul had pass'd a - way The

love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That  
plight-ed ring he wore Was crush'd, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he bravely cried, "I've

none with her com-pare, So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So  
kept the vow I swore, So what care I, though death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So

what care I, though death be nigh, I'll live for love and die,  
what care I, though (Omit. . . . .) death be nigh, I've

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

*ad lib.* *p* *rall.* *e dim.*

I fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love

## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

(MIXED VOICES.)

*Andante*

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming a-lone; All her love-ly com  
2 I'll not leave thee thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love y are  
3 So soon may I follow, When friend-ships de-cay, And from love's shin-ing

passions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kin-dred, No  
sleep-ing Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I .... scat-ter Thy  
en-cle The gems drop a-way; When true hearts lie .... with-ered, And

*ad lib.*

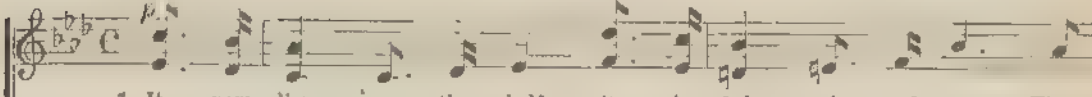
rose-bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes, Or give... sigh for sigh.  
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.  
fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak... world a-lone?

# MY MOTHER'S OLD RED SHAWL.


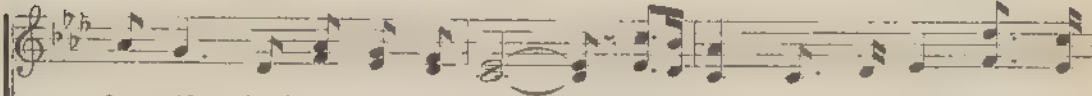
*Moderato.*

(MIXED VOICES)

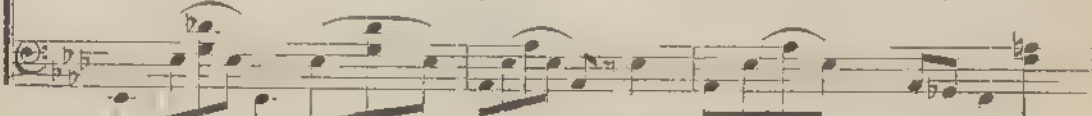
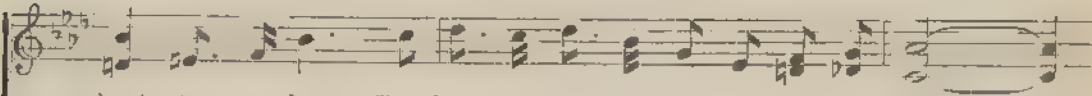
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.




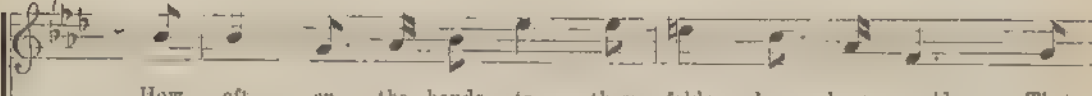
1. It now lies on the shelf, it is faded and torn, That  
 2. Oh, my heart oft - en aches with a dull throbbing pain, When  
 3. Oh, how brightly her face to my memory ap - pears, That


dear old shawl by moth - er worn,.... 'Tis all that is left for this  
 child hood vi - sions come a - gain,.... And sad - ly I think of the  
 face, so dear to child-hood's years, ... How sweet sounds her voice, with a

heart to a - dore, To bring to mind those hap - py days of yore, ...  
 days that are past, Too joy - ous and too beau - ti - ful to last, ...  
 ca - dence of love, Though now 'tis tuned to mel - o - dies a - bove:.....

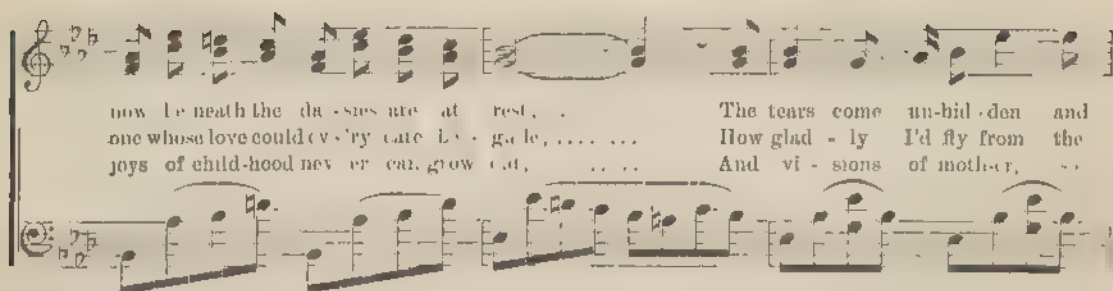



How oft - en the hands to these folds have been press'd, That  
 Oh, fond, love - ly child - hood, made bright by the smile, Of  
 For life glides a - way like a tale that is told, But

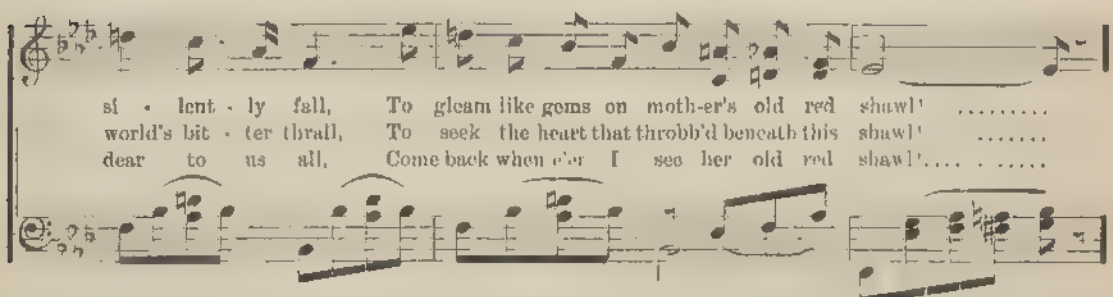




# MY MOTHER'S OLD RED SHAWL.

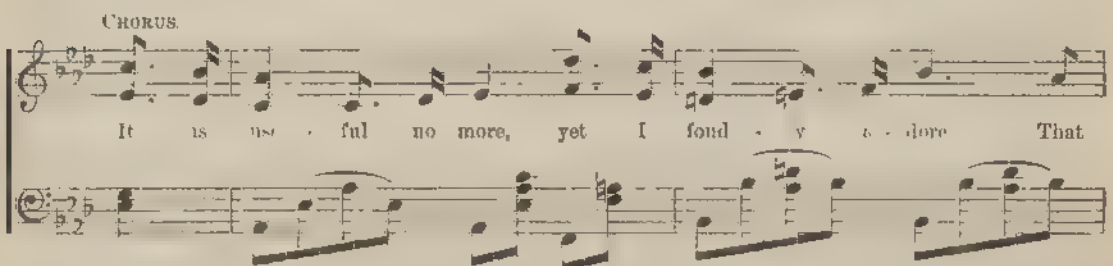


now be neath the da-sies are at rest, . . . The tears come un-bid-den and  
one whose love could ev'ry care be-gale, . . . How glad-ly I'd fly from the  
joys of child-hood never can grow old, . . . And vi-sions of moth-er, . . .

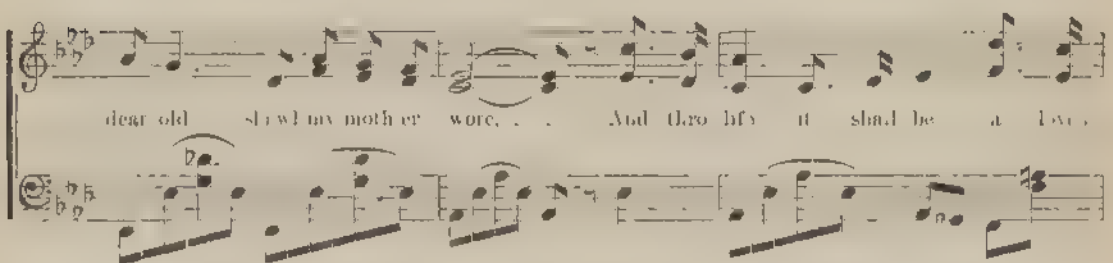


sl - lent - ly fall, To gleam like gems on moth-er's old red shawl! . . .  
world's bit - ter thrall, To seek the heart that throbb'd beneath this shawl! . . .  
dear to us all, Come back when e'er I see her old red shawl! . . .

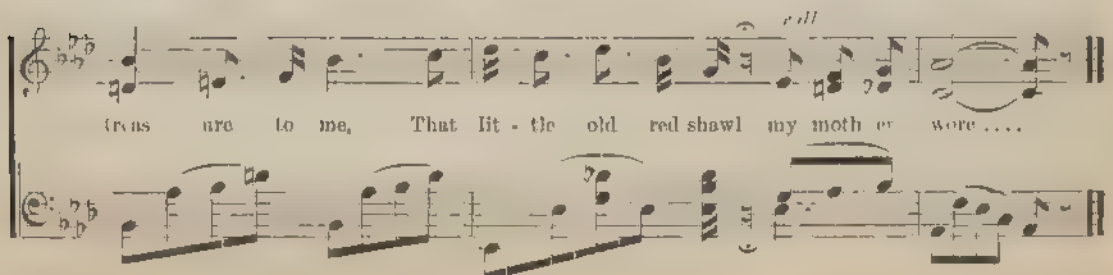
CHORUS.



It is use - ful no more, yet I fond - ly a - dore That



dear old shawl my moth-er wore, . . . And thro' life it shall be a love,



truss are to me, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth-er wore . . .

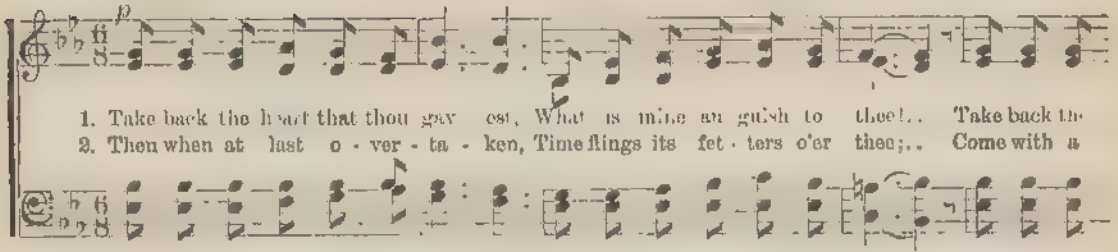
# TAKE BACK THE HEART.

(MIXED VOICES.)

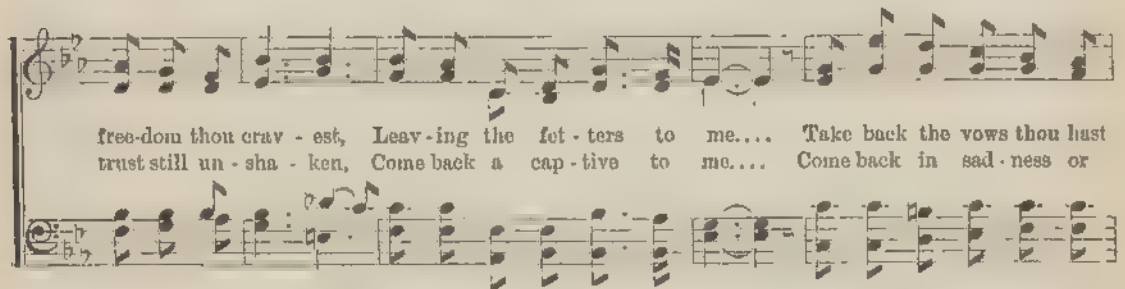
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato.*

*p*

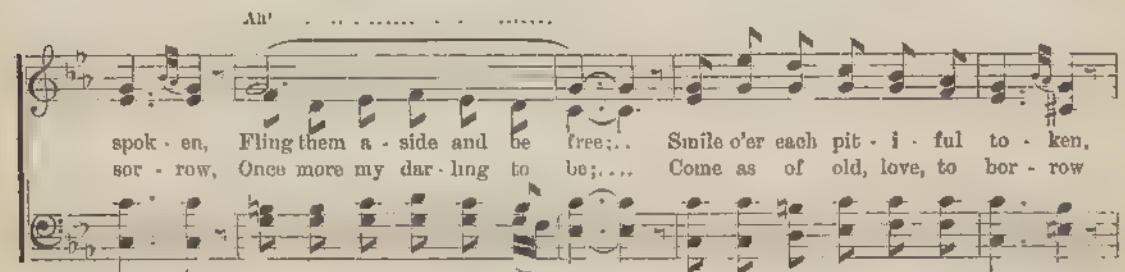


1. Take back the heart that thou gav-est, What is mine an-guish to thee!.. Take back the  
2. Then when at last o-ver-ta-ken, Time flings its fet-ters o'er thee;.. Come with a



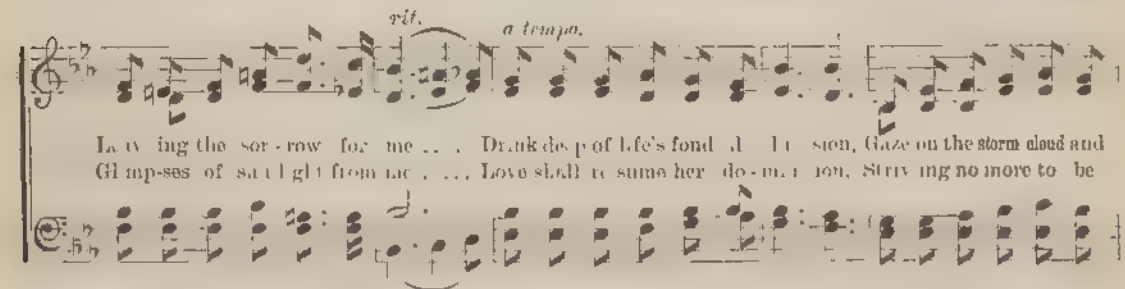
free-dom thou crav-est, Leav-ing the fet-ters to me... Take back the vows thou hast  
trust still un-sha-ken, Come back a cap-tive to me... Come back in sad-ness or

*Al'*



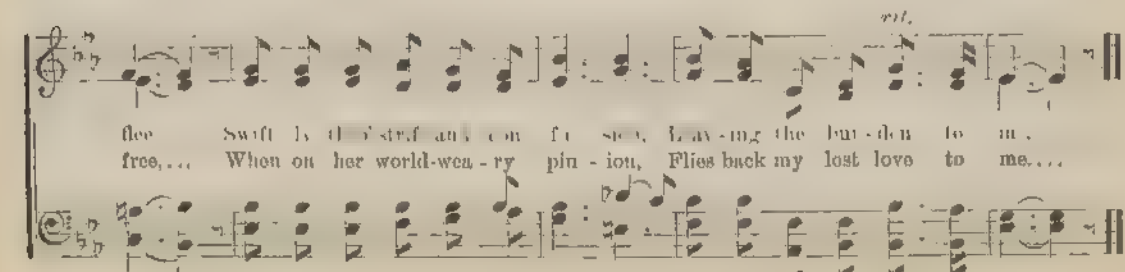
spok-en, Fling them a-side and be free;.. Smile o'er each pit-i-ful to-ken,  
sor-row, Once more my dar-ling to be;... Come as of old, love, to bor-row

*rit.* *a tempo.*



Leav-ing the sor-row for me... Drink deep of life's fond il-lu-sion, Gaze on the storm cloud and  
Glimp-ses of sun-light from me... Love shall re-sume her do-mi-nion, Striving no more to be

*rit.*

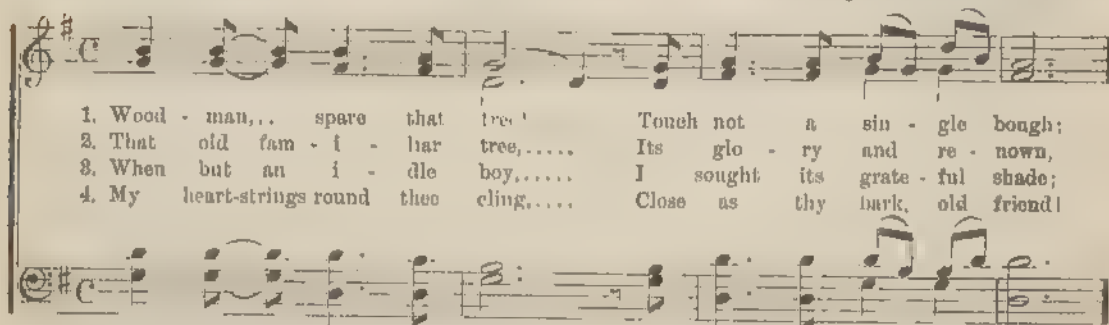


flee Swiftly the suf-f'ring an-ge-lic, Leav-ing the bur-den to me,  
free... When on her world-wea-ry pin-ion, Flies back my lost love to me...

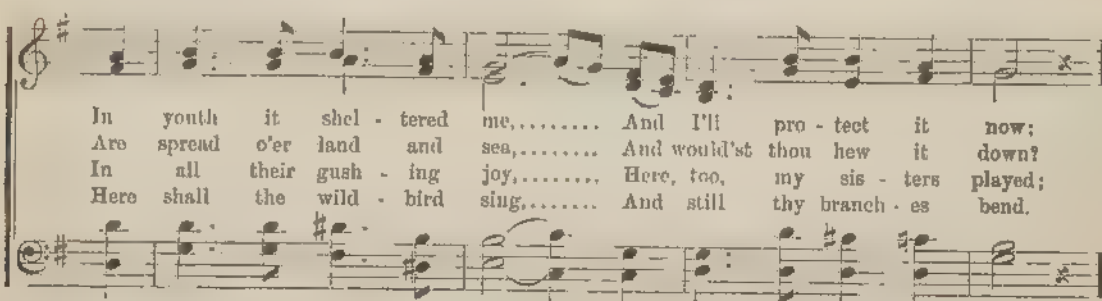
# WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Words by GEORGE P. MORRIS. (MIXED VOICES)

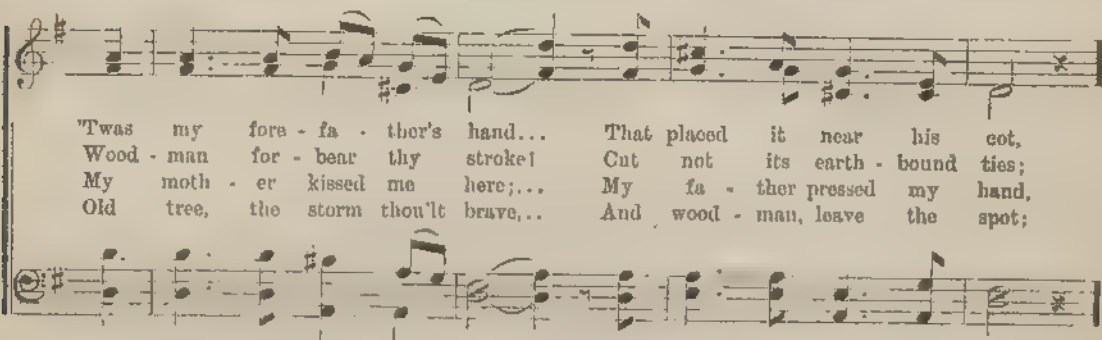
Music by HENRY RUSSELL.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



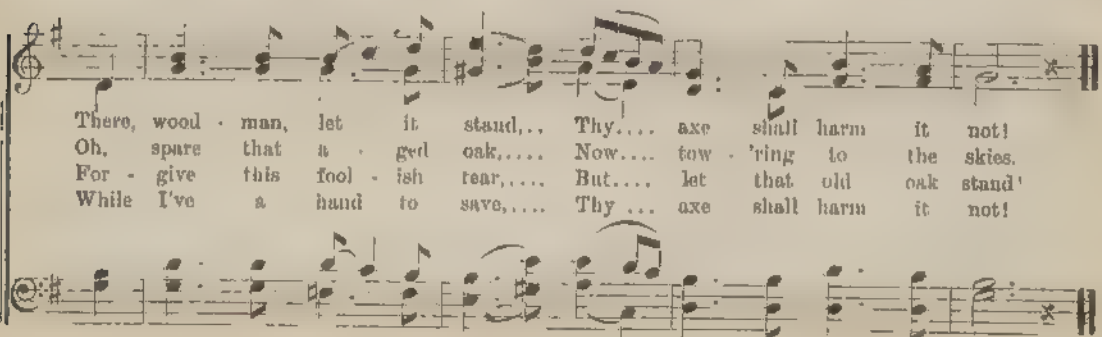
1. Wood - man, ... spare that tree!      Touch not a sin - gle bough;  
2. That old fam - i - liar tree, ....      Its glo - ry and re - nown,  
3. When but an i - dle boy, ....      I sought its grate - ful shade;  
4. My heart-strings round thee cling, ....      Close as thy bark, old friend!



In youth it shel - tered me, ..... And I'll pro - tect it now;  
Are spread o'er land and sea, ..... And would'st thou hew it down?  
In all their gush - ing joy, ..... Here, too, my sis - ters played;  
Here shall the wild - bird sing, ..... And still thy branch - es bend.



'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand...      That placed it near his cot,  
Wood - man for - bear thy stroke!      Cut not its earth - bound ties;  
My moth - er kissed me here;...      My fa - ther pressed my hand,  
Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, ..      And wood - man, leave the spot;



There, wood - man, let it stand, ..      Thy ... axe shall harm it not!  
Oh, spare that a - ged oak, ....      Now ... tow - 'ring to the skies.  
For - give this fool - ish tear, ....      But ... let that old oak stand!  
While I've a hand to save, ....      Thy ... axe shall harm it not!

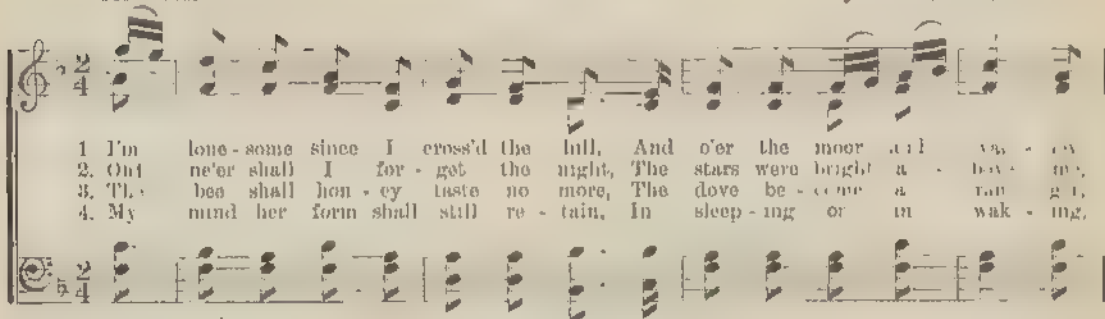
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# THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

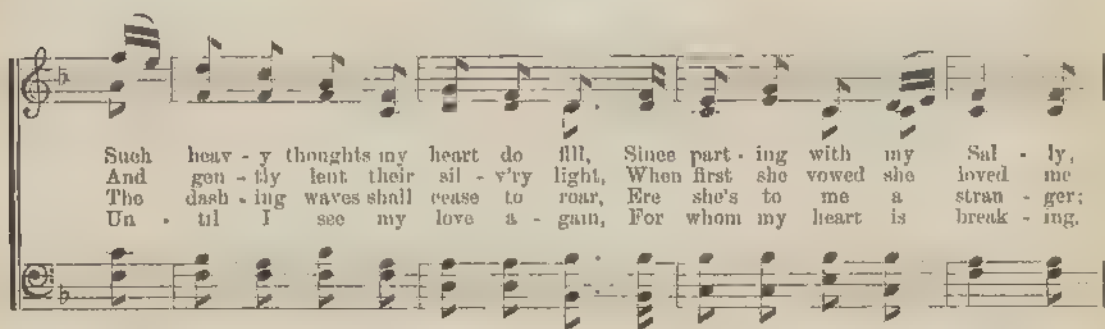
( MIXED VOICES. )

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

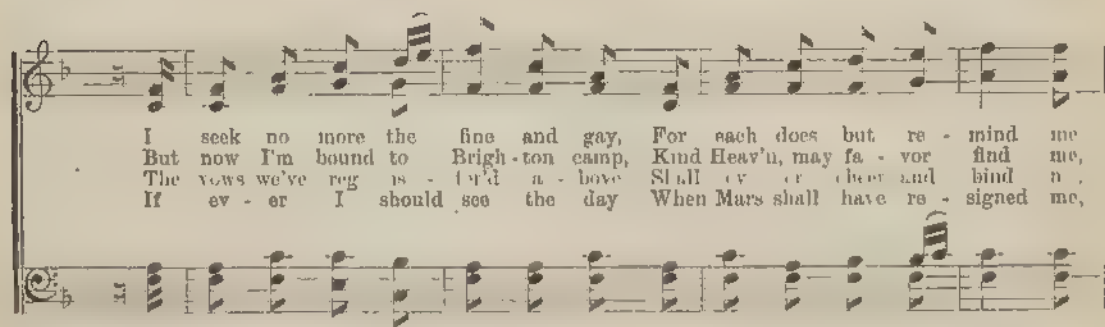
*Moderato.*



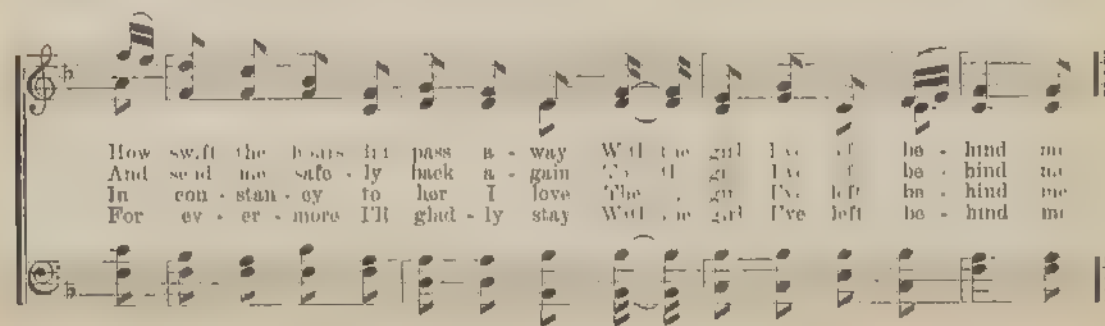
1 I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and valley  
2. Out ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me,  
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a ran - ger,  
4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in wak - ing,



Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my Sal - ly,  
And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me;  
The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a stran - ger;  
Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is break - ing.



I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re - mind me  
But now I'm bound to Bigh - ton camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor find me,  
The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove, Shall ev - er cheer and bind a -  
If ev - er I should see the day When Mars shall have re - signed me,



How swift the hours fly pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me  
And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me  
In con - stan - cy to her I love The girl I've left be - hind me  
For ev - er - more I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me

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# THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*p Andante moderato.*

1. 'Twas on a bright morn-in' in sum-mer,... That I first heard his voice spak - e.  
 2. I have not the man-ners or gra-ces,... Of the girls in the world where ye  
 3. The sum-mer has yield-ed to au-tumn... And the dis-ses and clo-ver - tops

low... As he said to a col - leen be - side him,... Who's that  
 move... I..... have not their beau - ti - ful fa - res,... But.....  
 fade... And the cat - tle come home from the pas - tures,... Then....

pur - ty girl milk - ing her cow? Oh!... man - y times oft - en ye  
 oh! I've a heart that can love... If it please ye I'll dress me in  
 say, do ye love me in - da - le? Sure your love will not fade like the

met me... And told me that I..... should be..... Your  
 sat - in... And jew - els I'll put on my brow;..... But  
 sum - mer... But ev - er your col - leen will be..... Your

*ad lib.* *roll*  
 dar - ling A - cush - la A - lan - na... Ma your-neen, A - sui - ish Ma etc.  
 oh! don't be af - ther for - get - in'... Your pur - ty girl milk - ing her cow  
 dar - ling A - cush - la A - lan - na... Ma - your-neen, A - sui - ish Ma clree

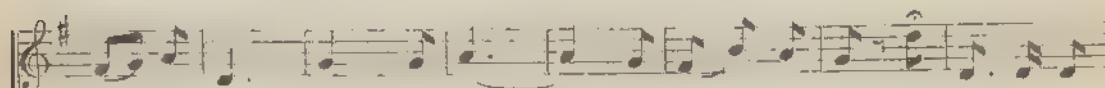
# LAST NIGHT.

HALFDAN KJERULF.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

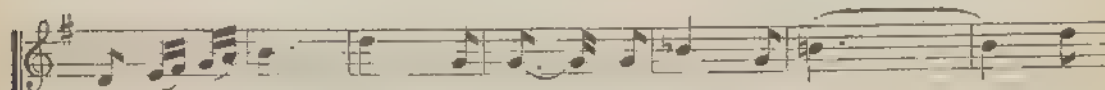
*Andante moderato.*



1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still,.... It sang in the  
2 I think of you in the day time, I dream of you by night;... I wake and would  
3 Oh, think not I can for-get you; I could not tho' I would;... I see you in



gold-en moon-light, From out..... the wood-land hill. I o-pen'd my  
you were here, love, And tears..... are blind-ing my sight. I hear a low  
all a-round me. The stream.... the night, the wood, The flow-ers that



win-dow so gen-tly, I look'd on the dream-ing dew,..... And  
breath in the lime-tree, The wind... is float-ing through,..... And  
slum-ber so gen-tly, The stars... a-bove the blue:..... Oh!



oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you, ...  
oh! the night, my dar-ling, Was sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you,.....  
heav'n it self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you ..



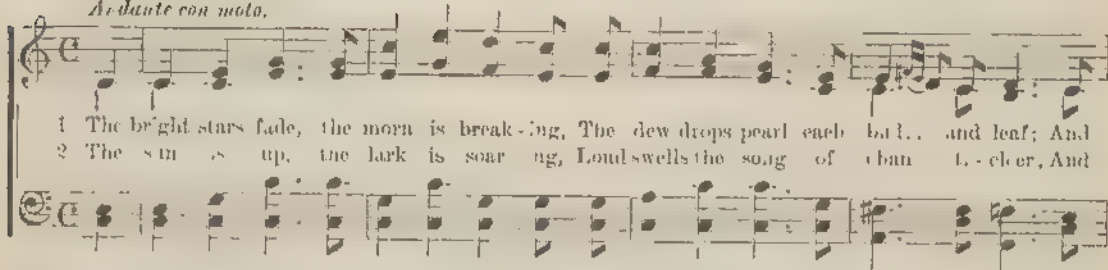
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# GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART.

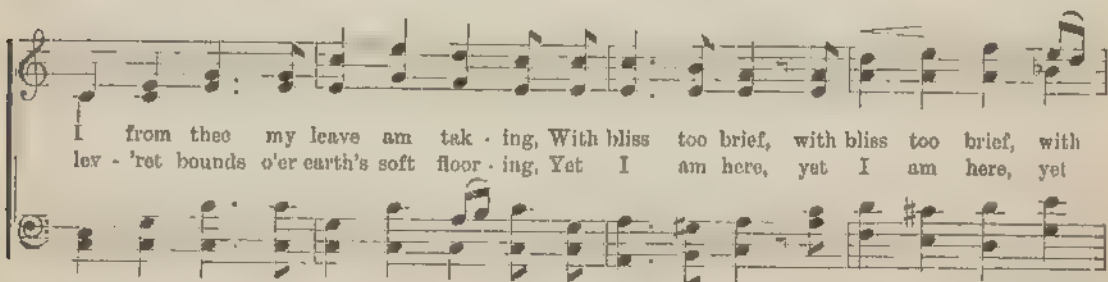
( MIXED VOICES )

J. L. HATTON.

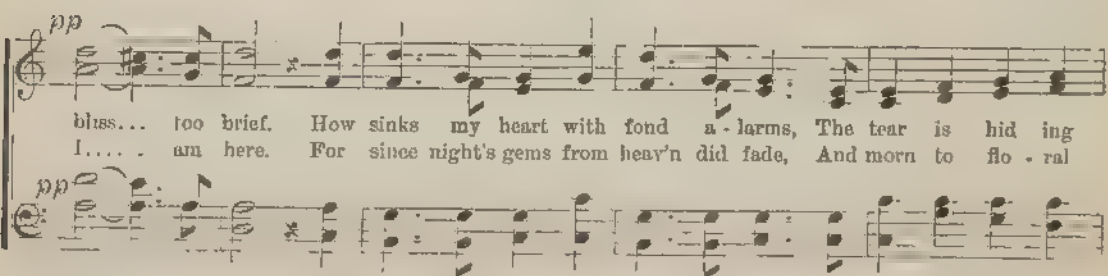
*Andante con moto.*



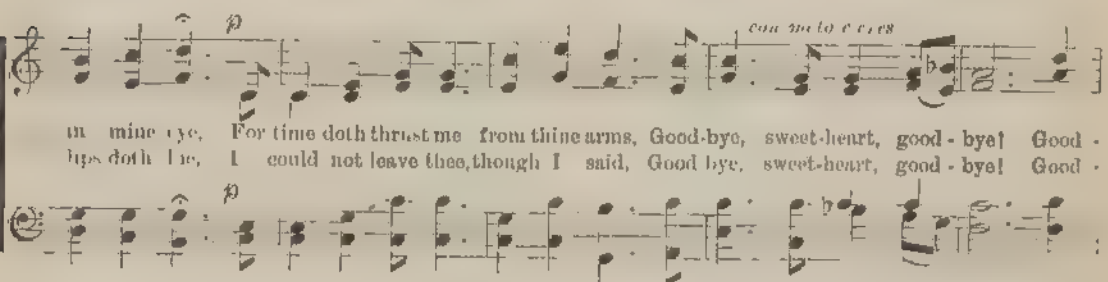
1 The bright stars fade, the morn is break-ing, The dew drops pearl each bal-l, and leaf; And  
2 The sun is up, the lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of chan-ticler, And



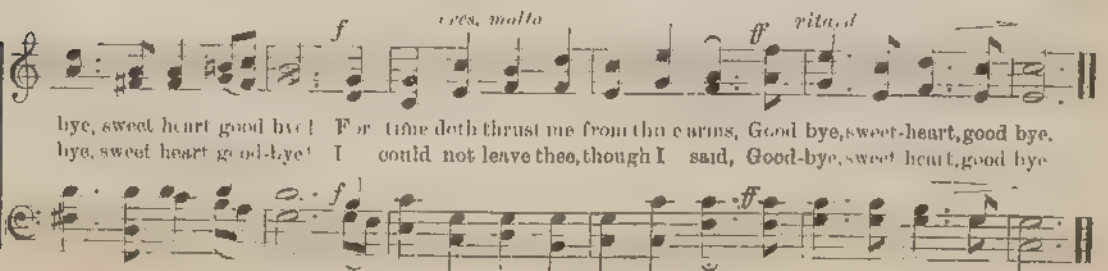
I from thee my leave am tak-ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with  
lev-'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor-ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet



*pp* bliss... too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a-larms, The tear is hid-ing  
*pp* I... am here. For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo-ral



*p* in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! Good-  
*p* lips doth lie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! Good-



*f* bye, sweet heart good bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good bye, sweet-heart, good bye.  
*f* bye, sweet heart good-bye! I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet heart, good bye

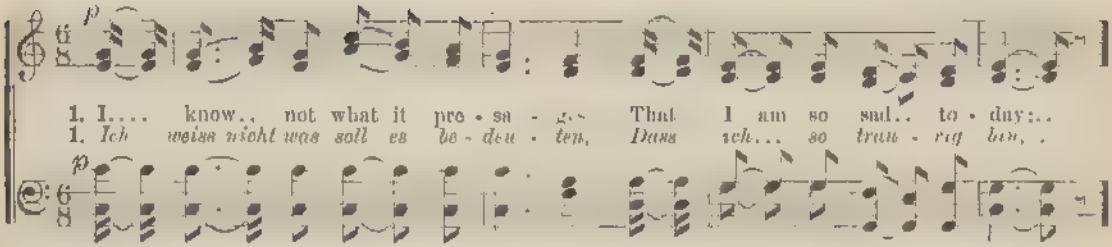
# THE LORELEY.

( MIXED VOICES )

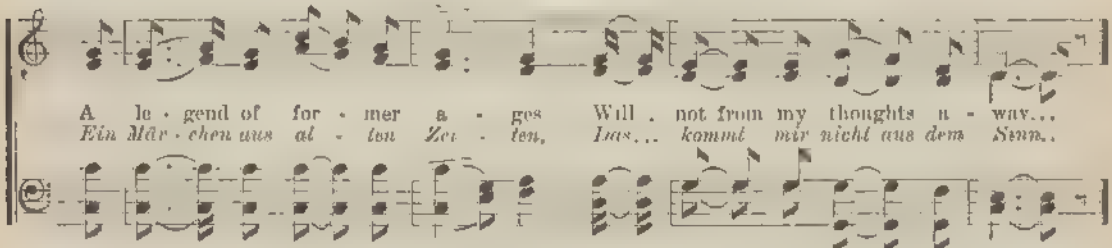
F. SILCHER.

*Andante.*

*p*




1. I... know... not what it pre - sa - ges That I am so sad... to - day...  
 1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich... so trau - rig bin, .



A le - gend of for - mer a - ges Will . not from my thoughts a - way...  
 Ein Mär - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das... kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.



The air is cool and it dar - kle The Rhine flows calm - ly on...  
 Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt Und ruh - ig flusst der Rhein.



The peak of the moun - tain spar - kes In the glow of the eve - ning sun...  
 Der Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt, Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.

- 2 The most beautiful maid is reclining  
 On the cliff, so wondrous fair;  
 Her glorious jewels are shining,  
 She is combing her golden hair;  
 With a golden comb she combs it,  
 And sings a song thereby,  
 That thrills with its mystic meaning  
 And powerful melody.
- 3 It seizes with wildest yearning  
 The boatman, entranced in his shuff,  
 He sees not the treacherous breakers,  
 He gazes alone on the cliff,  
 And soon will the waves engulf them,  
 Both boat and boatman strong,  
 For thus in her toils hath she bound them,  
 The Loreley with her song

- 2 Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
 Dort oben wunderbar  
 Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet  
 Sie kämmt sich ihr goldenes Haar  
 Sie kämmt es mit gold'ner Kamme  
 Und singt ein Lied dabei  
 Das hat eine wundersame  
 Gewalt'ge Melodei.
- 3 Den Schiffer in kleinem Schiffe  
 Es eist es mit wildem Weh;  
 Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
 Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.  
 Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen,  
 Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn.  
 Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
 Die Lorelei gethan.



# KILLARNEY.

BALFE.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

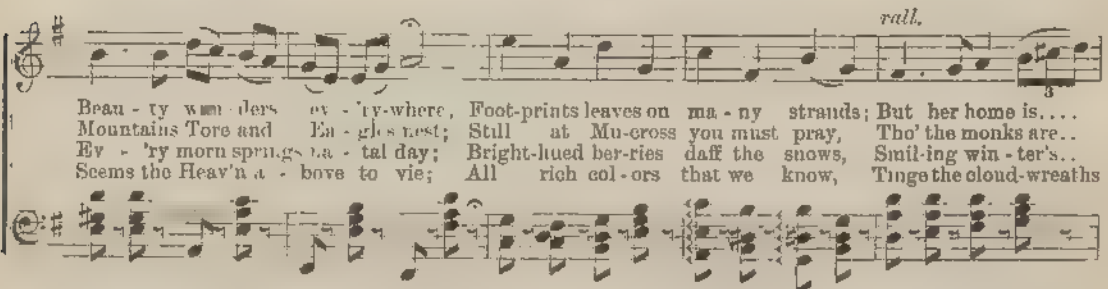
*Con moto.*



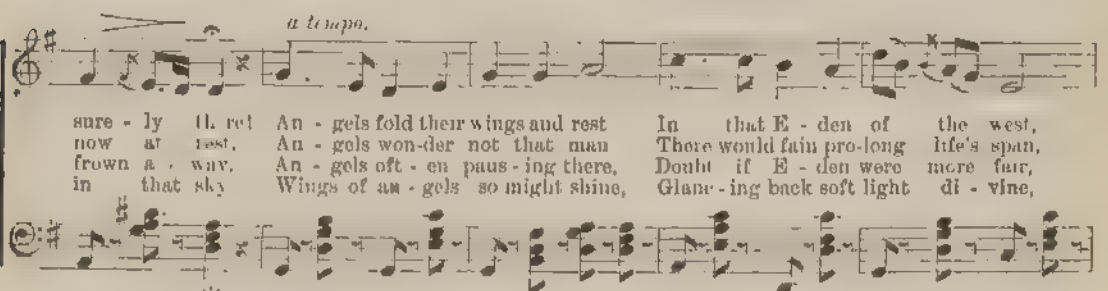
1 By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em-bellish'd with my boys, Moun-tain paths and  
2 In - us la - ken's in - d' shrine, May sug-gest a pass-ing sign, But man's faith can  
3 No place else can charm the eye, With such bright and varied tints; Ev - 'ry rock that  
4 Mi - stleth for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo - ny, Man - y voiced the



woodland dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Bounteous na-ture loves all lands;  
ne'er de-cline, Such God's won - ders float-ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na bay,  
you pass by, Ver - dure ha - ders or be-springs; Vir - gin there the green grass grows,  
echo - r - swells, Till it faints in ec - sta - cy; With the charming tints be - low,



Beau - ty wanders ev - 'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands; But her home is, ...  
Mountains Tore and En-gles nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray, Tho' the monks are...  
Ev - 'ry morn springs a - tal day; Bright-lued ber-ries daff the snows, Smil-ing win - ter's...  
Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths



sure - ly there An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the west,  
now at rest, An - gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-long life's span,  
frown a - way, An - gels oft - en paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,  
in that sky Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di - vine,



Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - - noy, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - - noy

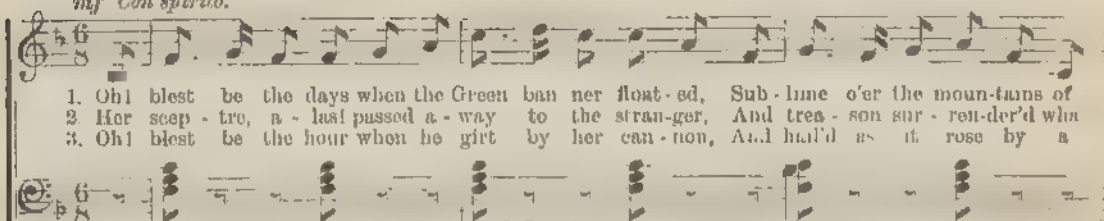
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# ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

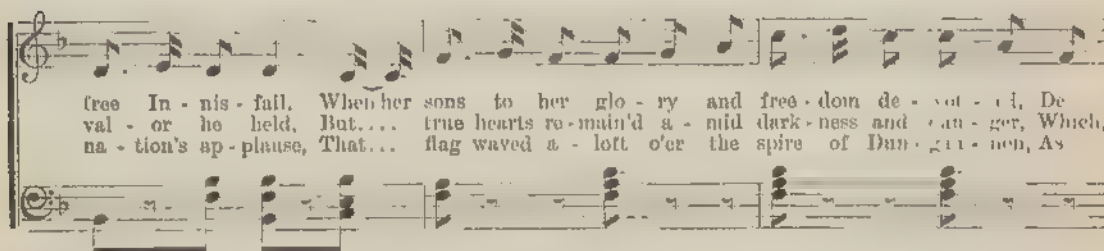
BARRY.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

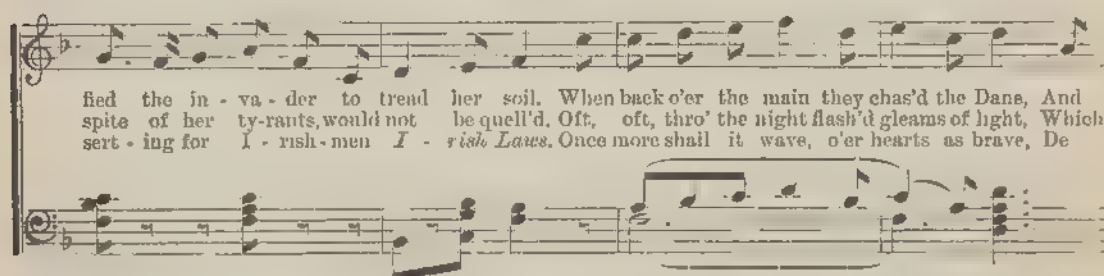
*mf Con spirito.*



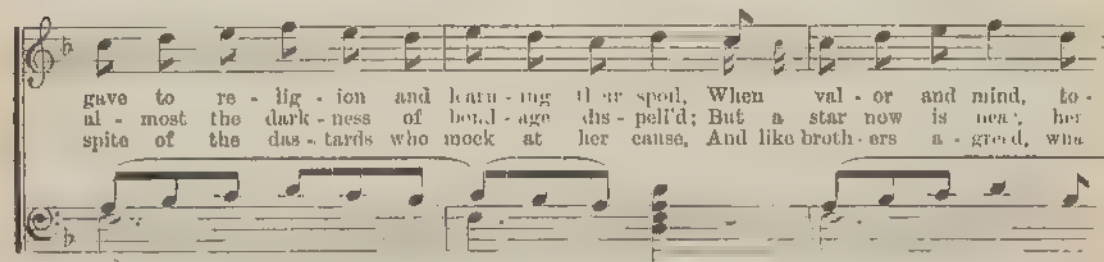
1. Oh! blest be the days when the Green ban-ner float-ed, Sub-line o'er the moun-tains of  
 2. Her scap-tre, a-las! passed a-way to the stran-ger, And trea-son sur-ren-der'd wha  
 3. Oh! blest be the hour when he girt by her can-non, And hail'd as it rose by a



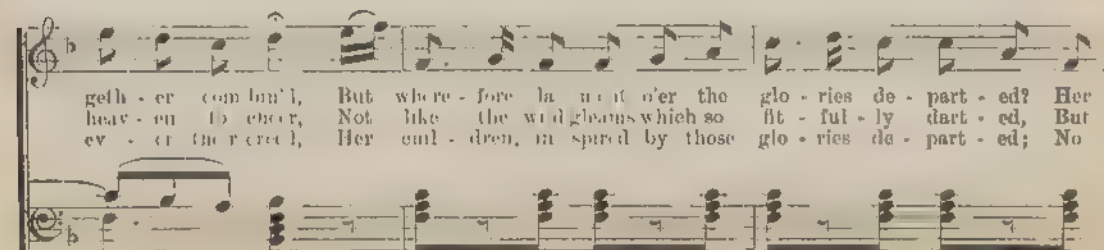
free In-nis-fall. When her sons to her glo-ry and free-dom de-vot-ed, De  
 val-or he held, But... true hearts re-main'd a-mid dark-ness and dan-ger, Which,  
 na-tion's ap-plause, That... flag waved a-loft o'er the spire of Dun-gall-nen, As



fied the in-va-der to tread her soil. When back o'er the main they chas'd the Dana, And  
 spite of her ty-rants, would not be quell'd. Oft, oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light, Which  
 sert-ing for I-rish-men I-rish Laws. Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave, De



gave to re-lig-ion and learn-ing their spoil, When val-or and mind, to-  
 al-most the dark-ness of bond-age dis-pell'd; But a star now is near, her  
 spite of the das-tards who mock at her cause, And like broth-ers a-greed, wha



geth-er com-bi'n'd, But where-fore la-ment o'er the glo-ries de-part-ed? Her  
 heav-en to cheer, Not like the wild gleams which so fit-ful-ly dart-ed, But  
 ev-er to cheer, Her chil-dren, in-spired by those glo-ries de-part-ed; No

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

star shall shine out with as viv - id ar - ray, For ne'er had she chil - dren more  
long to shine down with its hal - low - ing ray, On daugh - ters as fair, ... and  
lou - ger in dark - ness de - spond - ing will stay, But join in the cause like the

brave and true - heart - ed Than those she now sees on Saint Pat - rick's day.  
sons as true - heart - ed As E - rin be - holds on Saint Pat - rick's day.  
brave and true - heart - ed Who rise for their rights on Saint Pat - rick's day.

## GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

(MIXED VOICES.)

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

*mf Con Brío.*

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was I st - o - ng home from the war;  
2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept; Sad - ly she tho't of him when oth - ers slept;  
3. Hark! 'twasthe Trou - ba - dour breath - ing her name; Un - der the bat - tie - ment soft - ly he came;

Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine, bith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home."  
Sing - ing, "In ser - vice of thee would I might roam; Trou - ba - dour, Trou - ba - dour, come to thy home."  
Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine, bith - er I come. La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home."

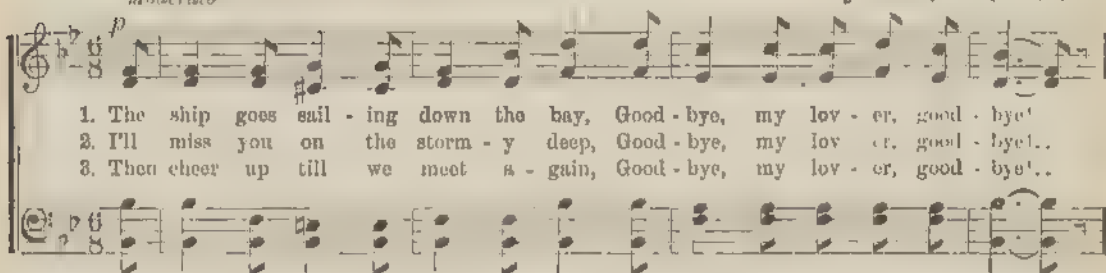
# GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

(MIXED VOICES.)

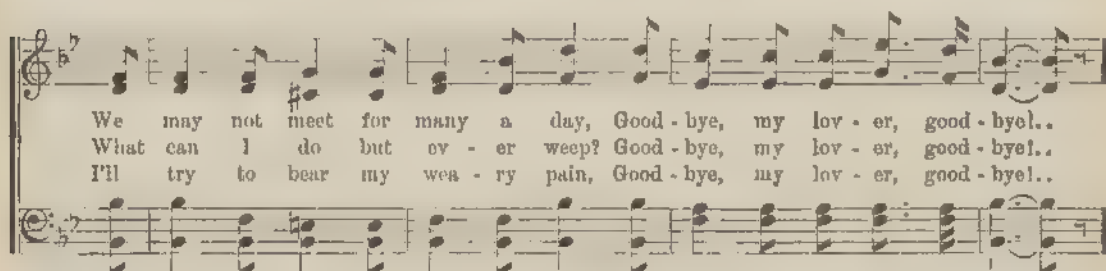
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato*

*p*

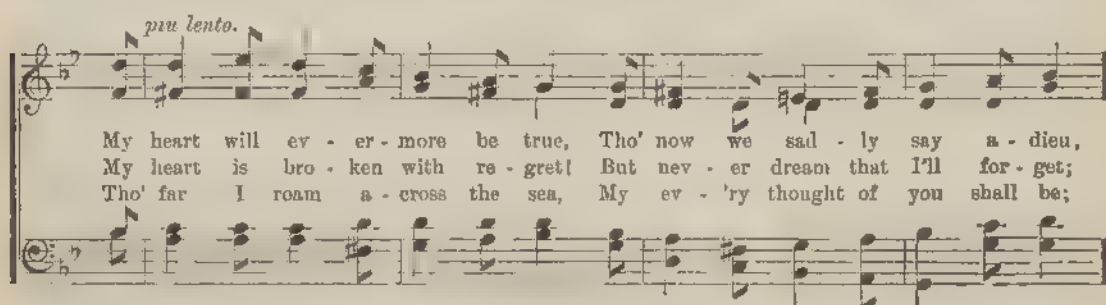


1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 2. I'll miss you on the storm - y deep, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!.



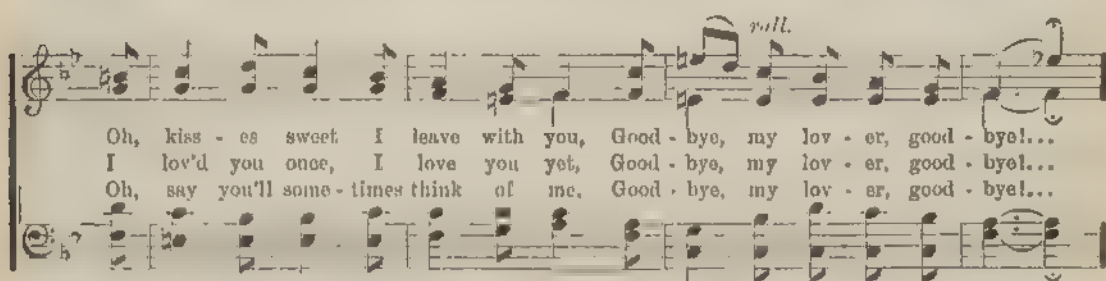
We may not meet for many a day, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..  
 What can I do but ev - er weep? Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..  
 I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..

*piu lento.*



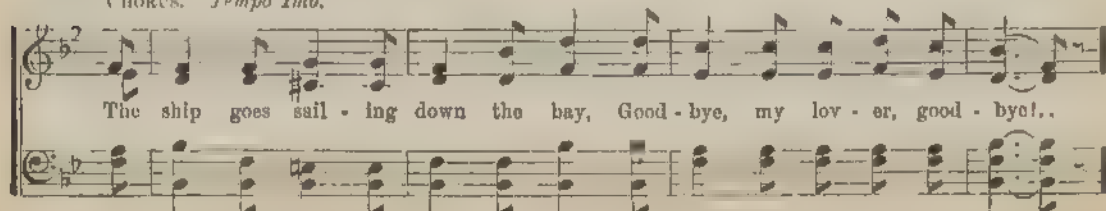
My heart will ev - er - more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu,  
 My heart is bro - ken with re - gret! But nev - er dream that I'll for - get;  
 Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be;

*rall.*



Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..  
 I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..  
 Oh, say you'll some - times think of me, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..

CHORUS. *Tempo Mo.*



The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..

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# GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

'Tis sad to tear my heart a - way! Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..

## AULD LANG SYNE.

( MIXED VOICES )

ROBERT BURNS.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato.*

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance  
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a  
3. We - twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us  
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

Chorus.

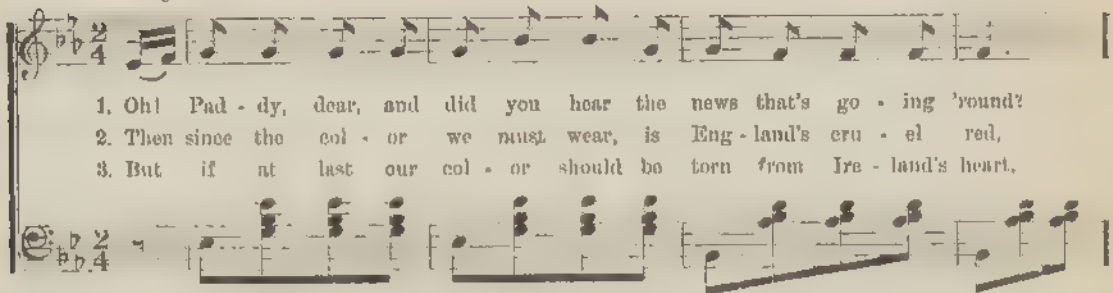
be	for - got, And	days of auld lang syne?	For	auld.. lang.. syne, my dear, For
wea - ry	foot Sin'	auld... lang... syne.	For	auld.. lang.. syne, my dear, For
braid	ha'e roared Sin'	auld... lang... syne.	For	auld.. lang.. syne, my dear, For
kind - ness	yot, For	auld... lang... syne.	For	auld.. lang.. syne, my dear, For

auld.. lang.. syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld.. lang. syne.

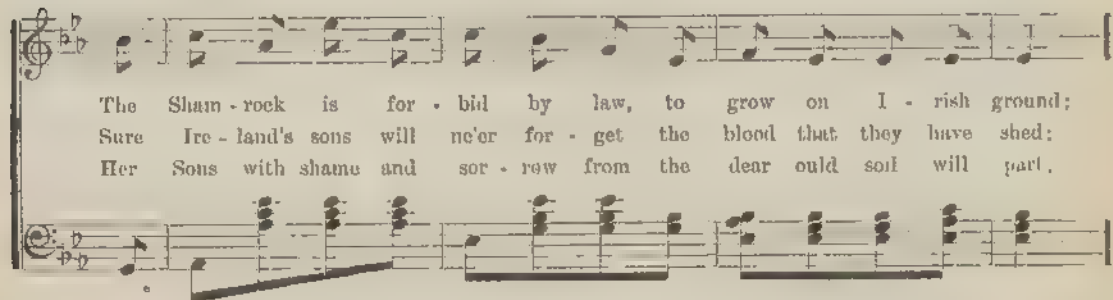
# WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

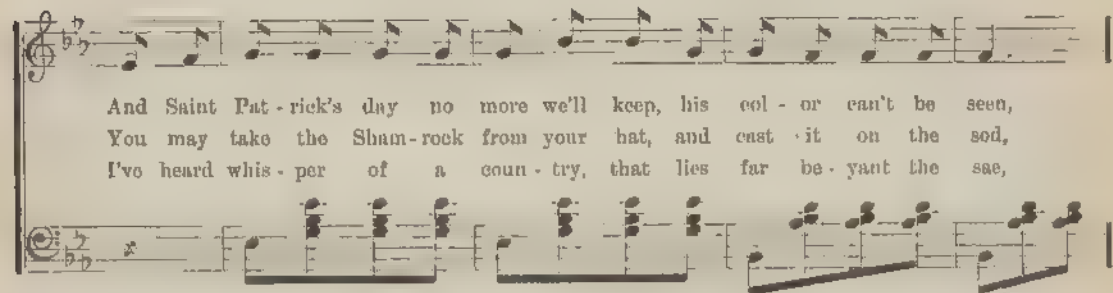
*Allegretto.*



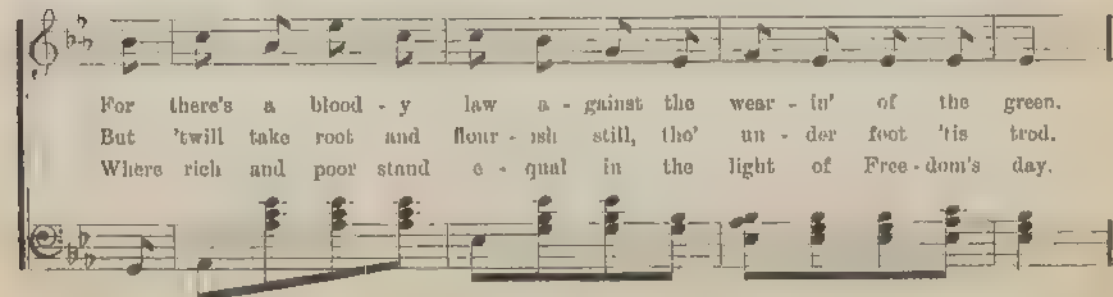
1. Oh! Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing 'round?  
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear, is Eng - land's cru - el red,  
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart,



The Sham - rock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground;  
 Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed:  
 Her Sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part,



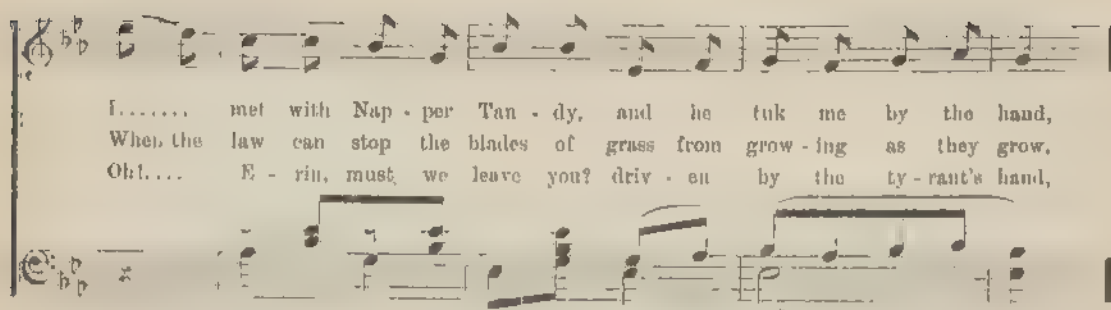
And Saint Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be seen,  
 You may take the Sham-rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,  
 I've heard whis - per of a coun - try, that lies far be - yant the sae,



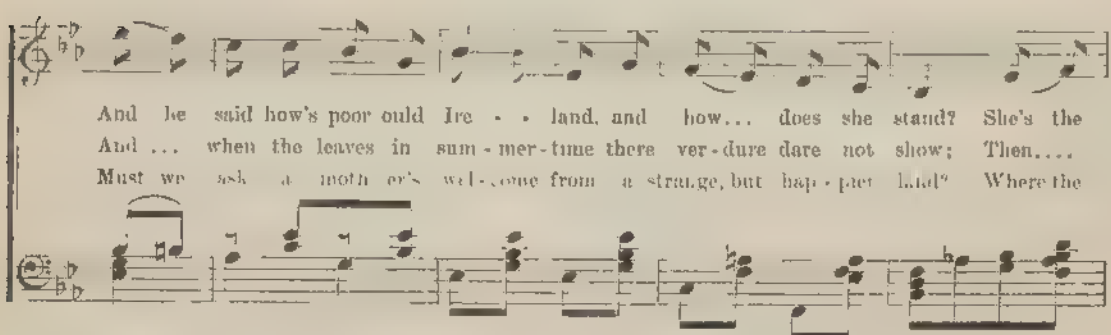
For there's a blood - y law a - gainst the wear - in' of the green.  
 But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis trod.  
 Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of Free - dom's day,

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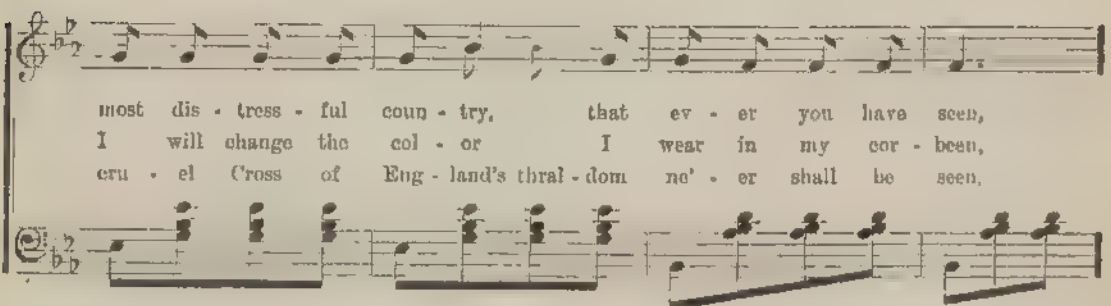
# WEARING OF THE GREEN.



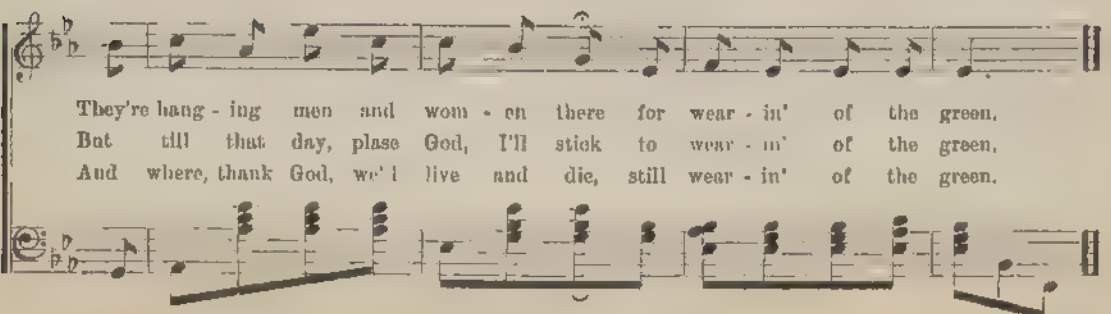
I..... met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he tuk me by the hand,  
 When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,  
 Oh!... E - rin, must we leave you? driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,



And he said how's poor ould Ire - land, and how... does she stand? She's the  
 And ... when the leaves in sum - mer-time there ver - dure dare not show; Then...  
 Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange, but hap - pier land? Where the



most dis - tress - ful coun - try, that ev - er you have seen,  
 I will change the col - or I wear in my cor - bean,  
 cru - el Cross of Eng - land's thral - dom ne' - er shall be seen,



They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - in' of the green,  
 Bat till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green,  
 And where, thank God, we'l live and die, still wear - in' of the green.

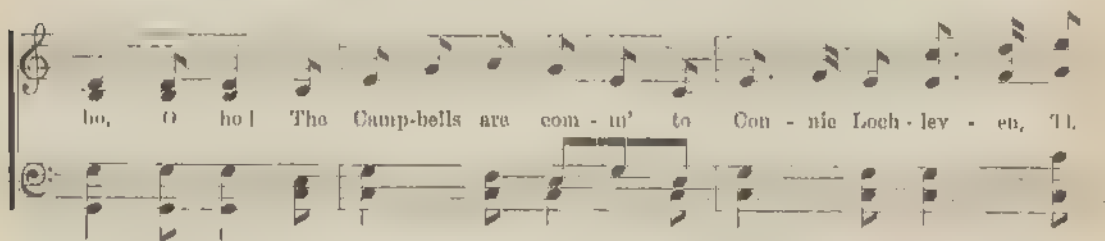
# THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

*Allegro*

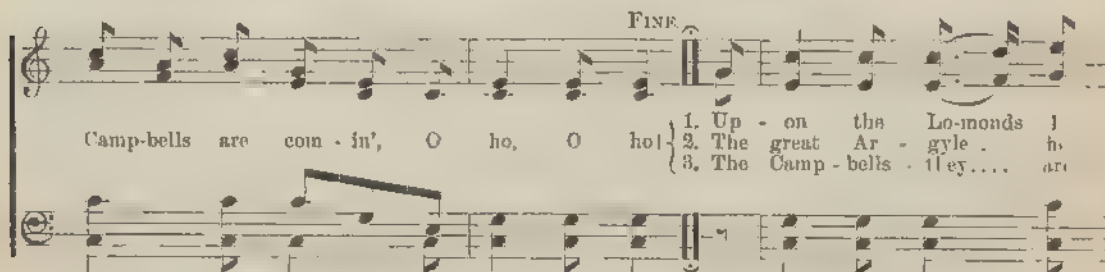
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



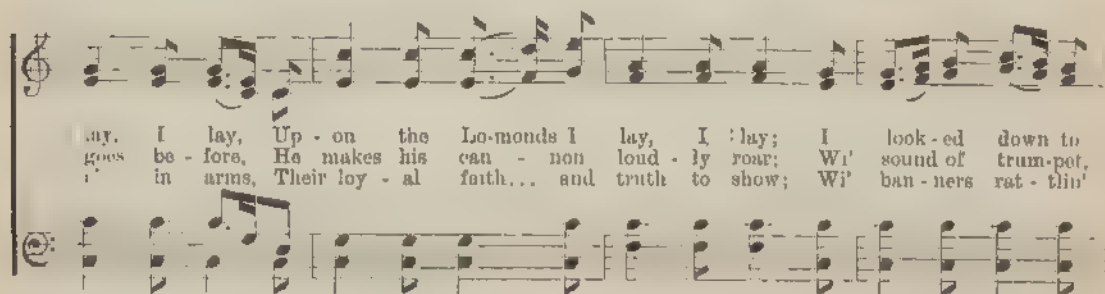
The Camp bells are com - in', O no, O ho! Th Camp bells are com - in', O



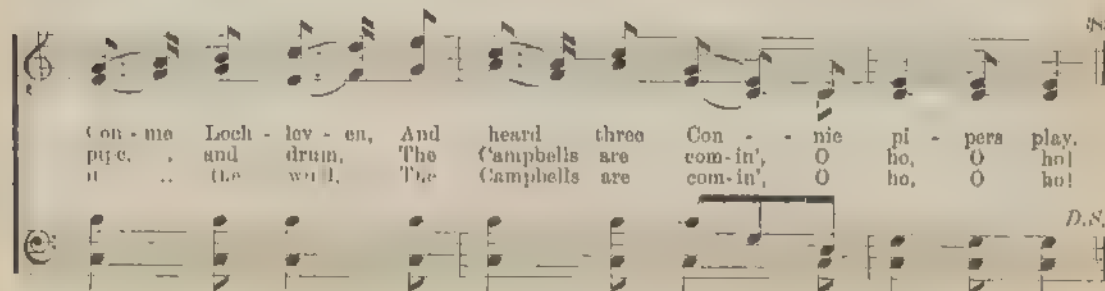
ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to Con - nie Loch - lev - en, H.



Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho!   
 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I   
 2. The great Ar - gyle - ho   
 3. The Camp - bells they... are



I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay; I look - ed down to   
 goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum - pet,   
 in arms, Their loy - al faith... and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tlin'



Con - nie Loch - lev - en, And heard three Con - nie pi - pers play,   
 pipe, and drum, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho!   
 u... the wall, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho!

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# THE MINSTREL BOY.

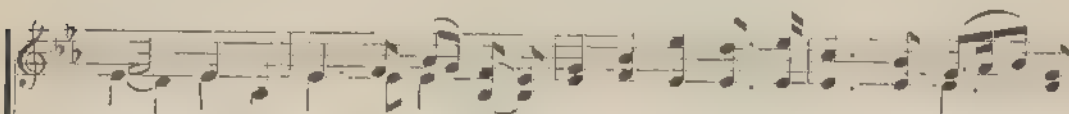
( MIXED VOICES )

Music by MICHAEL W. BALFE.

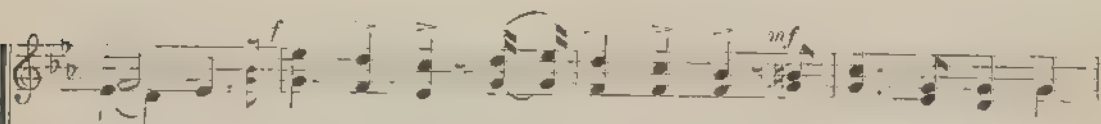
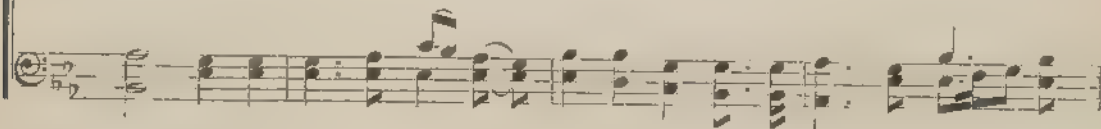
*Moderato*



1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. 'The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud son



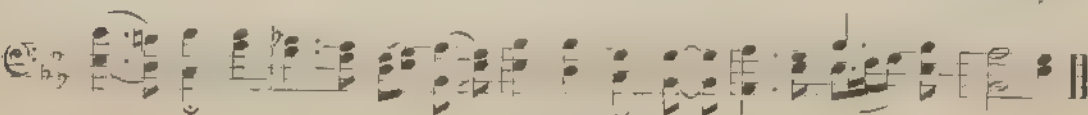
find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -  
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -



hind him; "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -  
sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and



trays thee, One sword at - lest thy rights shall gain, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee '  
brav 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry'

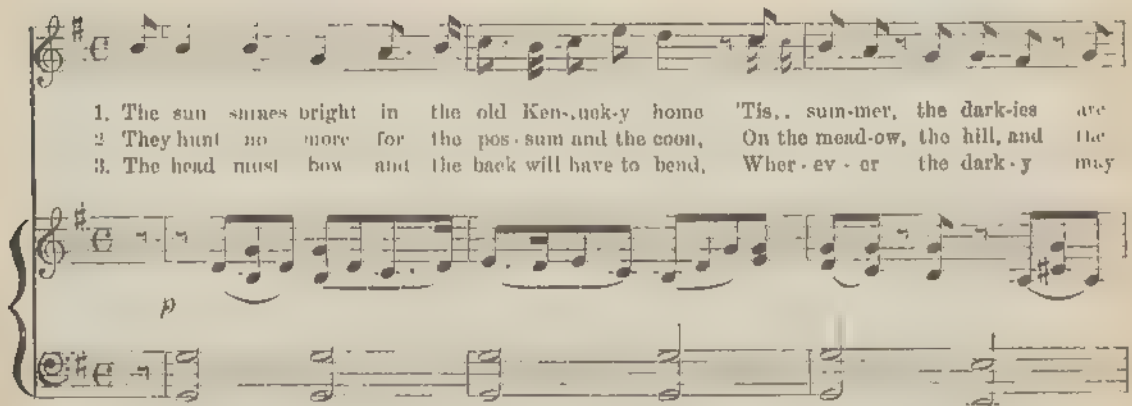


# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

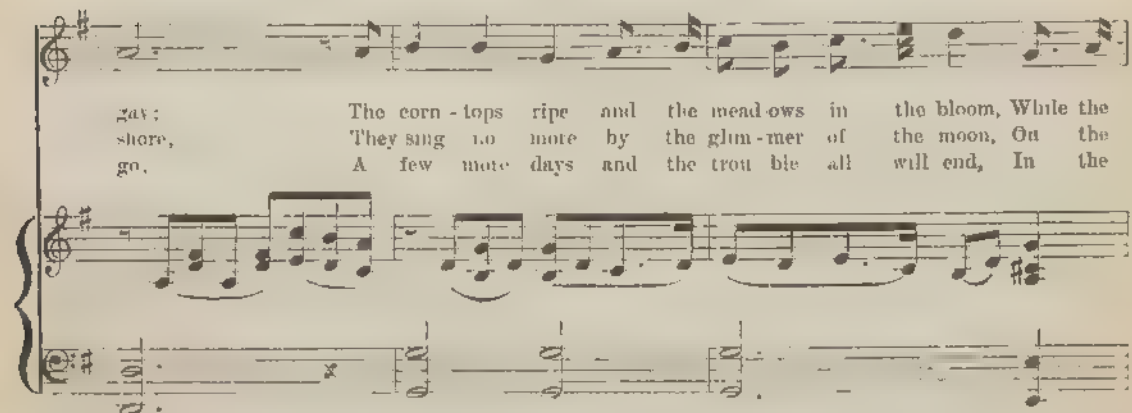
( MIXED VOICES )

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

Solo

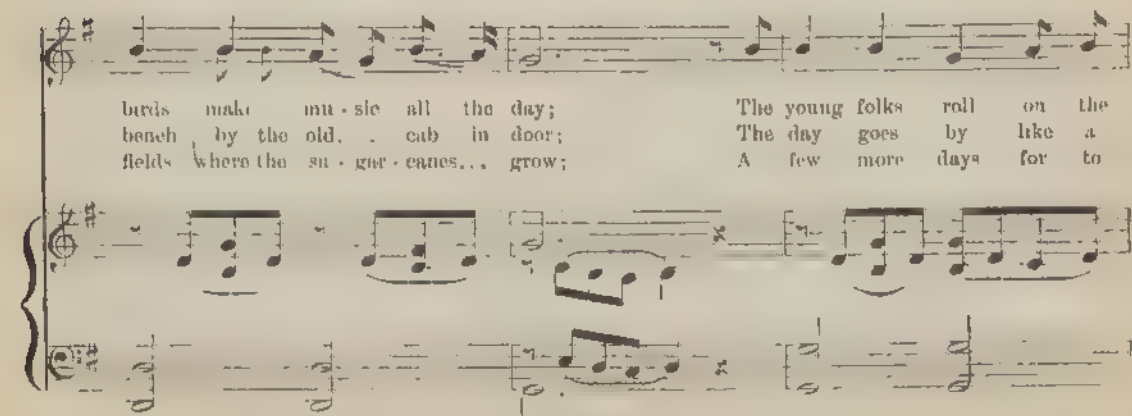


1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home 'Tis, sum-mer, the dark-ies are  
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill, and the  
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may



gay;  
shore,  
go.

The corn-tops ripe and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the  
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the  
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the



birds make mu-sic all the day;  
bench by the old cab-in door;  
fields where the su-ger-canes... grow;

The young folks roll on the  
The day goes by like a  
A few more days for to

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# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.



lit : the cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n-  
 shad ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light, The  
 tote the heav - y load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A



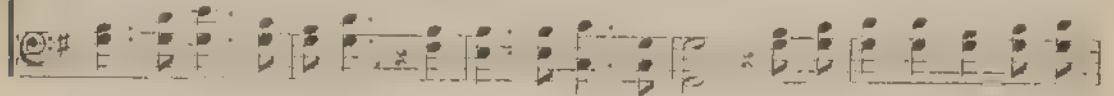
by "Hard Times" comes a knocking at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck y home, good-night.  
 time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck y home, good-night.  
 few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck y home, good-night.



## CHORUS



Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day; We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home, far a - way



# SAILING.

(MIXED VOICES.)

GODFREY MARKS.

*Con spirito.*

*f*

1. Y'heave ho... my lads... the wind flows free... A pleas-ant game... a can  
2. The sail-ors' life... is bold and free... His home is on... the roll-ing  
3. The tide... is flow-ing with the gale... Y'heave ho!... my lads... set ev-'ry

lee, And soon... a-cross the o-cean clear Our gal-lant bark shall  
son... An- nev-er heart more true or brave Than his... who launch-es  
sail... The har-bor bar... we soon shall clear; Fare-well... once more, to

brave-ly steer, But ere we part... from England's shores to-night, A song we'll  
on... the wave; A-far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo-cund  
home so dear, For when the tem-pest ra-ges loud and long, That home shall

sing for home and beau-ty bright. Then here's to the sail-or, and here's to the hearts so true.  
song he rides the sparkling foam Then here's to the sail-or, and here's to the hearts so true.  
be... our guid-ing star and song. Then here's to the sail-or, and here's to the hearts so true.

*allarg.* *p* *Chorus.*

Who will think of him up on the wa-ters blue!... Sail-ing, sail-ing, o-ver the bounding main, For



# SAILING.

ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing,  
o - ver the bound - ing main! For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain!

## GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Sostenuto*  
*f*

1. Good - night la - dies! Good - night, la - dies!.. Good - night, la - dies!..  
2. Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies!.. Fare - well, la - dies!..  
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies!.. Sweet dreams, la - dies!..

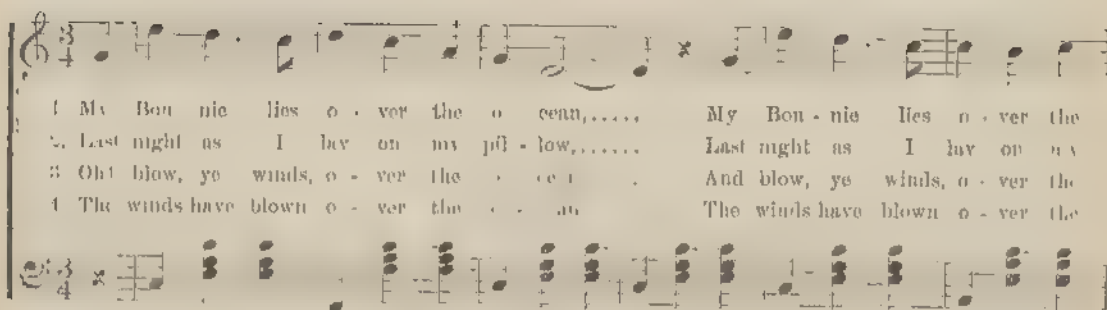
*Allegro*

We're goin' to leave you now, Mer - ri ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea

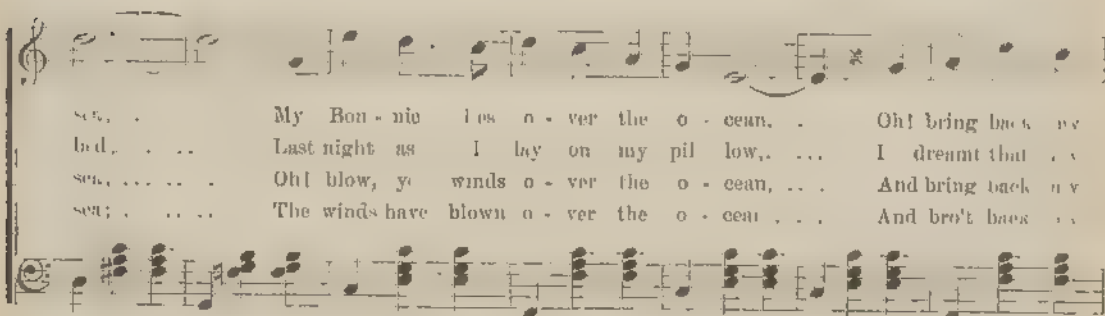
*roll* *rit* *Repeat pp.*

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# MY BONNIE.

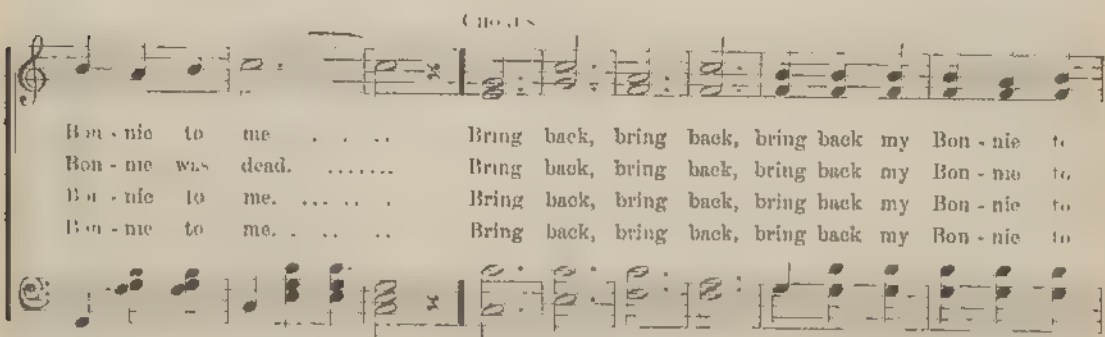


1 My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the  
 2 Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . . . Last night as I lay on my  
 3 Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the  
 4 The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . . . The winds have blown o - ver the

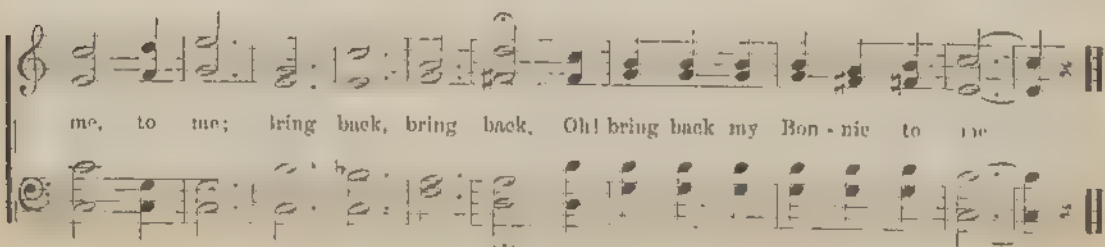


sea, . . . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . . . Oh! bring back my  
 bed, . . . . . Last night as I lay on my pil low, . . . . . I dreamt that  
 sea, . . . . . Oh! blow, ye winds o - ver the o - cean, . . . . . And bring back my  
 sea, . . . . . The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . . . And bro't back

CHORUS



Bon - nie to me . . . . . Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to  
 Bon - nie was dead, . . . . . Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to  
 Bon - nie to me, . . . . . Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to  
 Bon - nie to me, . . . . . Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to



me, to me; bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me

LA PALOMA.


English Version by ANDRE DE TAKACS.

YRADIER.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

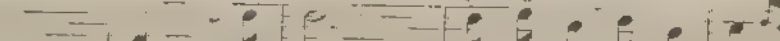
*Allegretto.*  $\text{p}$


1. Good - bye, . . . . . the white-wing'd ship waits for me in the  
1. *Cuan - do*, . . . . . *sa - li de la Ha - ba - na Val - ga - me*

$\text{mf}$



  
 lay ... .. Good - bye,..... heav-en fades and soul is my heart to -  
 Dies! .. .. Na - die..... me havis-to sa - lir,.... si no fui


  
 day, ..... : Who knows . . . it ev - er I miss thy sweet lips a -  
 go, ..... Fu - nit ..... lin - da gua - chi - nan - ga A - lla voy


  
 qui, Who knows..... but thy heart will yearn for me all in  
 go, ... Quo se..... vi - no trus de mi . que si se


  
 voh, My h - o - u - s - e - s - u - r - e - s - me - f - o - r - t - h - e - f - u - t - u - r - e -  
 nor, Su - lu - ven - tu - ra lle - ga - u - na - pa - lo - ma,

## LA PALOMA


  
 Bu - en tre - ve gran diat - van em - not sey ci...  
 Trá - ta - la - co - ci - ti - no quess - e per - so na...

As a white dove my soul at thy win-dow'll greet thee,..... As a white dove I'll  
Cuen ta la bus a mi ven bus de mi re de .. Co ro na la de

fly you, dear, to meet thee, O - ver the b.l - lows high  
*fle - ve que esch - si ne - a Ay! chi ni la que si,*

My love to all will soar On, sweet-heart, mine, near your heart let my dove rest,  
*Ag! que do pe tu a - mor Ag! , que ven te com m' go cha m' ta*

So it shall remain no more;      O - ver the hills lowly      My love to you, will  
A don - de no - va go.      Ah! chi no - ta que si      Ah! que da me tu a



# LA PALOMA.

soar; Oh, sweet-heart, mine, near your heart let my dove rest, So it shall roam no  
 more. *que ven - te con mi - go chi - ni - ta, A - don - de vi - vo*

more, For you a - lone, yes, you a - lone, I'll brave the dan - gers of the o - cean's  
 yo. *Note en - se - nan, note en - se - nan, El cau - dro lu - ti - ro lan - de can -*

team, Thy love is my guid - ing star, sweet heart, I am for - ev - er thine, ne'er to  
 lan, *Que los ans tria - cos han - ra - ga - lan, Al a - mo mi - o muy di - bu -*

part, O'er land or sea my love shall be with thee, With hearts so true we shall hap - py  
 jan, *Y el pa - pe - li - ti - co cer - ti - fi - can, De que la guer - ra ha ter - mi -*

be, With hearts so true we shall hap - py be, Our souls will meet in a kiss o'er the sea,  
 nan. *Con tres n - ble - as me la han pe - gun, Me la han pe - gun, y re - pe - gan, pe - gun.*

\* From here can be sung an octave lower.

2 Should I once again to you, sweetheart, mine, return,  
 The joys of a happy love you and I shall learn,  
 No more shall the deep sea roar its challenge to me,  
 In sweet cosy home I'll stay forever with thee.  
 When I return, the bells will be gaily ringing,  
 And wedding hymns our happiness will be singing;  
 I'll wed you, dear, 'mid joyous gay songs of springtime,  
 Clouds of our cares will change into golden sunshine.  
 Over the billows high, etc.


2 *El día que nos casemos  
 Vágame Dios!  
 En la semana que hay ir  
 Me hace reír.  
 Desde la iglesia juntos  
 Que se señor,  
 Nos iremos á dormir  
 Allá voy yó.  
 Si a tu ventana llega, vol.*

# SOME DAY.

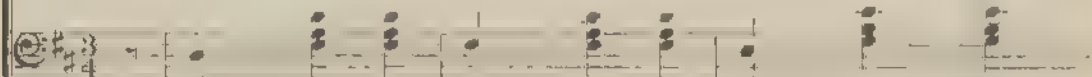
MILTON WELLINGS.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato espressivo.*


*p*



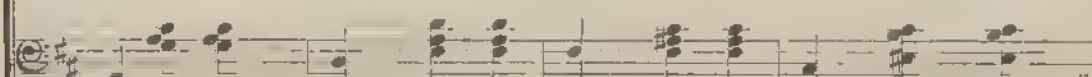
1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may  
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or do you



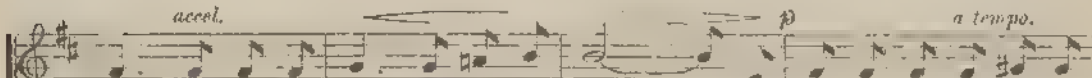
*rit.*




meet, ... What welcome you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or  
live, ... I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead, or who for.




*accel.* *p* *a tempo.*




sweet; It may not be till years have pass'd,..... Till eyes are dim and tresses  
give; But when we meet some day, some day,..... Eyes dear or grown the truth may



*f*

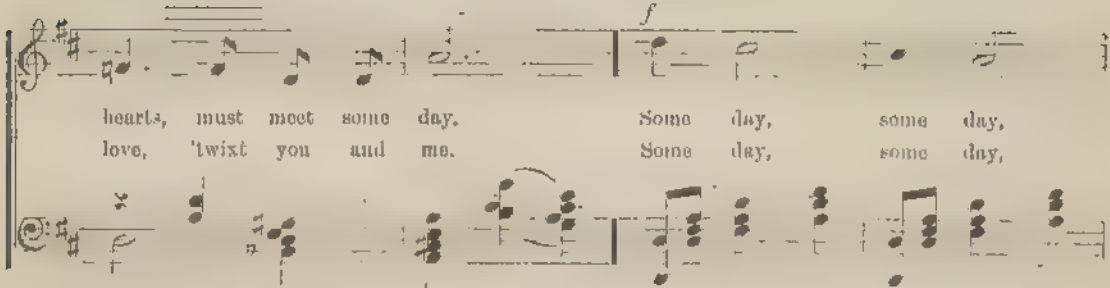


gray: The world is wide, but love, at last, Our hands, our  
see, And ev - 'ry - cloud shall roll a - way, That dark - ens,

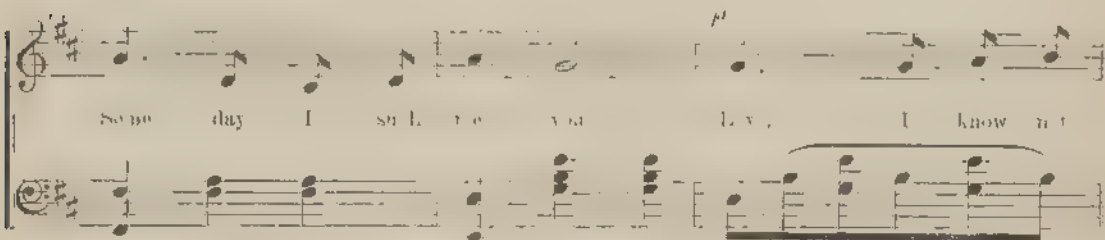


# SOME DAY.

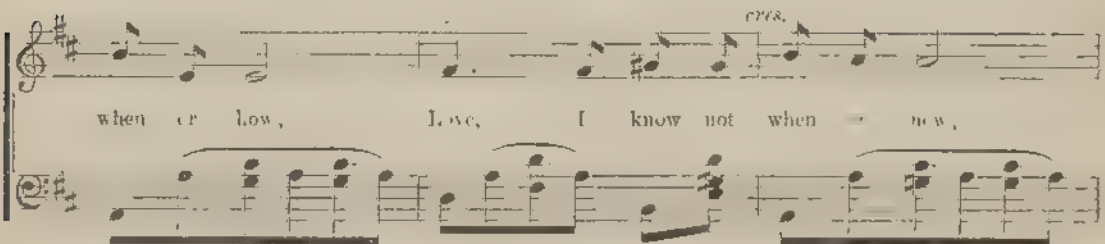
Chorus



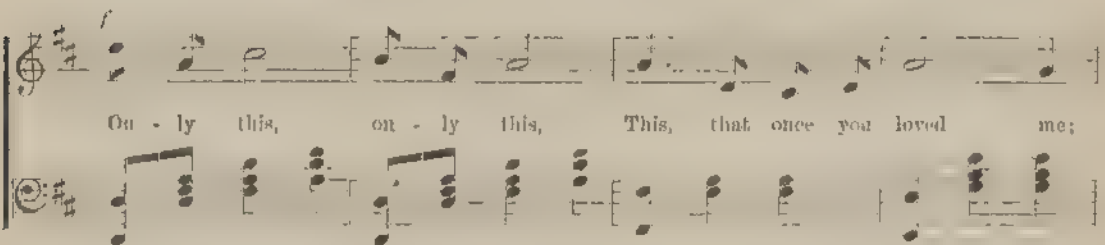
hearts, must meet some day.      Some day,      some day,  
 love, 'twixt you and me.      Some day,      some day,



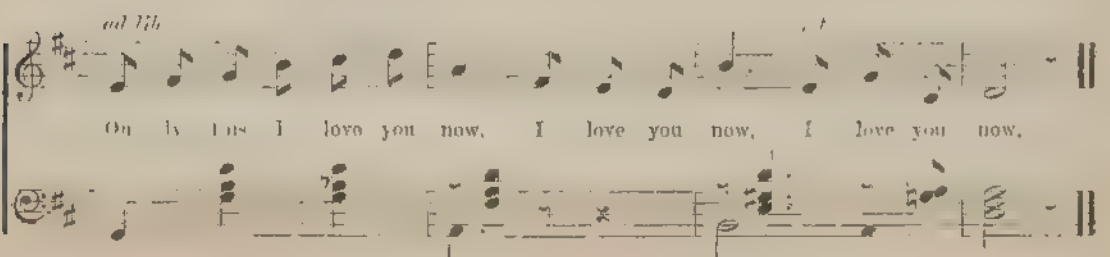
Some day I shall see you      Love,      I know not



when or how,      Love,      I know not when or how,



On - ly this,      on - ly this,      This, that once you loved me;



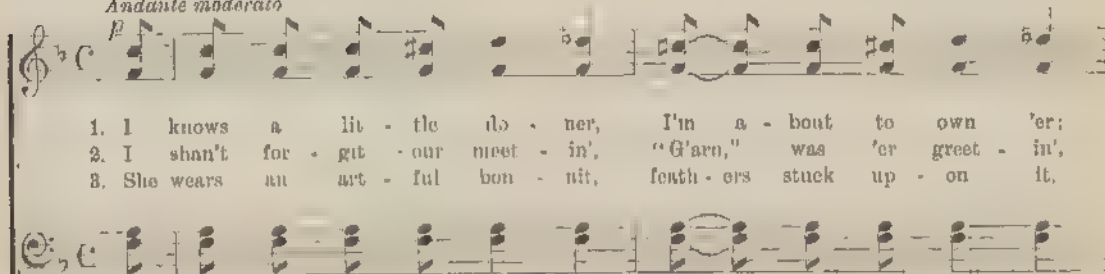
On - ly this I love you now,      I love you now,      I love you now,

# THE FUTURE MRS. 'AWKINS.

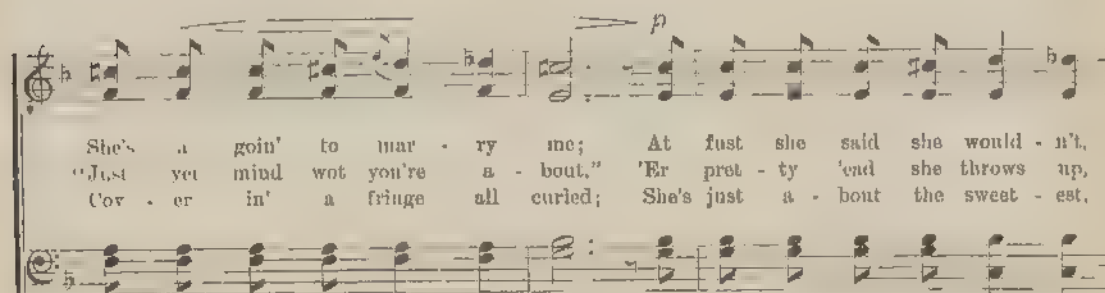
(MIXED VOICES.)

ALBERT CHEVALIER.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

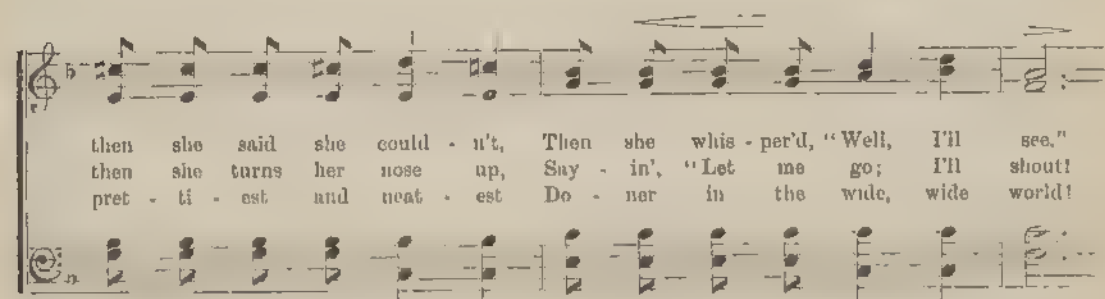
*Andante moderato*




1. I knows a lit - tle do - ner, I'm a - bout to own 'er;  
2. I shan't for - git - our meet - in', "G'arn," was 'er greet - in',  
3. She wears an art - ful bon - nit, fenth - ers stuck up - on it,



She's a goin' to mar - ry me; At fust she said she would - n't,  
"Just yet mind wot you're a - bout," 'Er pret - ty 'end she throws up,  
O'er - er in' a fringe all curled; She's just a - bout the sweet - est,



then she said she could - n't, Then she whis - per'd, "Well, I'll see,"  
then she turns her nose up, Say - in', "Let me go; I'll shout!  
pret - ti - est and neat - est Do - ner in the wide, wide world!



Sez I be Mis - sis 'Aw - kins, Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins,  
I like your style," sez Id - zer; thought as I'd sur - prise 'er,  
And she'll be Mis - sis 'Aw - kins, Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins,

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## THE FUTURE MRS. 'AWKINS.

O'er a crest the seas I'll roam. So 'elp me Bob, I'm cra zy.  
 Cops er round the waist like this! Sez she, "I must be dream - in  
 Get 'er for to name the day. — Set - tled it last Mon - day

Li - zer, you're a dai - sy; Won't you share my 'un - ble . 'ome? Won't yer?  
 chuck it, I'll start scream - in'!" If yer do, sez I, I'll kiss! Now then!  
 so to church on Sun - day Off we trots the don - key.. shay! Now then!

*Chorus*  
*mf* — *f* — *mf* — *f* — *p*  
 Oh! Li zer! Sweet Li - zer! If yer die an old maid you'll 'ave

*mf* — *f* — *mf* — *f*  
 on - ly your - self to blame! D'y'ear Li - zer!.. Dear Li - zer!..

'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?  
 'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?  
 Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins is a fust - class name!

# AFTERWARDS.

JOHN W. MULLFN.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*p And. to moder. to*

1. Aft - er the day has sung its song of sor - row, And one by one the  
2. Some-times my heart grows wea-ry of its sad - ness, Some-times my life grows

gold en stars ap-pear; I lin - ger yet, where once we met, be - lov - ed,  
wea ry of its pain; Then love, I wait and list - en for your whis - per,

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

And seem to feel by spir - it still is near The flow'rs have fled that  
Till tears de - part, and sun - shine comes a gain. It can - not be that

blossom'd in the spring-tide, The birds are mute that sang their songs a - no - ve;  
we shall part for - ev - er, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al - way,

# AFTERWARDS.

*mf*

And tho' the years that drift - ed us a - sun - der, Time can - not break it  
I hear it yet, al-though its theme be al - ter'd, 'Twill reach thy heart, and

*allegro*

gold - en chain of love. Still we can love, al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er,  
bring thee back some day. Love we can love, al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er.

*f*

Still we can hope un - til the clouds be past; Come to my heart, and  
Still we can hope un - til the clouds be past; Come to my heart, and

*p* 1. *rit.*

whis - per thro' the si - lence, Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;  
whis - per thro' the si - lence, (Omit ... ..)

*p* 2. *f*

Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last, Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last.

# MAID OF ATHENS.

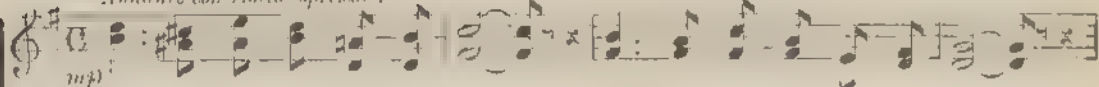
( MIXED VOICES )

Words by LORD BYRON.



Music by H. R. ALLEN.

*Andante con molto spiccato*

*mp*



1. Maid of Ath - ens, ere we part... Give, O, give me back my heart!..  
 2. By those tress - es un - con - fined... Wooed by each E - ge - an wind,  
 3. Maid of Ath - ens, I am gone,.. Think of me, sweet, when a - lone, .

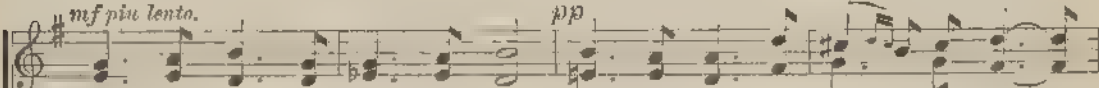



Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!  
 By those lids whose jet - ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's bloom - ing tings,  
 Though I fly to Is - tain - bol .. Ath - ens holds my heart and soul..

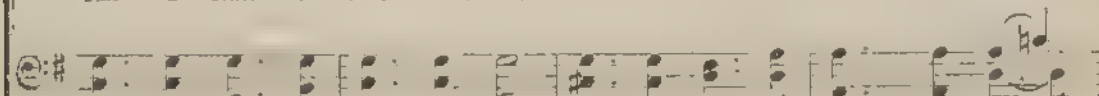


*mf piu lento.*

*pp*



Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore I go. My  
 By those wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow be - fore I go.....  
 Can I cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no!....



*con tenerezza*

*p*



life,..... I love... thee, My dear - est life, I... love... thee!  
 Zo - e mou, sas a - ga - po! Zo - e mou, sas a - ga - po!





## MAID OF ATHENS.

1. Hear my vow be - fore I go, } My... life, I love..... but thee!  
2. Hear my vow be - fore I go, } Zo - o mor, sas a - - ga - po!  
3. Can I cease to love thee? no! }

## BAVARIAN YODLE.

Moderato.

(THE WATERFALL.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

1. From the moun-tain height comes the wa-ter bright, U - l - o, u h o e, U - h - o!  
2. And the wa-ter-fall un to me doth call, U h - o, u h o e, U h o!

*p* *mf*

Where its spray is swell-ing, stands a lit-tle dwell-ing, U - li - o, a li - o e U - li - o!  
And the songs are ring-ing of my sweet-heart's sing-ing, U - li - o, a - a - o e, U - a - o!

In the gar-den there, sits my sweet-heart fair,  
All my thought and mind is to her in-cluded,  
U - li - o - e, o - e, u - li - o - e  
U - li - o - e, o - e, u - li - o - e

And I kiss her there on her face so fair, H - i - o - e, o - e, u - li - o!


From my dear sweet-heart I would nev - er part, H - i - o - e, o - e, u - li - o!

# THE LOW-BACKED CAR.


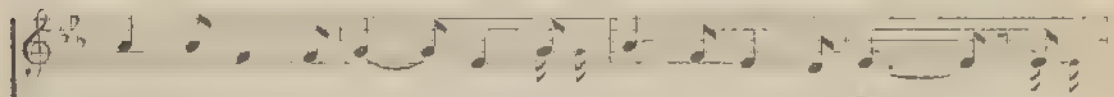
SAMUEL LOVER.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



*W. p. r. d. r. r.*





1. When first I saw sweet Peg gy,..... 'Twas on a mar ket day; . . . A  
 2 In but the's wild com mo-tion The proud and might-y Mars, . . . Woul.  
 3 Sweet Peg-gy round her ear, sirl . . . Has strings of ducks and geese, . . . But Le  
 4 I'd rath er own that ear, sirl . . . With Peg-gy by my side . . . T. r. o. n


low-back'd car she drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay, . . . But  
 hos-tile scythes do man's his tythes Of death, in war-like cars, . . . But  
 scores of hearts she slaugh-ters, By far out-num-ber these; . . . While  
 coach and four, and gold ga-lore, And a la-dy for my bride; . . . For the

when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, . . . No  
 Peg-gy, peace-ful god- - dess, Has darts in her bright eye . . . That  
 she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just like a tur-tle dove, . . . Well  
 la-dy would sit far-nist me, On a cush-ion made with taste, . . . While

flow-er was there, that could com-pare, To the bloom-ing girl I sing! As she  
 knock men down in the mar-ke town, . . . As right and left they fly While she  
 worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of love! While she  
 Peg-gy would sit be-side me, With my arm a-round her waist: As we



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# THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

sat in her low-back'd car,..... The man at the turn-pike bar, Nev-er  
sits in her low-back'd car,..... Than bat-tle more dan-g'rous far, For the  
sits in her low-back'd car,..... The lov-ers come near and far, And....  
drove in the low-back'd car, . . . To be mar-ried by Fa-ther Maher; Oh, my

ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd aft-er the low-back'd car....  
doc-tor's art, Can-not cure... the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.....  
en-vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pickin' While she sits in her low-back'd car.....  
heart would beat high At her glance at her sign, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car....

# OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

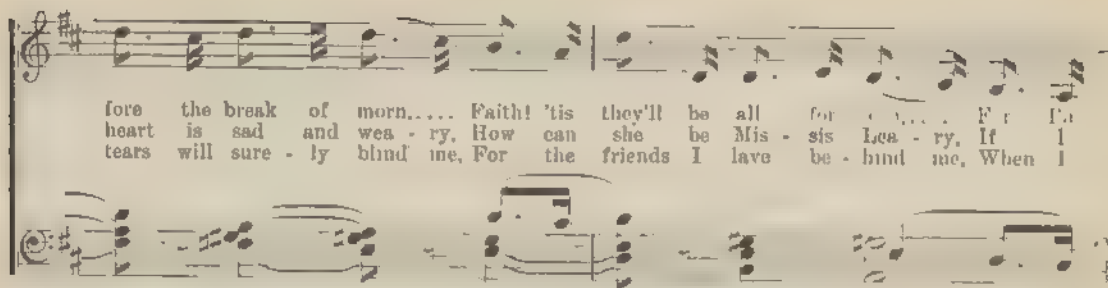
BATTISON HAYNES.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*mf Moderato.*

1. My . . . name is Pad dy Lea-ry, From a spot call'd Tip-per-a . . . ry, Tho  
2. There's a girl call'd Kate Ma-lone, . . . Whom I'd hoped to call my own, . . . And to  
3. When they told me I must leave the place, I tried to keep a cheer-ful face, For to

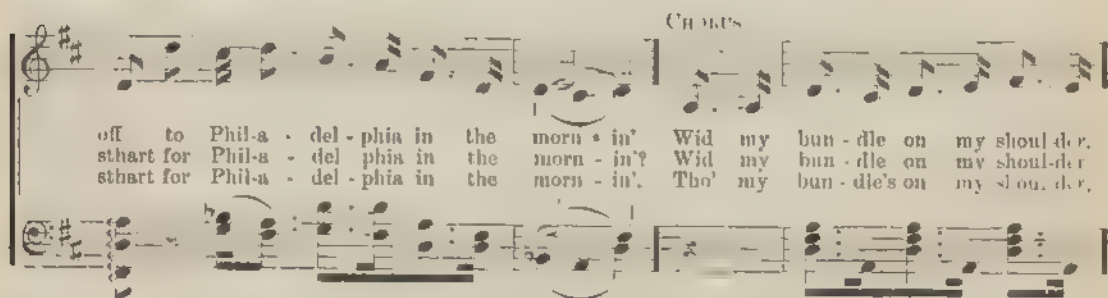
hearts of all the girls I am a thorn . . . in', But be-  
see my lit-tle cab-in floor a-dorn . . . in', But my  
show my heart's deep sor-row I was scorn . . . in', But the

# OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

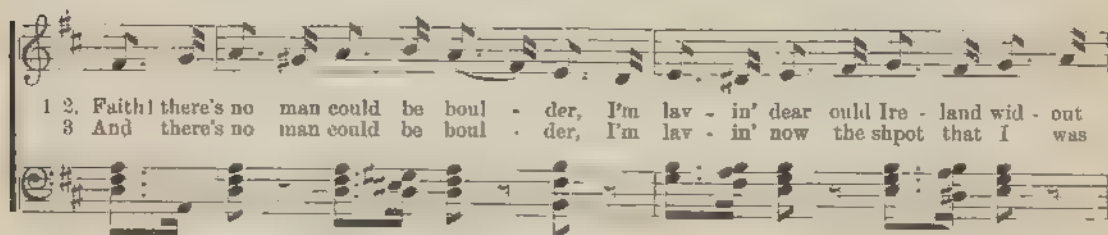


fore the break of morn.... Faith! 'tis they'll be all for ..... For I  
heart is sad and wea - ry. How can she be Mis - sis Lea - ry. If I  
tears will sure - ly blind me, For the friends I love be - hind me, When I

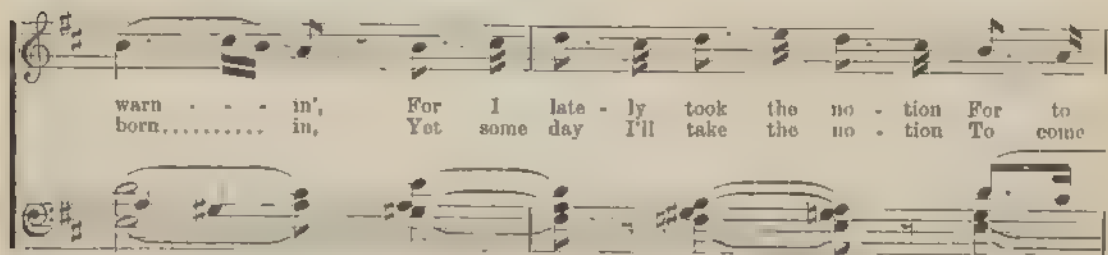
CHORUS



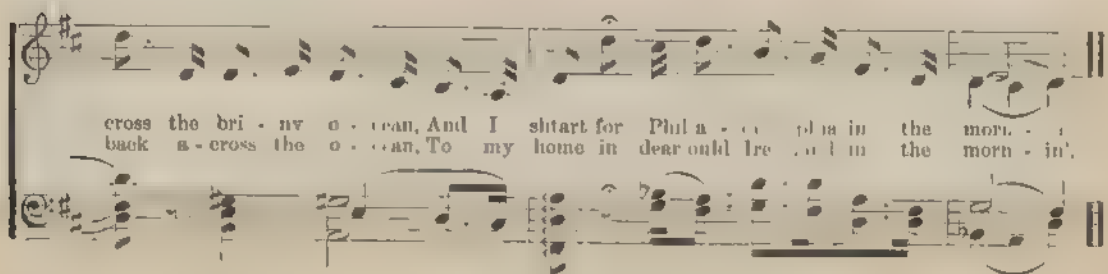
off to Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in' Wid my bun - dle on my shoul - der,  
start for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in' Wid my bun - dle on my shoul - der,  
start for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in' Tho' my bun - dle's on my shoul - der,



1 2. Faith! there's no man could be boul - der, I'm lav - in' dear ould Ire - land wid - out  
3 And there's no man could be boul - der, I'm lav - in' now the shpot that I was



warn - - - in', For I late - ly took the no - tion For to come  
born..... in, Yet some day I'll take the no - tion To come



cross the bri - nv o - cean, And I start for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in',  
back a - cross the o - cean, To my home in dear ould Ire - land in the morn - in',

# MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

(MIXED VOICES.)


STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

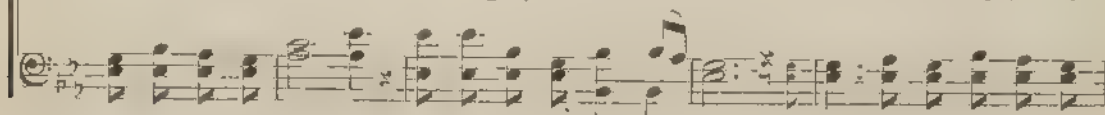
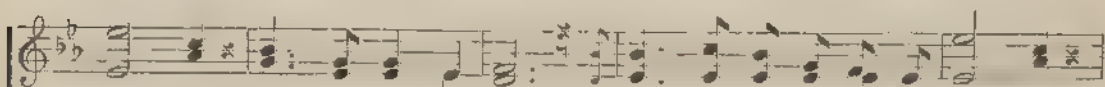
*Moderato*



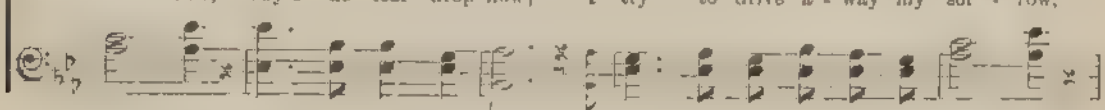
1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dark - y's mourn-ful song, Wile de  
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to  
 3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey


mock-ing-bird am sing ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -  
 hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am  
 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning caysse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be-fore to -


creep - ing O'er de grass - y nound, Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,  
 bloom - ing On de sand - y shore, Now de sum-mer days am con - ing,  
 mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,



CHORUS



Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground, Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mournful  
 Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more, Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mournful  
 Piek - in' on de old ban - jo, Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mournful



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# MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

sound; All de dark-ies am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de end, cold ground

## THE QUILTING PARTY.

(MIXED VOICES)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato*

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas  
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o'-cear foam, And 'twas  
3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, Trem-bled till it dared to come; And 'twas  
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home

CHORUS

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home, And 'twas

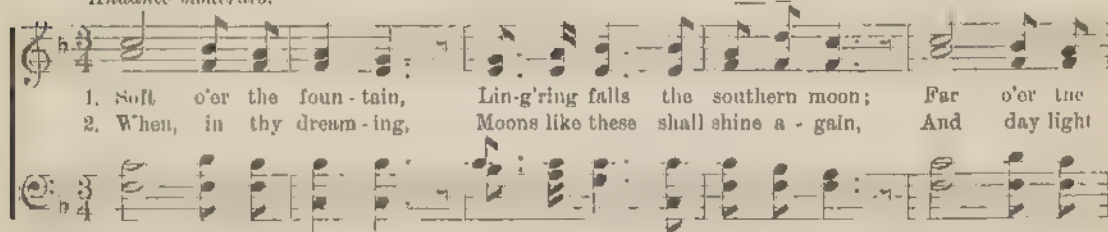
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home,

# JUANITA.

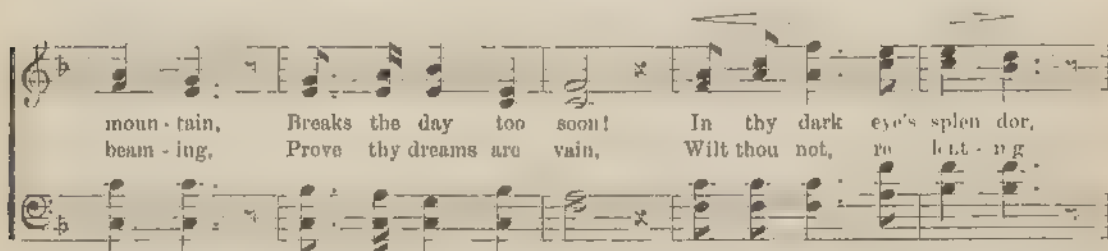
(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

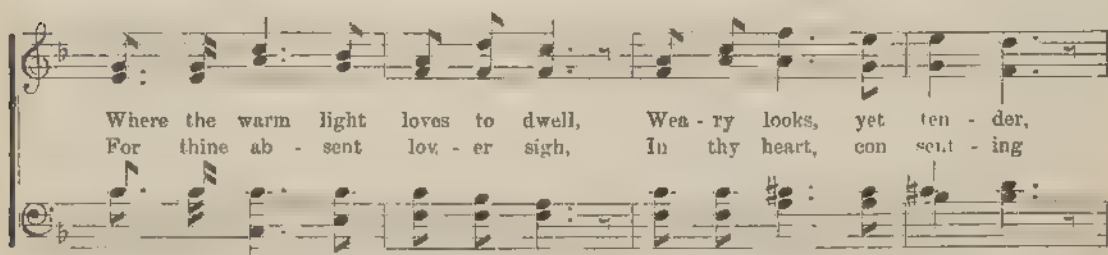
*Andante moderato.*



1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the  
2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day light



moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor,  
beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing



Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der,  
For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart, con-sent-ing



Speak their fond fare well! Ni-tal! Jua-ni-tal! Ask thy soul if  
To a pray'r gone by? Ni-tal! Jua-ni-tal! Let me lin-ger




we should part? Ni-tal! Jua-ni-tal! Lean thou on my heart!  
by thy side! Ni-tal! Jua-ni-tal! Be my own fair bride!

# JINGLE BELLS.


SOLO.  
*Allegro*

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.




1 Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,  
2 A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan ne Bright Was  
3 Now the ground is white Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And




Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright; What  
seat-ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot; He  
sing this sleighing song; Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then


CHORUS



fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night! Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells!  
got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot, Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells!  
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells!



Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a



one-horse o - pen sleigh! Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the

# JINGLE BELLS.



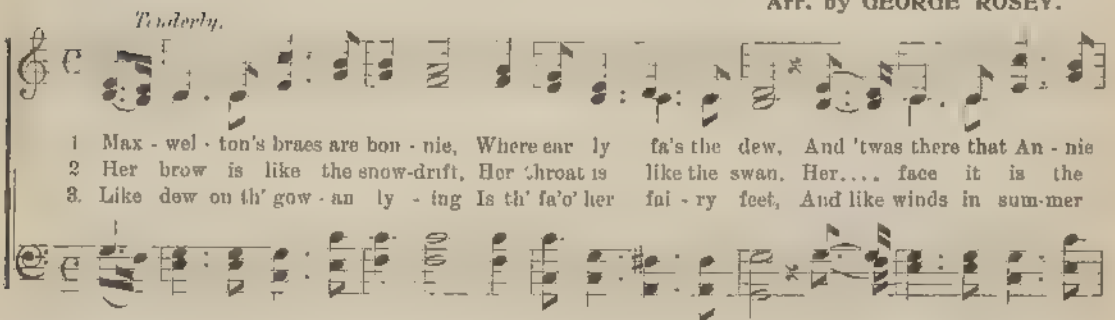
way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh.

## ANNIE LAURIE.

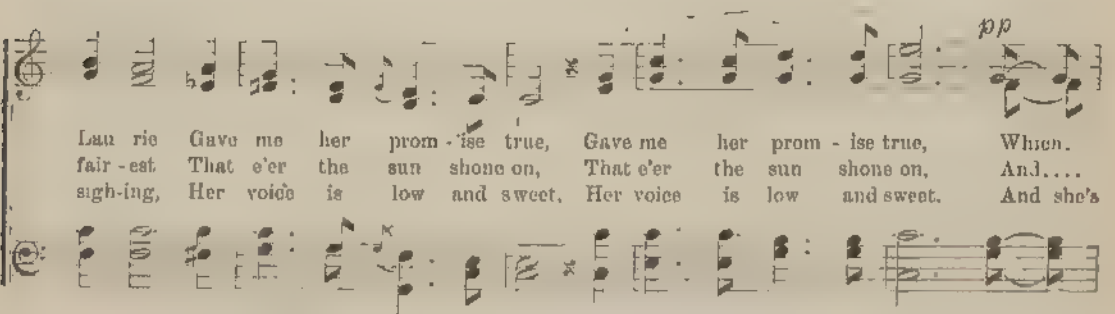
(MIXED VOICES)

Lady JOHN SCOTT.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Tenderly.*



1 Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie  
2 Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her... face it is the  
3 Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa'o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum-mer



Lau rie Gave me her prom - ise true, Gave me her prom - ise true, When.  
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And....  
sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet. And she's



no'er for gol will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd.. lay me down and dee.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau rie I'd.. lay me down and dee.  
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau rie I'd.. lay me down and dee.

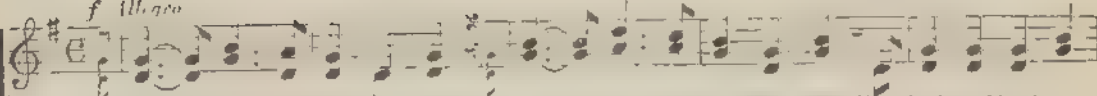
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# HAIL, COLUMBIA!

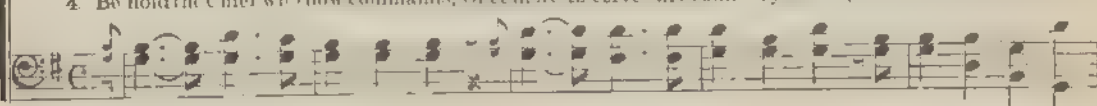
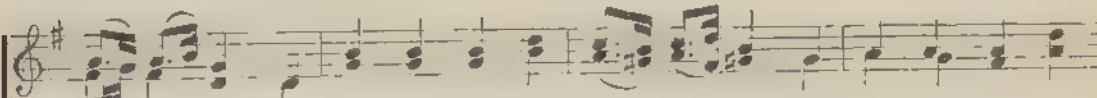
(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



*f Allegro*




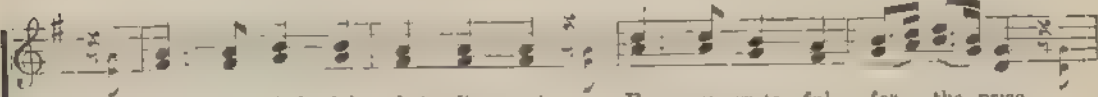
1. Hail, Colum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he-roes! heav'n born bar-d! Who fought and bled in
2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots' rise once more! De-fend your rights, de-fend your shore, Let no rude foe with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
4. Be hold the Chief who now commands, On ce-nore to serve his coun-try stands, The rock on which the


Free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where loud ap- plause, Ring through the world with loud ap- plause; Let ev-'ry clime to storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir-tue,

war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won, Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast, sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize. While off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, free-dom dear List-en with a joy-ful ear With e-qual skill, with god-like pow'r, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may,

Ev-er mind-ful what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, In heav'n we place a man-ly trust, That Truth and Jus-tice will pro-vail, And He gov-erns in the fear-ful hour Of hor-rid war; or guides with ease The When gloom ob-scured Co-lum-bia's day, His stead-y mind, from chan-ges free, Re-

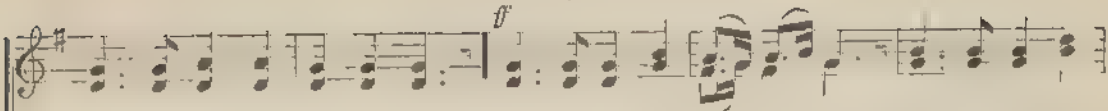




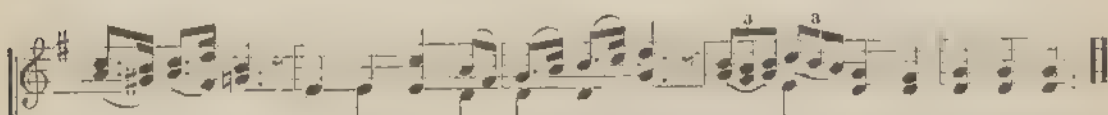
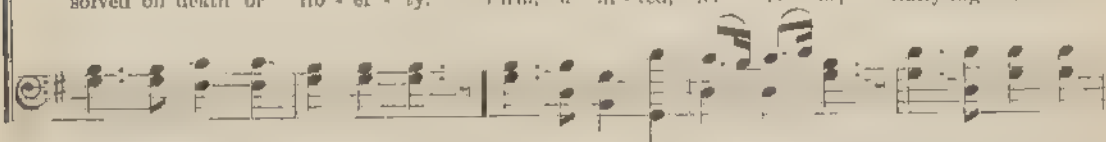
## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Chorus.

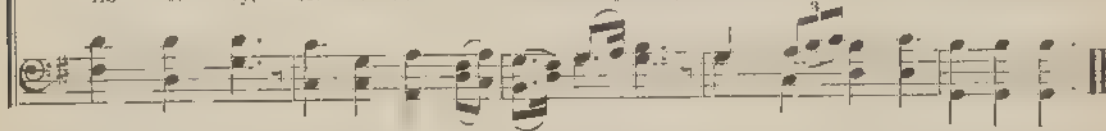
*f*



Let its an - nounce reach the skies. Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rallying round our  
ev - 'ry scheme of bond age fail. Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rallying round our  
hap pier times of hon - est peace. Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rallying round our  
solved on death or lib - er - ty. Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rallying round our



lib - er - ty. As a band of broth ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find

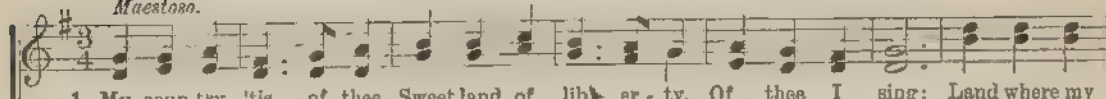


## AMERICA.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

(MIXED VOICES.)

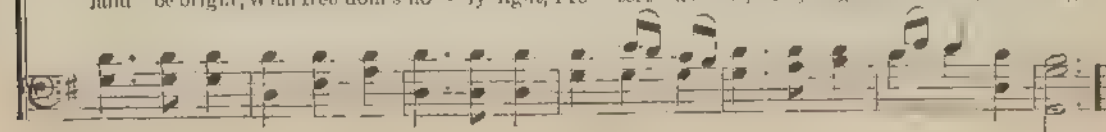
*Moderato.*



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let mu sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



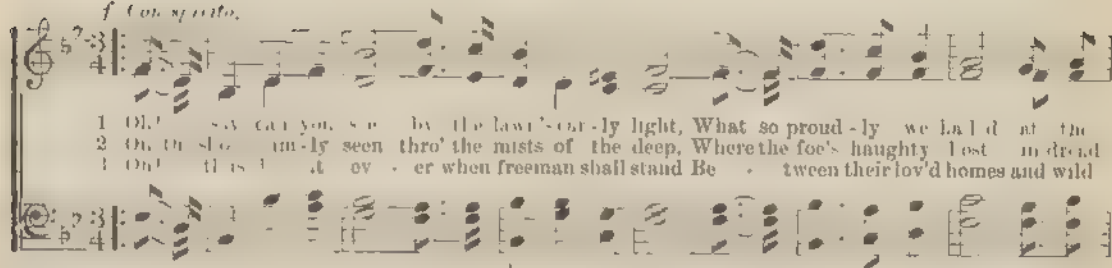
fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free dom ring,  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove,  
tongues a wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pre - long,  
land be bright, With free dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy right Great God, our King



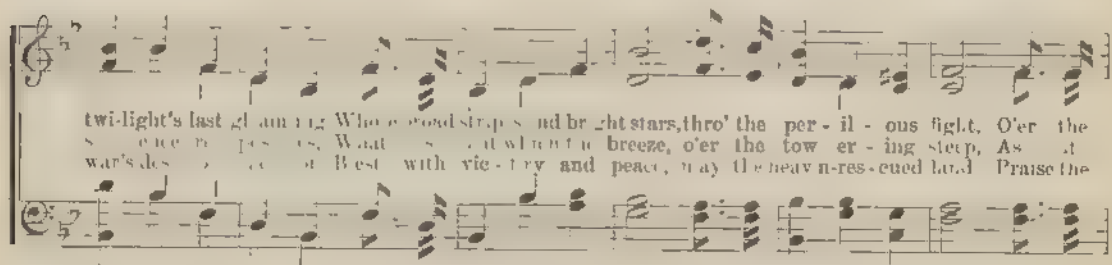
# THE STAR-SPANGLLED BANNER.

(MIXED VOICES)

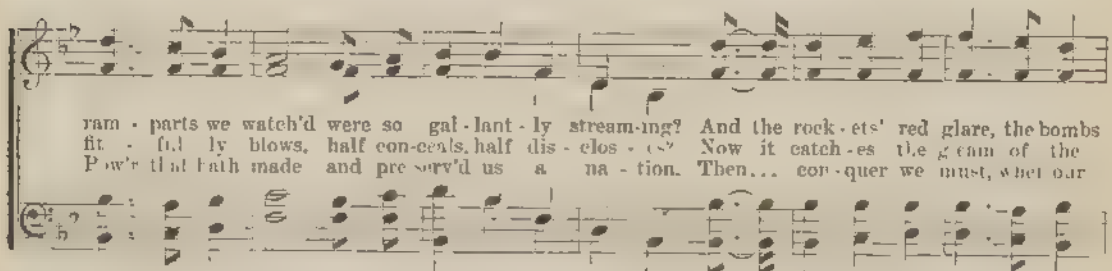
*f Con spirito.*



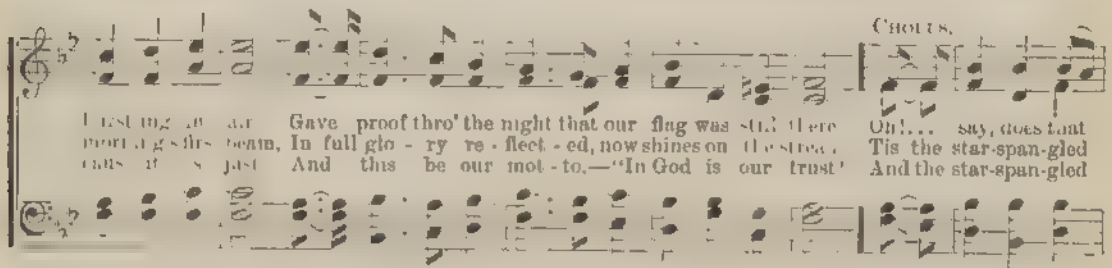
1 Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the  
2 Oh, th' star-spangl'd seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
1 Oh! this is our lov'd home, where freeman shall stand Be- tween their lov'd homes and wild



twi-light's last gleaming, Where our broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per- il- ous fight, O'er the  
swept the ocean's wave, where we beat the stormy breeze, o'er the tow- er- ing steep, As at  
war's des- o- lute best, with vic- tory and peace, may the heav'n-res- cued land Praise the



ram- parts we watch'd were so gal- lant- ly stream- ing? And the rock- ets' red glare, the bombs  
fit- ting ly blows, half con- ceals, half dis- clos- es. Now it catch- es the gleam of the  
Pow'r that hath made and pre- serv'd us a na- tion. Then... con- quer we must, when our



Chorus.  
Firsting to our Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there Oh!... say, does that  
morning's beam, In full glo- ry re- flect- ed, now shines on the stream, 'Tis the star-span- gled  
thus it's past And this be our mot- to,—"In God is our trust" And the star-span- gled

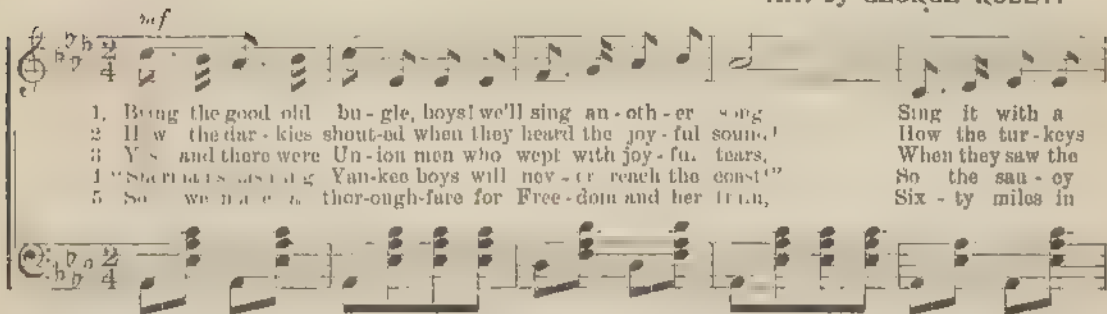


*poco ritard.* *a tempo* *poco ritard.*  
star-span- gled ban- ner yet... wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
ban- ner, Oh, long may it... wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
ban- ner in tri- umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

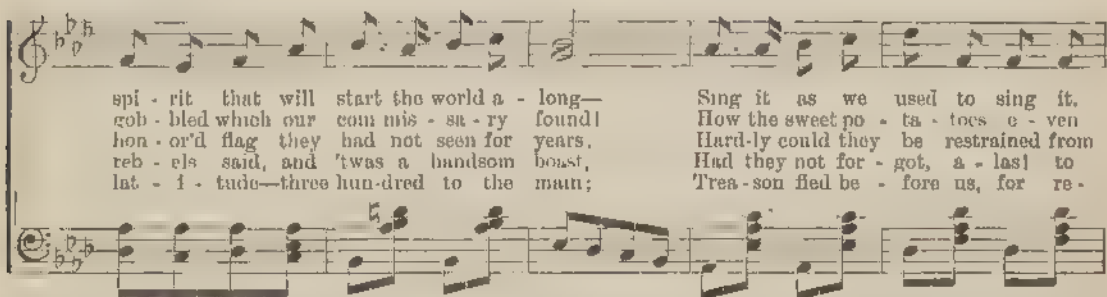
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*mf*



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song,  
 2. How the dar - kies shout-ed when they heard the joy - ful sound,  
 3. Yes and there were Un-ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,  
 4. "Shammas" as they say Yan-kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!  
 5. So we na - me a thor-ough-fare for Free-dom and her train,

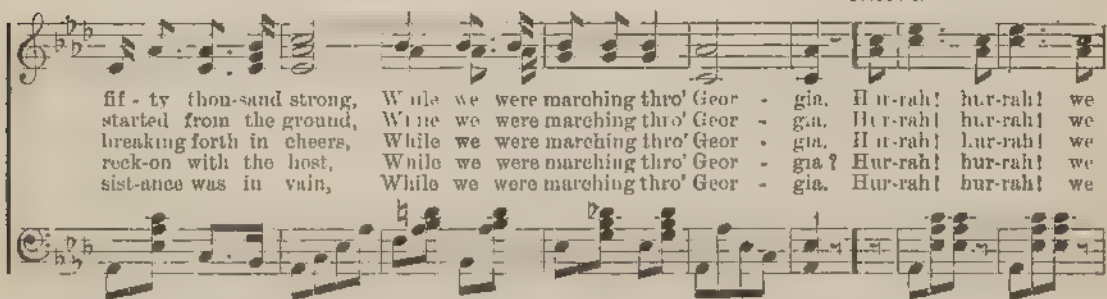
Sing it with a  
 How the tur-keys  
 When they saw the  
 So the sau - oy  
 Six - ty miles in



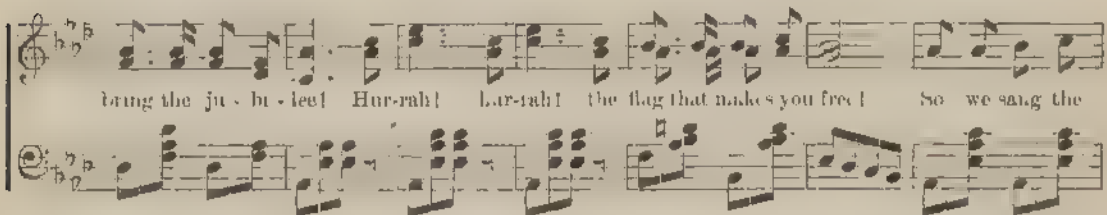
spi - rit that will start the world a - long—  
 gob - bled which our com mis - sa - ry found!  
 hon - or'd flag they had not seen for years,  
 reb - els said, and 'twas a handsom boast,  
 lat - i - tude—three hun-dred to the main;

Sing it as we used to sing it,  
 How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven  
 Hard-ly could they be restrained from  
 Had they not for - got, a - las! to  
 Treas - on fled be - fore us, for re -

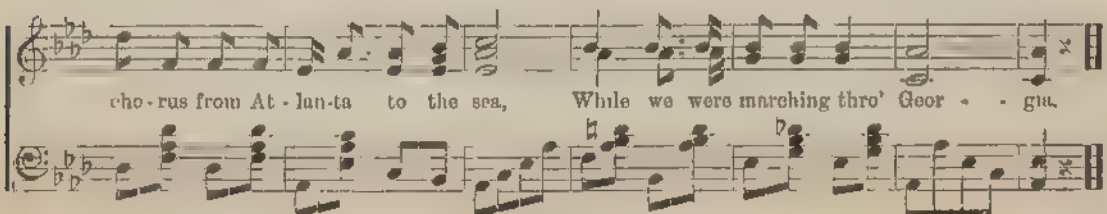
## CHORUS.



fif - ty thou-sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur-rah! hur-rah! we  
 started from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur-rah! hur-rah! we  
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur-rah! hur-rah! we  
 reck-on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia? Hur-rah! hur-rah! we  
 sist-ance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur-rah! hur-rah! we



bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur-rah! hur-rah! the flag that makes you free! So we sang the



cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - - - - - gia.

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## (COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

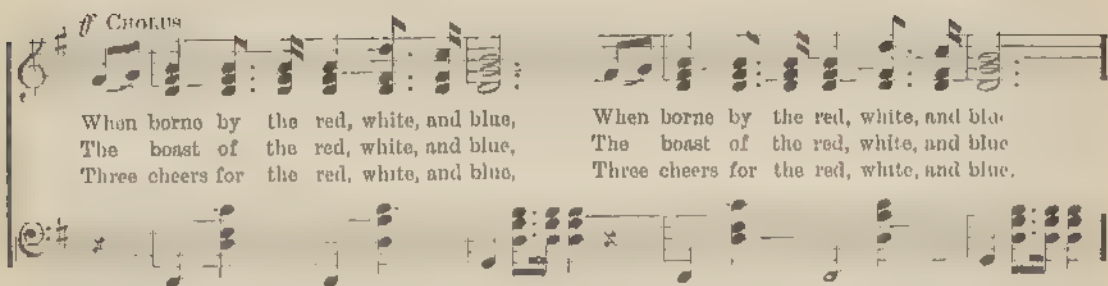
Thy ban-ners mak e tyr-an-n y trem-ble,.... When borne by the red, white, and blue ....

With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her,.... The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The Ar-m y and Na- v y for-ev-er,..... Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

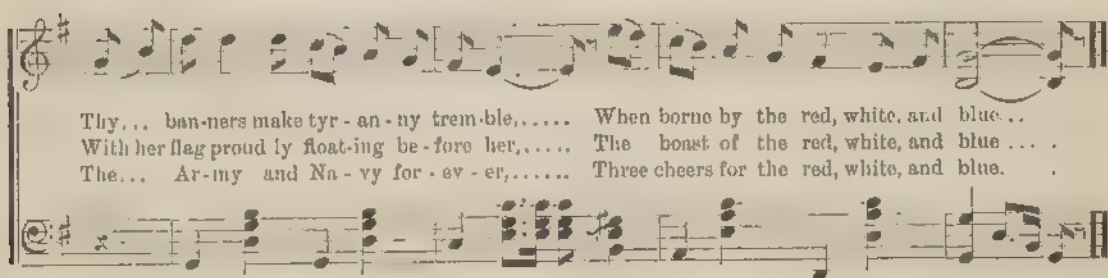
## THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

*Chorus*



When borne by the red, white, and blue,  
The boast of the red, white, and blue,  
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

When borne by the red, white, and blue,  
The boast of the red, white, and blue,  
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

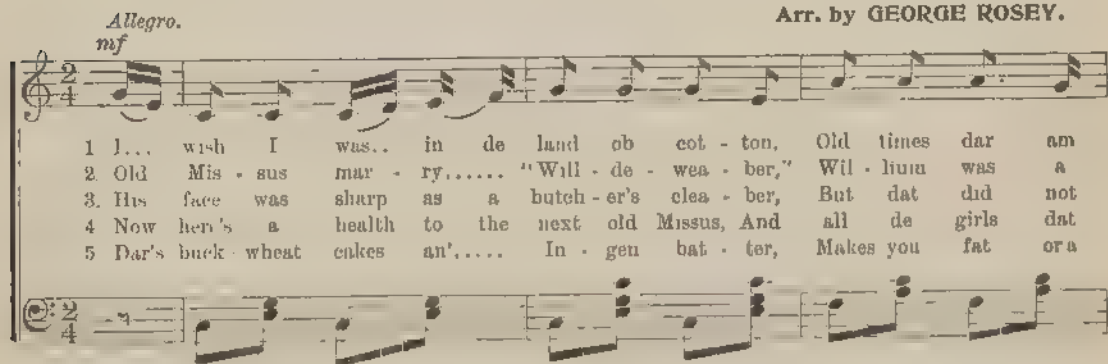


Thy... ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble,..... When borne by the red, white, and blue...  
With her flag proud ly float-ing be-fore her,..... The boast of the red, white, and blue...  
The... Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er,..... Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

## DIXIE'S LAND.

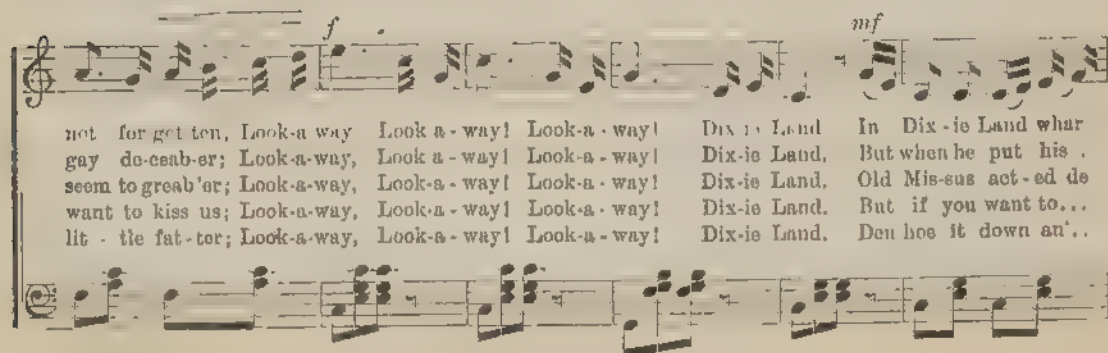
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Allegro.*  
*mf*



1 I... wish I was.. in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am  
2 Old Mis-sus mar-ry..... "Will-de-wea-ber," Wil-lium was a  
3 His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not  
4 Now her's a health to the next old Missus, And all de girls dat  
5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an'.... In-gen-bat-ter, Makes you fat or a

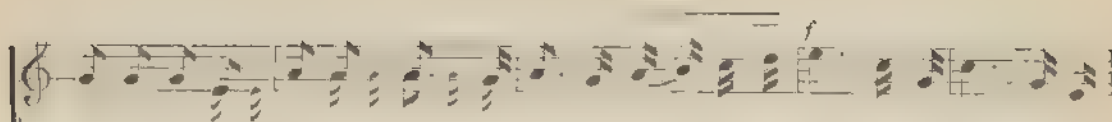
*f* *mf*



not for get ten, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land In Dix-ie Land whar  
gay do-eeab-er; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land, But when he put his  
seem to greab'ar; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land, Old Mis-sus act-ed de  
want to kiss us; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land, But if you want to...  
lit-tle fat-ter; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land, Den hoe it down an'.



# DIXIE'S LAND.



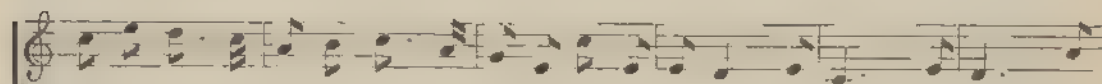
I was born in Lowly on one frost-y morn-in', Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look a  
 arin a-round'er, He smiled as fierce as a fer-ty pound-er, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look  
 fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look-a-  
 drive'way sor-row, Come and hear dis song to mor-row, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look a-  
 scratch your grabble To Dix-ie's Land I'm bound to truh ble, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look



## CHORUS



way! Dix-ie Land Den I wish I was in Dix-ie Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! La



Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie; A way A way A



way down south in Dix-ie; A way A way A way down south in Dix-ie



# FAIR HARVARD.

AIR IN 2.1 TENOR.

(MALE VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

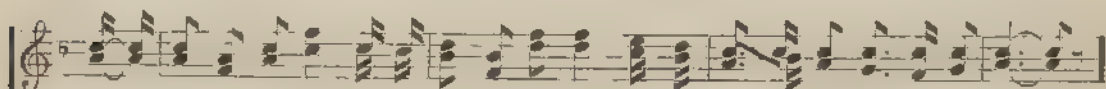
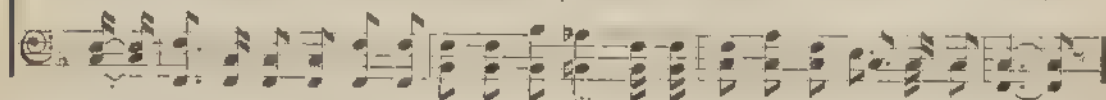
*Moderato.*



1. Fair.. Harvard! thy sons to thy ju-bi-lee throng, And with blessings surren-der thee o'er,  
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile years



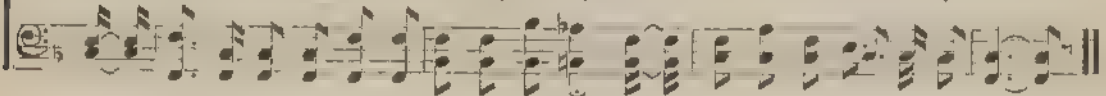
By these fes-ti-val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-fore;  
When our fa-thers na-warr'd and our mothers had pray'd, And our sis-ters had blest thro' their tears,



O... rel-ic and type of our an-ces-tor's worth, That has long kept our mem-o-ry warm,  
Thou then wert our pa-rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould-ed to man-hood by thee,



First, flow'r of their win-der-ness star, of their night, Calm-ers in thro' chang and thro' storm  
Till freighted with tri-um-phant, tho'ts, friendships and hopes Then didst launch is on des-ti-ny's sea,



3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,  
To what kindlings the season gives birth!  
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,  
Than descend on less privileged earth;  
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,  
Through thy precincts have musingly trod;  
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams  
That make glad the fair city of God.


4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!  
To thy children the lesson still give  
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,  
And for right ever bravely to live.  
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,  
As the world on truth's current glides by;  
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,  
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

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# MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

( MIXED VOICES )

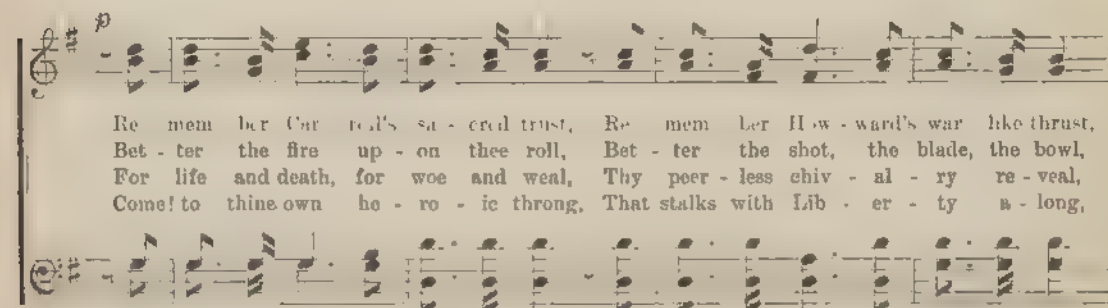
*Moderato*



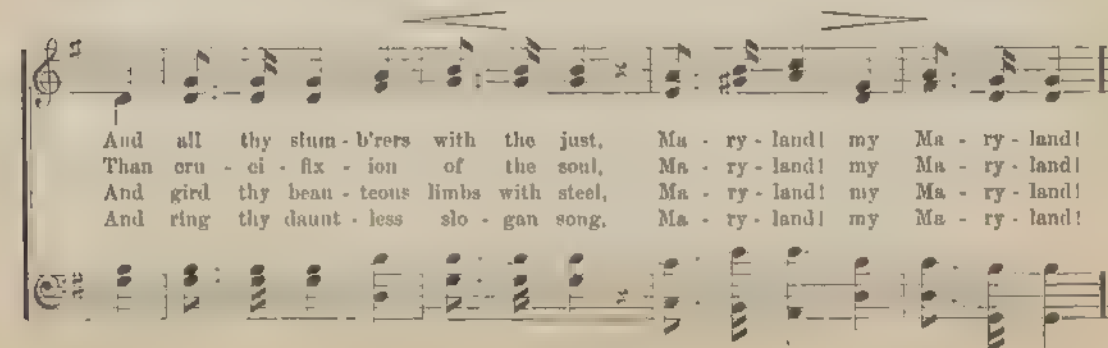
1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toil, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 4. I hear the as - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!



Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!



Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war like thrust,  
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
 For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,  
 Come! to thine own ho - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,

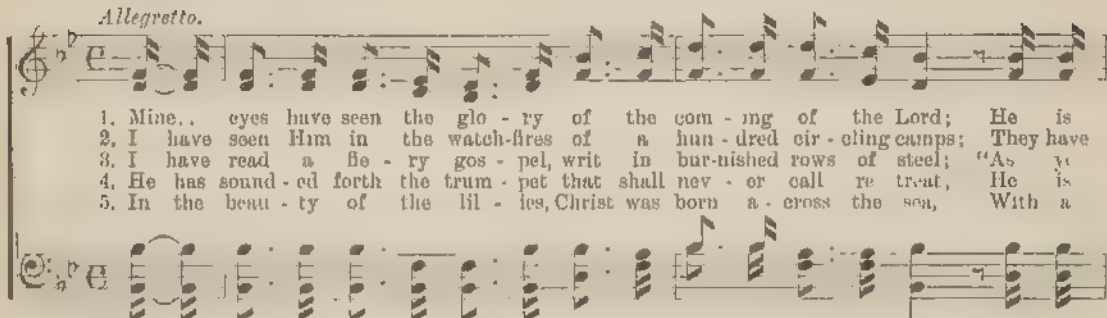


And all thy stum - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

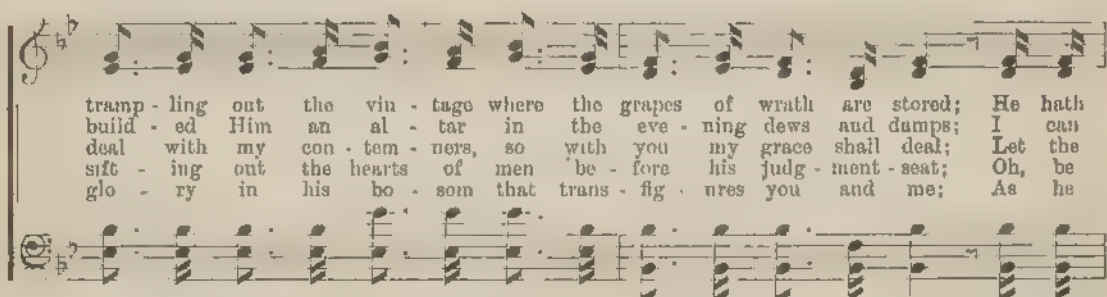
# BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

( MIXED VOICES )

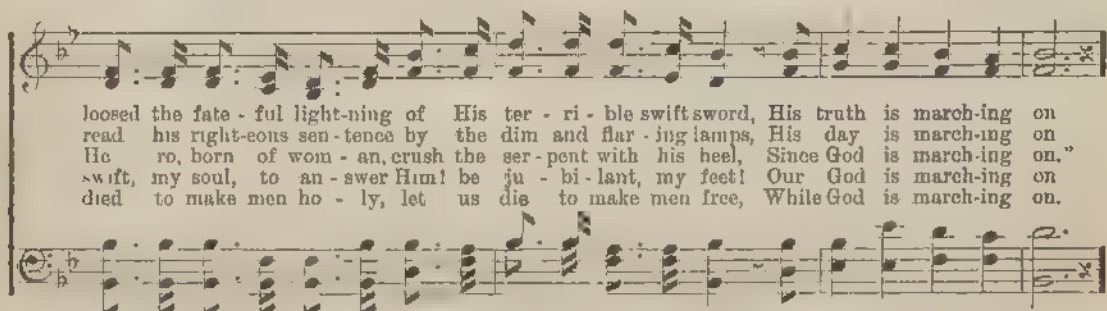
*Allegretto.*



1. Mine, . eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have  
 3. I have read a fe - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye  
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat, He is  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

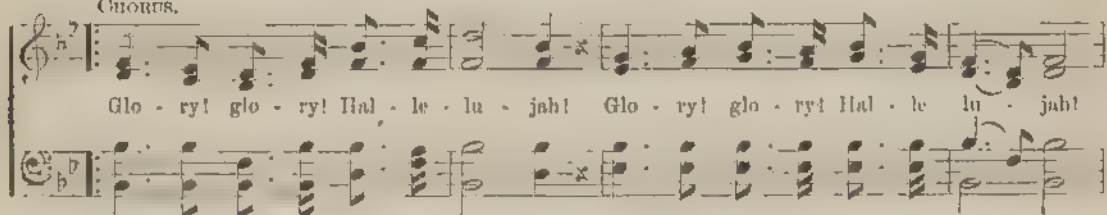


tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can  
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; Oh, be  
 glo - ry in his bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he

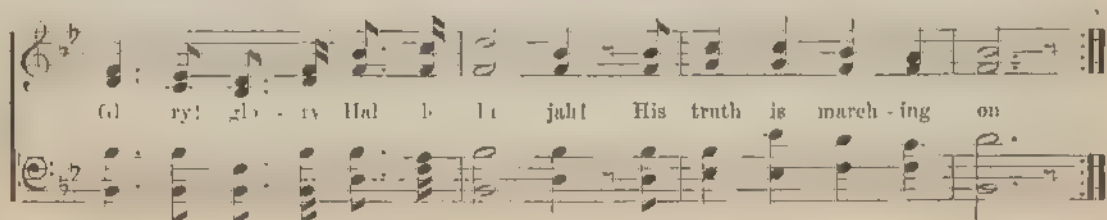


loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swiftsword, His truth is march-ing on  
 read his right-eous sen - tence by the dim and flur - ing lamps, His day is march-ing on  
 He ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on,  
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on  
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

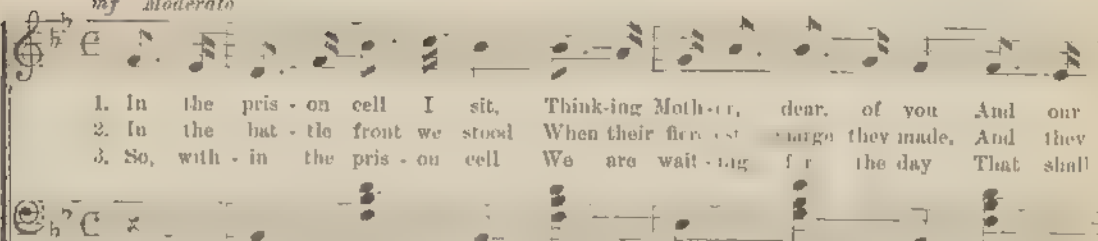


Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on

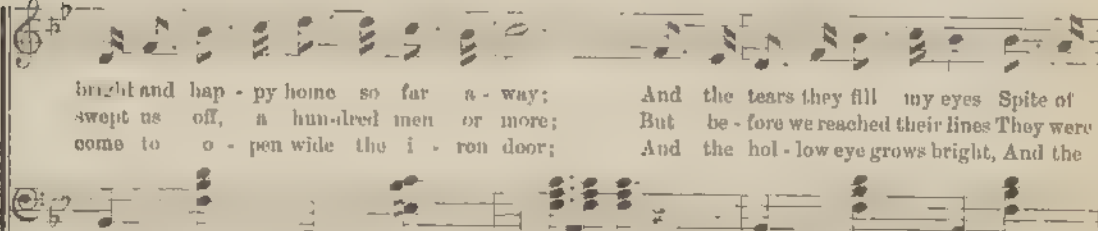
# TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

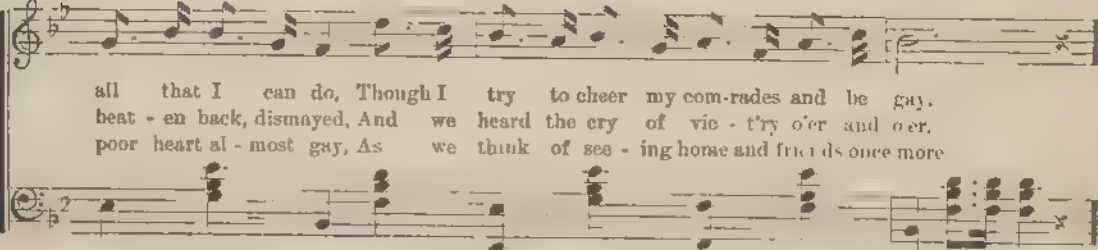
*mf* *Moderato*



1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think-ing Moth-er, dear, of you And our  
 2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fier - est charge they made, And they  
 3. So, with - in the pris - on cell We are wait - ing for the day That shall

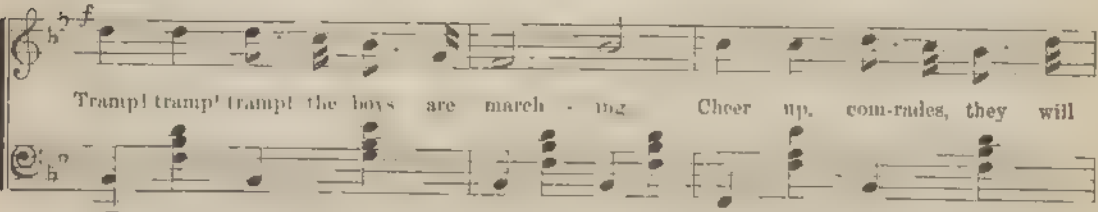


bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of  
 swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were  
 come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

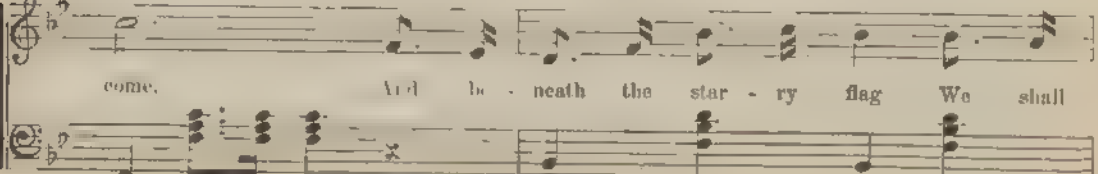


all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.  
 beat - en back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.  
 poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more

CHORUS.



Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing Cheer up, com-rades, they will



come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall

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# TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

1. I a-tine it a - a gain Of the free - land in our own I loved home

## YANKEE DOODLE.

*Allarghetto*

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Captain Good - 'in, And there we saw the  
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And what they wast - ed  
3. And there was Captain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion, A - giv - ing or - ders  
4. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They look'd so ver - y fine, ah! I want - ed peck - i -

(C) ORG.

men and boys As thick as bast - y pud - in'. Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up,  
ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed. Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up,  
to his men; I guess there was a mill - ion. Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up,  
ly to get To give to my Je - mi - na. Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up,

Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy: Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

- 5 And there I see a swamping gun,  
Large as a log of maple,  
Upon a mighty little cart;  
A load for father's cattle.
- 6 And every time they fired it off,  
It took a horn of powder;  
It made a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.
- 7 And there I see a little keg,  
Its head all made of leather;  
They knocked upon't with little sticks,  
To call the folks together.

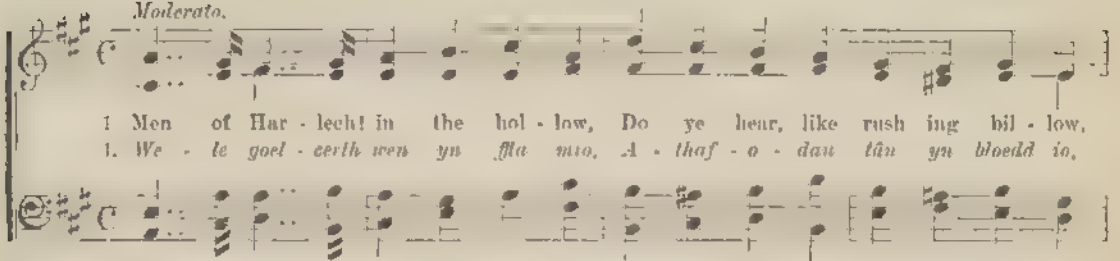
- 8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,  
He kind o' clapt his hand on't  
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron  
Upon the little end on't.
- 9 The troopers, too, would gallop up  
And fire right in our faces;  
It scared me almost half to death  
'To see them run such races.
- 10 It scared me so I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember,  
Nor turned about till I got home,  
Locked up in mother's chamber.

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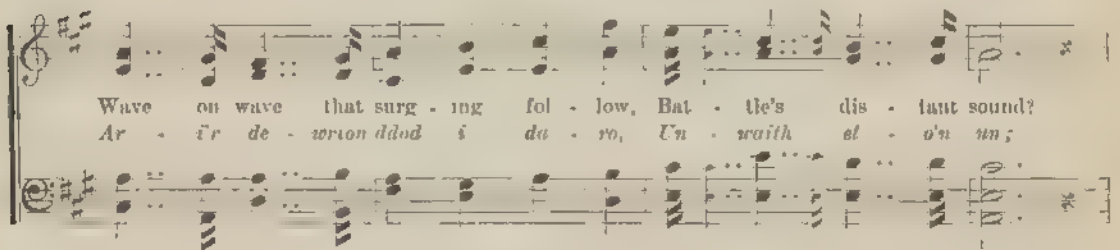
# MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

( MIXED VOICES. )

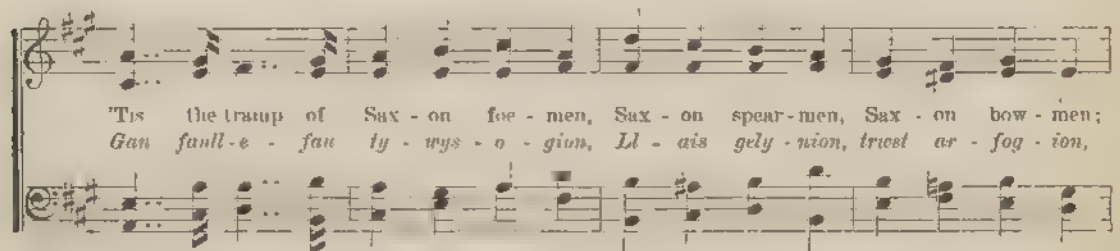
*Moderato.*



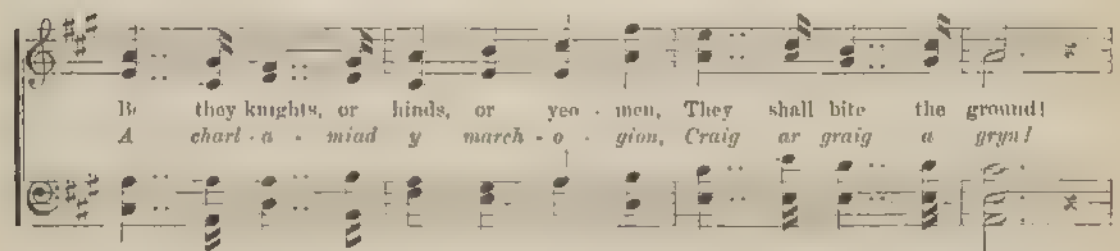
1 Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,  
1. We-le goel-certh wen yn fla-mio, A-thaf-o-dau tân yn bloedd io,



Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?  
Ar-ir de-wrion ddod i da-ro, Un-wraith et-o'n un;



'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men;  
Gan faull-e-fau ty-wys-o-gion, Ll-ais gely-nion, trael ar-fog-ion,

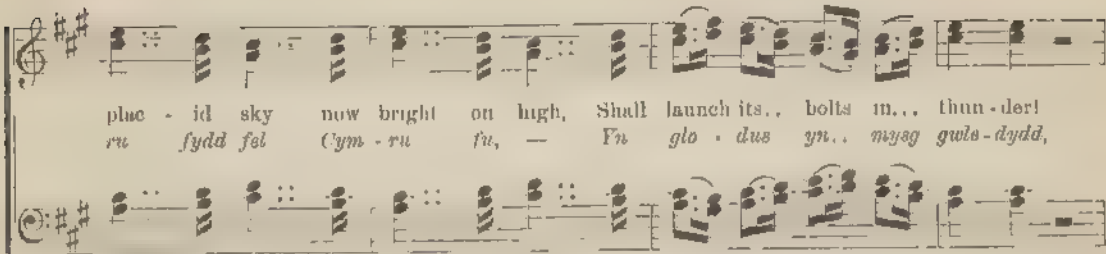


Be they knights, or hinds, or yea-men, They shall bite the ground!  
A charl-a-miad y march-o-gion, Craig ar graig a gryn!



Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The  
Ar-fon byth ni or-fydd, Ce-nir yn drag-y wydd; Cym

# MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.



plac - id sky now bright on high, Shall launch its., bolts in., thun - der!  
ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, — Yn glo - dus yn., myag gwls - dydd,



On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us: He is... brav - est he who leads us!  
Yn ng - wyn o - leun'r goel certh awr, Tros we., fu - sa - u Cym - ro'n mawr,



Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!  
An - ni - by - ni - aeth sydd yn galw, Am ei de - wraf dyn.

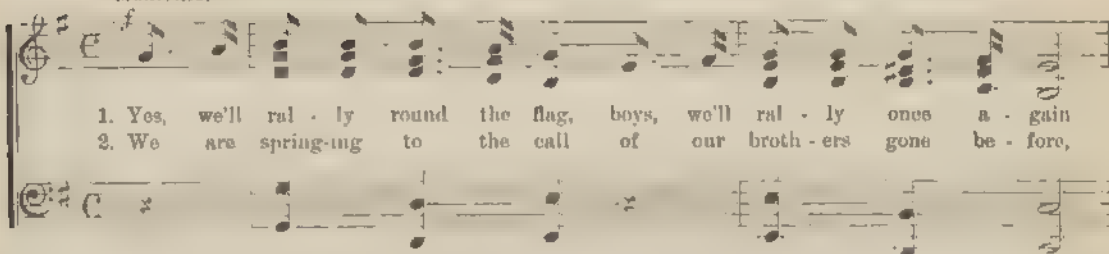
2 Rocky steep and passes narrow  
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,  
Who would think of death and sorrow?  
Death is glory now!  
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,  
Let the earth dead foemen cover!  
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,  
Trembles on a blow!  
Strands of life are riven,  
Blow for blow is given,  
In deadly lock, or battle shock,  
And mercy shrieks to heaven!  
Men of Harlech! young or hearty,  
Would you win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Freedom! God, and Right!

2 Ni chaff getyn ladd ac ymlid,  
Harlech! Harlech! cwynt i'r herid;  
Y mae Rhoddur mawr c'n Rhyddid,  
Yn rhoi nerth i ni;  
Wela Gymru a'i byddinoedd,  
Xn yndywallt o'r mynyddoedd!  
Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd  
Ilamant fel y lli!  
Llyddiant i'n lluyddon!  
Rwystro bwr yr estron!  
Cwybod yn ei galon guiff,  
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;  
Y clodd yn erbyn clodd a chwery,  
Dwr yn erbyn dur a dery  
Wela ffluer Gwalla'i fyny  
Rhyddid aiff a hi?

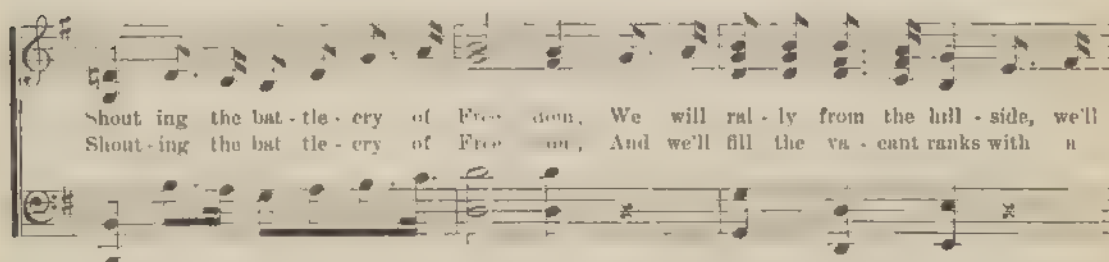
# THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

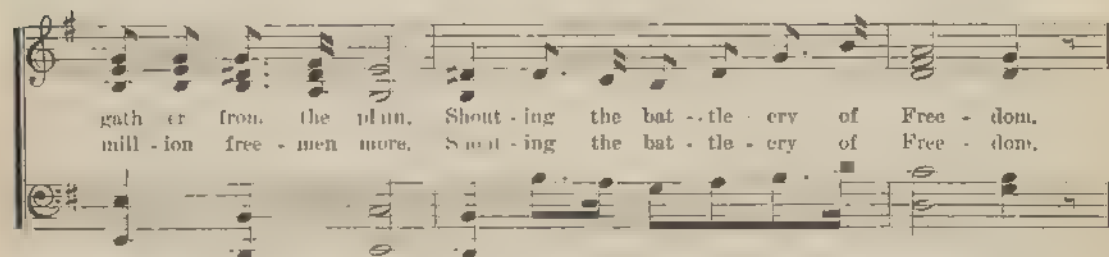
*Moderato.*



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly ones a - gain  
2. We are spring-ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,

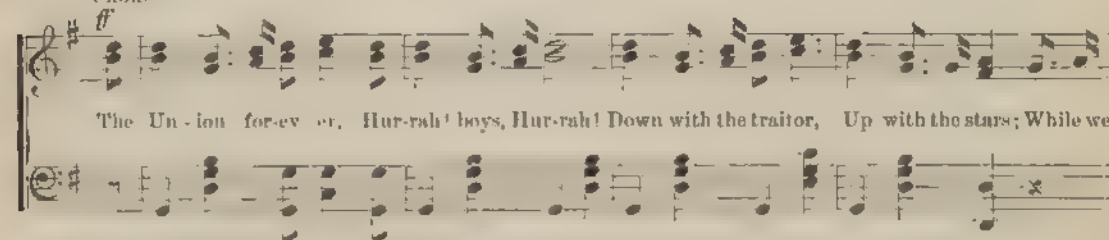


Shout-ing the bat-tle-ery of Free-dom, We will ral-ly from the hill-side, we'll  
Shout-ing the bat-tle-ery of Free-dom, And we'll fill the va-cant ranks with a

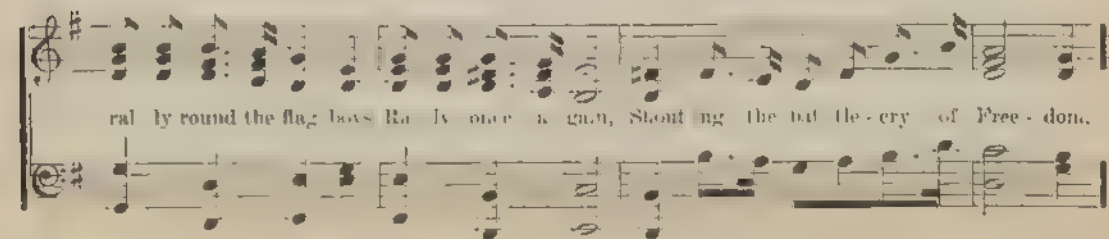


gath-er from the plain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-ery of Free-dom.  
mill-ion free-men more, Shout-ing the bat-tle-ery of Free-dom.

CHORUS



The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur-rah! boys, Hur-rah! Down with the traitor, Up with the stars; While we



ral-ly round the flag boys Ra-ly once a gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-ery of Free-dom.

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# CHARLES JOHN, OUR BRAVE KING.

SWEDISH NATIONAL HYMN.

Music by DU PUY.



1. Charles John, our brave King is home ward re - turn - ing; Nach  
1. Carl Jo - han, vår Kung Han kom som från höj - den. O



heart's for him yearn - ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus  
sjun - gom i fröj - den Båda gam - mal och ung! Han trygg - ga - de



tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!  
Thra - nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, Det gör - de vår Kung!

2 Hal when our brave King  
In battle is leading,  
To fame we are speeding!  
His praises we'll sing  
[In peace he is glorious,  
In war he's victorious,  
Charles John, our brave King!]

3 All hail, O dear King!  
Thou raisest thy nation  
From all tribulation,  
And plenty dost bring.  
[Our cares thou dost lighten,  
Our homes thou dost brighten,  
All hail, O dear King!]

4 Long live our brave King!  
That, free from oppression,  
In freedom's possession,  
To him we may sing  
[Amongst kings thou art peerless,  
Of heroes most fearless,  
Long live our brave King!]

2 O följom vår Kung,  
I krigiska tider,  
Till modiga strider,  
Båda gammal och ung!  
[Han vet föra svärdet  
Men känner dock värdet  
Af friden, vår Kung!]

3 Välsignom vår Kung!  
Han ryckt oss ur nöden.  
Till välfare öden  
Båda gammal och ung  
[Han bär för vår smärta  
Ett faderligt hjerta,  
Välsignom vår Kung!]

4 O lefve vår Kung,  
Till frihetens hägnad,  
Till innerlig fägnad  
För gammal och ung!  
[Bland Kungar den Förste  
Bland Hjeltar den Störste  
O lefve vår Kung!]



# AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

(MIXED VOICES.)

JOSEPH HAYDN.

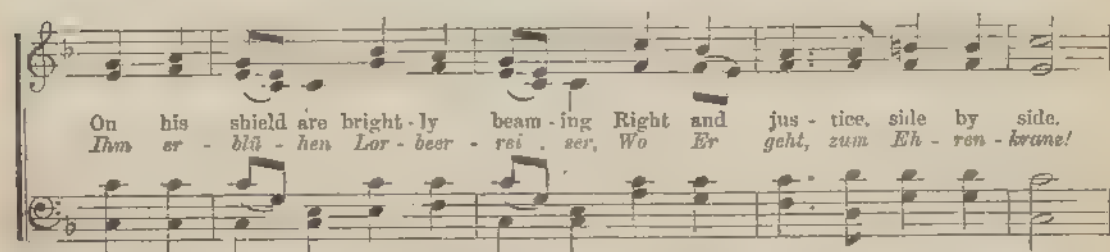
*Moderato.*



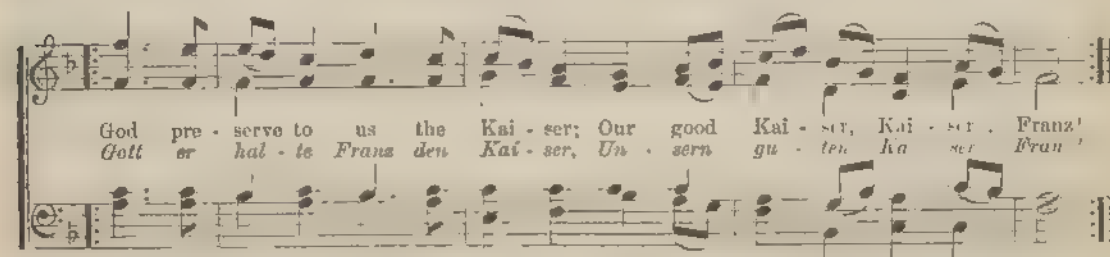
1. God pre - serve our Franz, the Kai - ser! Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser.. Franz!  
 1. Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser.. Franz!



Peace and pit - y un - as - sum - ing, Near his throne, with love pre - side,  
 Lan - go te - be Franz der Kai - ser In des Glü - ckes hell - stem Glanz!



On his shield are bright - ly beam - ing Right and jus - tice, side by side.  
 Ihm er - blü - hen Lor - beer - rei - ser, Wo Er geht, zum Eh - ren - kranz!



God pre - serve to us the Kai - ser; Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser.. Franz!  
 Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser Franz!

2 He with virtues thus adorned,  
 Hath an eye for human care;  
 Never o'er a people scorned  
 Swingeth he the sword in air;  
 By their blessings won and warned,  
 All for them he'll do and dare.  
 ¶ God preserve to us the Kaiser,  
 Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz!

3 Chains of slavery he breaketh,  
 Upward raiseth freedom high!  
 Now the German land he maketh  
 Soon the highest, far or nigh!  
 And at last the chorus waketh  
 Him to immortality!  
 ¶ God preserve to us the Kaiser,  
 Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz!

2 Lass von Seiner Fahnen Spitze:  
 Strahlen Sieg und Fruchtbarkeit!  
 Lass in Seinem Rathe sitzen  
 Weisheit! Klugheit, Redlichkeit;  
 Und mit Seiner Hoheit Blitzen  
 Schalten nur Gerechtigkeit!  
 ¶ Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,  
 Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!

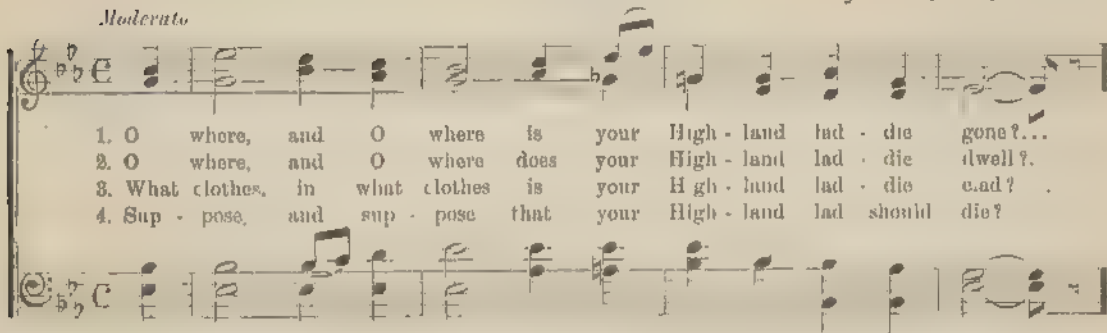
3 Ströme deiner Gaben Fülle  
 Ueber Ihn, Sein Haus und Reich!  
 Brich der Bosheit Macht, enthülle  
 Jeden Schelm und Buben-Sitten!  
 Dein Gesetz sey stets sein Wille,  
 Dieser uns Gesetzen gleich.  
 ¶ Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,  
 Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!

# THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

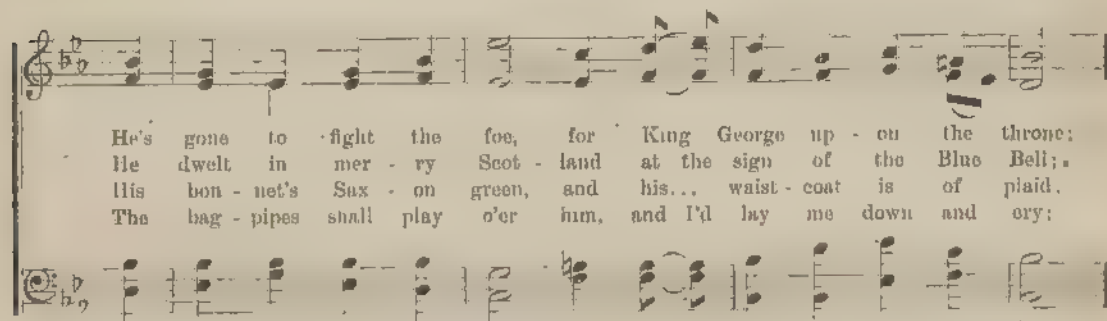
*Moderato*



1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone?...  
 2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell?...  
 3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad?...  
 4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die?



O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone?...  
 O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell?...  
 What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad?...  
 Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die?....



He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up - on the throne;  
 He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
 His bon - net's Sax - on green, and his... waist - coat is of plaid.  
 The bag - pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry:



And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!...  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well....  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High-land lad  
 But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

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# THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

(NATIONAL SONG OF CANADA.)



(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



*Modérato*  
*mf*





1 In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the dauntless he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-  
2 At Queenston Heights and Larry's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side For free-dom, homes and

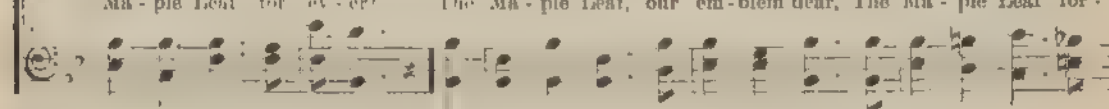

tan-nia's flag On... Can-a-da's fair do-main! Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
lov'd ones dear, Firmly stood and no bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd,

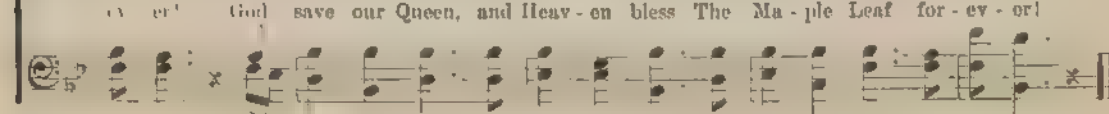
And join'd in love to-ge-th-er The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The  
We swear to yield them nev-er! Our watch word ev-er-more shall be The

*f* Chorus.  
Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-

*p*  
ev-er! God save our Queen, and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!

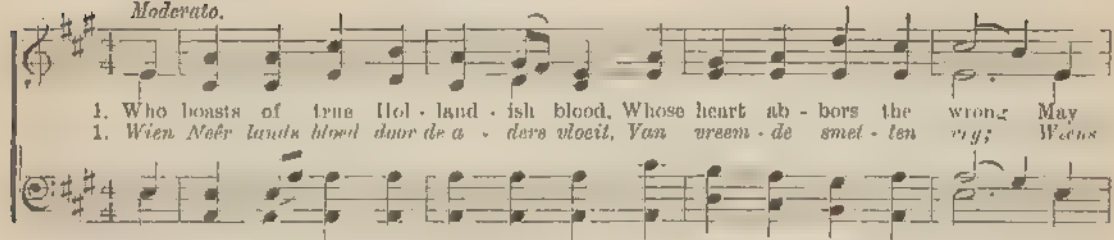


Copyright, 1901, by Jerome H. Remick & Co., Detroit and New York.

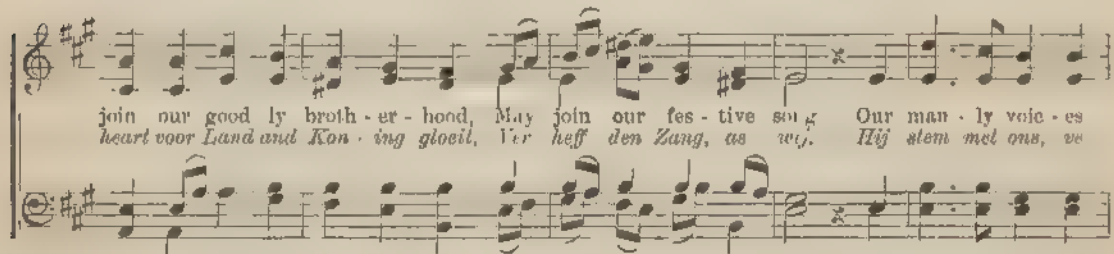
# HOLLAND'S NATIONAL HYMN.

(MIXED VOICES.)

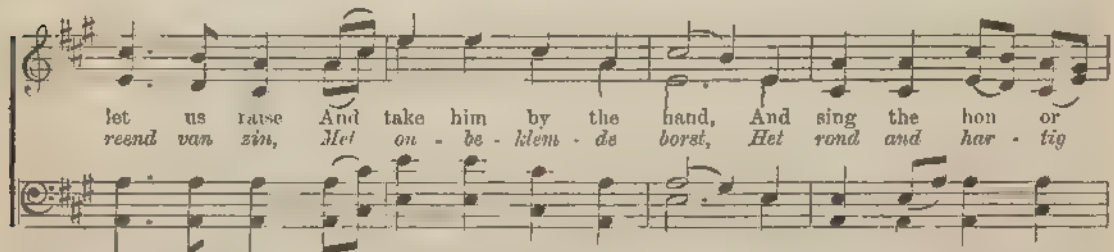
*Moderato.*



1. Who boasts of true Hol - land - ish blood, Whose heart ab -hors the wrong May  
1. Wien Neêr lands bloed duur de a - ders vloet, Van vreem - de smet - ten rij; Wieus



join our good ly broth - er - hood, May join our fes - tive song Our man - ly voice - es  
heart voor Land and Kon - ing gloeil, Ver heff den Zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve



let us raise And take him by the hand, And sing the hon - or  
reend van zijn, Met on - de - klem - de borst, Het rond and har - tig



and the praise Of our dear Fa - ther - land, Of our dear Fa - ther - land.  
fest - lied in Voor Va - der - land and Vorst, Voor Va der land and Vorst

2 And God upon His heavenly throne,  
Whom angel-hosts adore,  
Will listen to our heartfelt tune  
Now and for evermore.  
Next, after the celestial choir,  
A kindly ear He'll lend,  
Accept and grant our ardent prayer  
[: For the dear Fatherland! :]

3 O God, protect our brotherhood!  
The land, so fair and free,  
Where once our little cradle stood,  
And where our grave shall be!  
O God, from whom all mercies flow,  
We pray, Thy loving hand  
A thousand blessings will bestow  
[: Upon our Fatherland. :]

2 De Godheid op haar hemel troon,  
Bezongen en vereerd,  
Houdt gunstig rok naar onzen toon  
Het heilig oor gekerd.  
Zy geeft het eerst, na't zedig koor,  
Thut hooger znaren span!  
Het rond en hartig heil gehoor  
[: Voor Vorst and Vaderland! :]

3 Bescherm, O God, beïdenk de grond  
Waarop onz' adem gaat!  
Deplek waar onze wieg op stond,  
Waar eens ons graf opstaat!  
Wy smeeken, van uw' Vaderhand,  
Met diepgeroerde borst,  
Behoud voor't lieve Vaderland  
[: For Vaderland and Vorst. :]

# THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

(MIXED VOICES.)

CARL WILHELM.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Alligro ma 2. a.*

*mf*

1. A voice re-sounds like thun-der-peal, 'Mid dash ing wave and clang of steel 'The  
1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don-ner-hall, Wie Schwert-ge-klirr und Wo-gen prall. Z. n.

Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger-man Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di-vine?  
Rhein zum Rhein, zum deutsch-en Rhein! Wer will des Stro-mes Hü-ter sein?

CHORUS.

*Adolce*

Dear Fa-ther land! no dan-ger thine, Dear Fa-ther land! no dan-ger thine; Firm stand thy  
Lieb Va-ter-land! magst ru-hig sein, Lieb Va-ter-land! magst ru-hig sein; Fest steht wol

sons to watch, to watch the Rhine Firm stands thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.  
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

2 They stand a hundred thousand strong,  
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;  
With filial love their bosoms swell;  
They'll guard the sacred land-mark well.

3 To heaven his eager glances fly,  
Whence heroes gaze approvingly,  
And swears with haughty pride, the Rhine  
Shall German be while life is mine!

4 While flows one drop of German blood,  
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,  
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,  
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

5 Our oath resounds, the river flows,  
In golden light our banner glows,  
Our heroes will guard the stream divine,  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,  
Und aller Augen blitzen hell;  
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark  
Beschützt die heilige Landesmark.

3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsan'n,  
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,  
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,  
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,  
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,  
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,  
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand

5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,  
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:  
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,  
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

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# RULE, BRITANNIA!

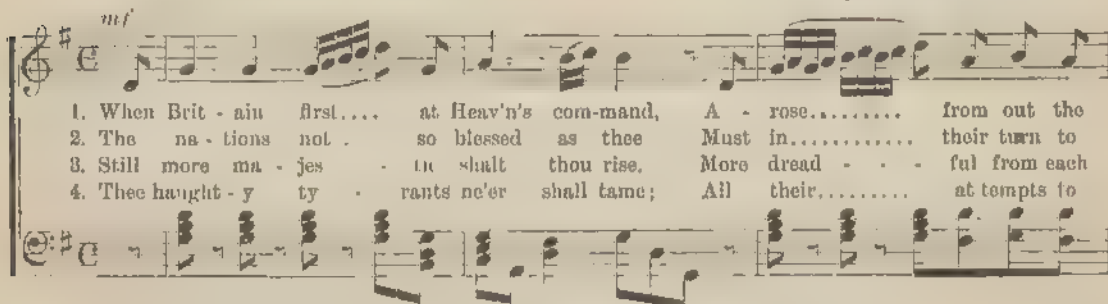
Words by JAMES THOMSON.

Music by Dr. THOMAS A. ARNE.

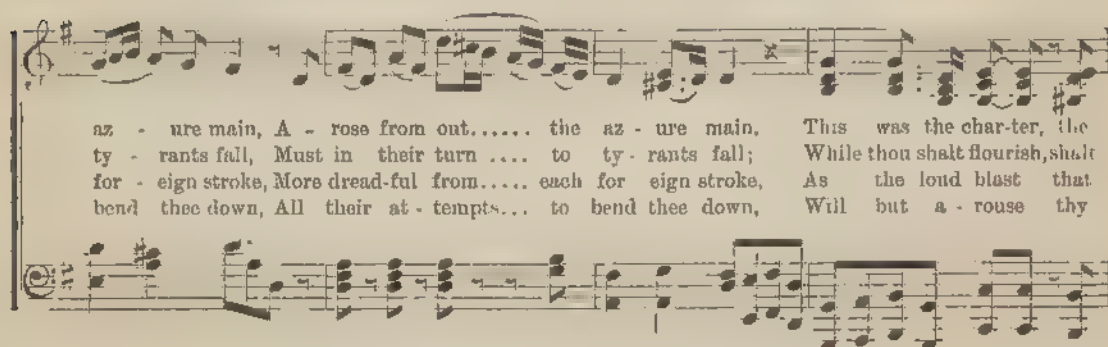
*Moderato.*

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*mf*

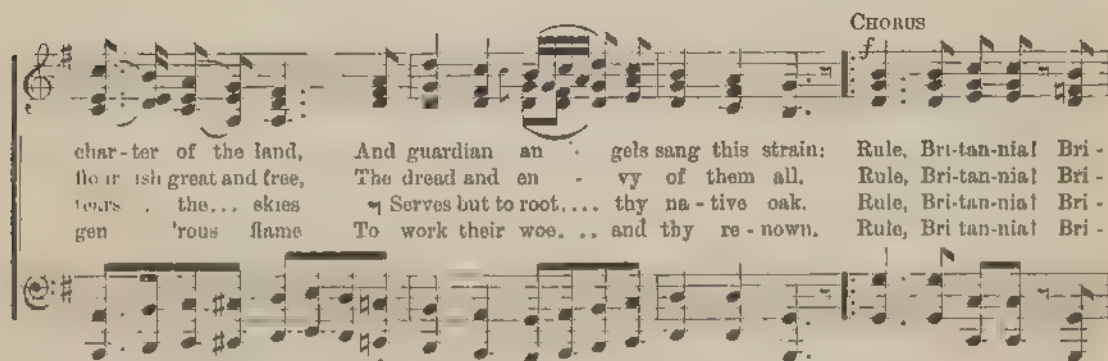


1. When Brit - ain first... at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose..... from out the  
 2. The na - tions not... so blessed as thee Must in..... their turn to  
 3. Still more ma - jes - ty shalt thou rise, More dread - - - ful from each  
 4. Thee haught - y ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their..... at tempts to



az - ure main, A - rose from out..... the az - ure main, This was the char-ter, the  
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turn.... to ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flourish, shalt  
 for - eign stroke, More dread-ful from..... each for eign stroke, As the loud blast that  
 bend thee down, All their at - tempts... to bend thee down, Will but a - rouse thy

CHORUS



char-ter of the land, And guardian an - gels sang this strain: Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri -  
 flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri -  
 tears... the... skies Serves but to root... thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri -  
 gen'rous flame To work their woe... and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri tan-nia! Bri -



tan - nia, rule the waves; Brit - ons nev - er will be slaves, will be slaves.

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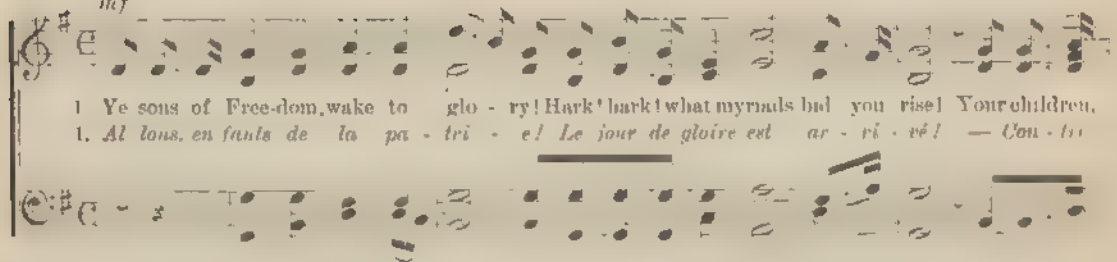
# THE MARSEILLAISE.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

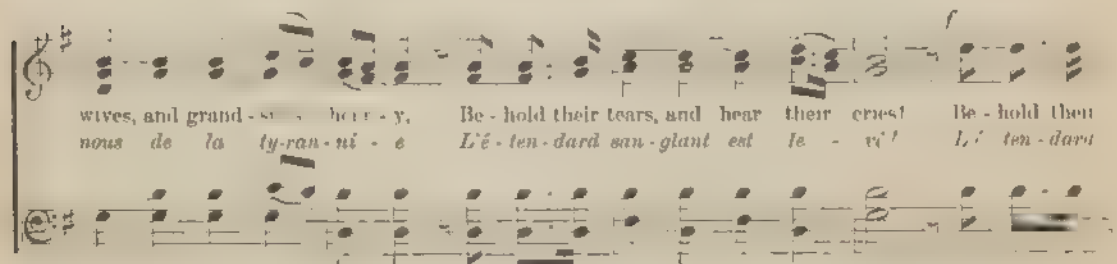
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Allegro marziale*

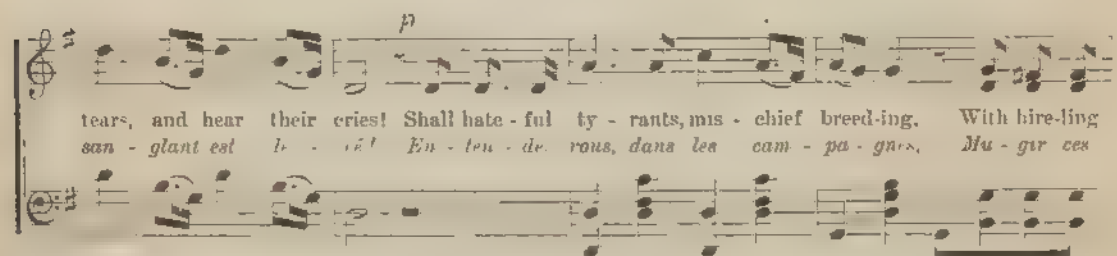
*mf*



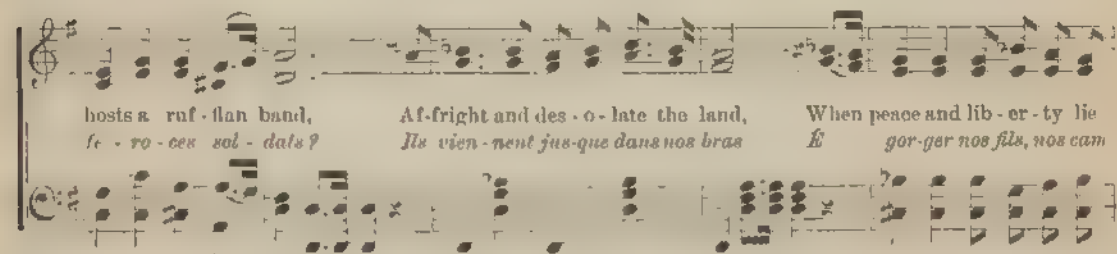
1 Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,  
1. *Al lous, en sants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé! — Con - ti*



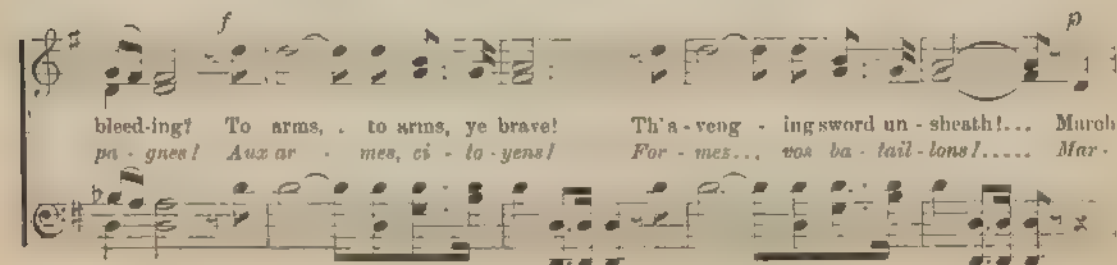
wives, and grand - sons, hear - y, Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be - hold them  
*nous de la ty - ran - ni - e L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé! L'é - ten - dard*



tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing. With hire - ling  
*san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - de - rous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces*



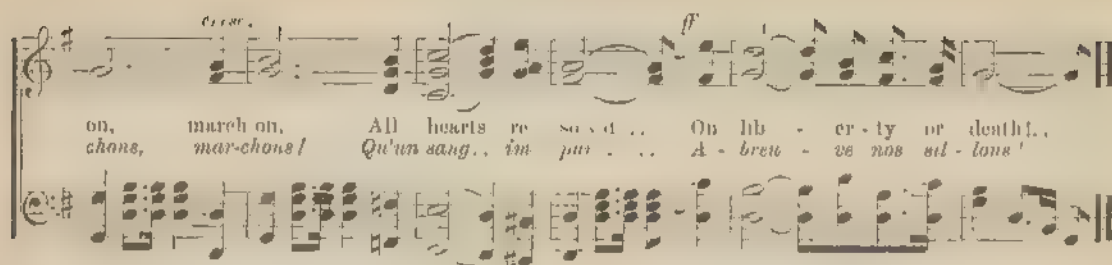
hosts a ruf - fan band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie  
*le - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras Et gor - ger nos fils, nos cam*



bleed - ing? To arms, . to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un - sheath!... March  
*pa - gnes! Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mes... vos ba - tail - lons!.... Mar -*

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# THE MARSEILLAISE.



on, march on, All hearts re- so- l- d... On lib- er- ty or death! ,  
chans, marchons! Qu'un sang, im- pur... A- breu- ve nos sillons!

2 With luxury and pride surrounded  
The vile insatiate despots dare  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,  
To mete and vend the light and air!  
To mete and vend the light and air!  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
Th'avenging sword unsheath!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On liberty or death!

3 O Liberty! can man resign thee?  
Once having felt thy generous flame,  
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
The blood-stained sword our conquerors wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing!  
To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
Th'avenging sword unsheath!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On liberty or death!

2 Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,  
L'approuve de tous les partis,  
Tremblez! vos projets parricides  
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!  
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!  
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre,  
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,  
La France en produit de nouveaux,  
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!  
Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!  
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur  
Abreuve nos sillons!

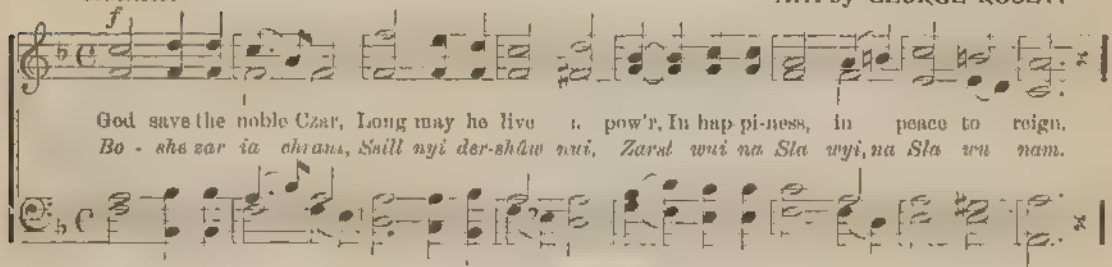
3 Nous entrerons dans la carrière  
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;  
Nous y trouverons leur poussière  
Et la trace de leurs vertus,  
Et la trace de leurs vertus,  
Bien moins jaloux de leur survie  
Que de partager leur cercueil,  
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil  
De les venger ou de les suivre!  
Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!  
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur  
Abreuve nos sillons!

## RUSSIAN HYMN.

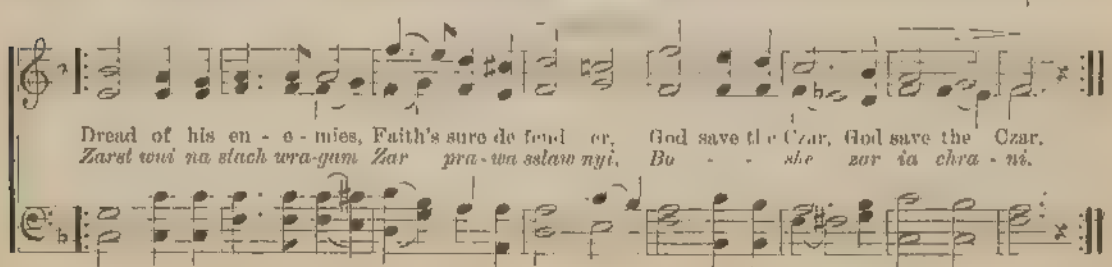
(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

Maestoso.



God save the noble Czar, Long may he live in pow'r, In hap- pi- ness, in peace to reign.  
Bo - she zar ia chra-na, Snil ni der-shau ni, Zarai wui na Sla wui, na Sla wui nam.



Dread of his en- e- mies, Faith's sure de- fend- er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.  
Zarai wui na slach ura-gum Zar pra-wa slaw ni, Bo - she zar ia chra - ni.

NATIONAL HYMN OF ITALY.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*f* *Mar. m.*

Al. for ward! All for ward!

1. All  
2. All  
3. All


for ward to at tle! The trum-pets are sound-ing. All for-ward! All for ward! our old flag is  
for ward for Free-dom! In for - ward! She comes to the loy - al who die to de-  
for ward to con-quer! Where free hearts are beat-ing. — Death to the cow-ard who dreams of re-


fly - ing, When Lib - er - ty calls us we lin - ger no lon - ger; — Reb - els, come on! tho' a  
fend her; Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of bat - tle Shall float in the heav - ens to  
treat - ing! Lib - er - ty calls us from mountain and val - ley; — Wav - ing her ban - ner she

thou-sand to one! — Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! death-less and glo - rious, — Un - der thy  
 we come us on All for ward! to glo - ry, tho' life-blood is pouring, Where bright swords are  
 lends to the fight. — For-ward! all for-ward! the trum-pets are cry - ing; The drum beats to

ban - ner thy sons are vic - to - rious, Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are  
flash - ing, and can - nons are roar - ing, Wel - come to death in the bul - let's quick  
arms, our.... old flag is fly - ing; Stout hearts and strong hands a - round it shall

# NATIONAL HYMN OF ITALY.


  
 stron - ger, God shall go with us, and bat - tle be won. Hur-rah for the  
 rat - tle, Fight - ing or fall - ing shall free - dom be won. Hur-rah for the  
 ral - ly, For - ward to bat - tle, for God and the Right. Hur rah for the


  
 ban - ner! Hur rah for our ban - ner! Hur-rah for our ban - ner, the flag of the free.

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

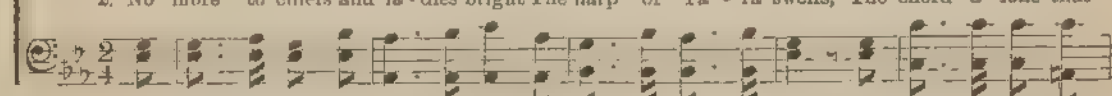
Words by THOMAS MOORE.

( MIXED VOICES )

Music by MOLLY ASTORE.

*With feeling.*

  
 1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on  
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The chord a - lone that


  
 Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So  
 breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The


  
 glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
 on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart, in - dignant, breaks, To show that still she lives.



# THE PALMS.

J. FAURE.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Moderato.*

*p*

1 See now the al - tar gar - land ed with flow'rs  
 2 For un - to us a Child is born at last  
 3 Lift up thy voice, O blest Je - ru - sa - lem!

*cresc.*

Spent - ing their per - fume on this fes - tal day  
 Call'd Prince of Peace, bring - ing to us sal - va - tion  
 Joy - ful thy sons hail thine e - man - ci - pa - tion.

*p*

Hail to our new - born King, what joy is ours!  
 Kings at His feet their vo - tive of - frings cast  
 Lift up thy voice, O blest Je - ru - sa - lem!

*cresc.*

Let ev - 'ry one ap - proach and hom - age pay  
 Hail. Or - ient Star! the gloom - y night is past  
 Brings hope to thee of full sal - va - tion!

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# THE PALMS.

*mf*

Join all and sing, re - sound His praise,

*p*

Let ev - 'ry voice be raised in ex - ul - ta - tion.

*san - na*

*san - na*

Praise to the Lord! Bless ed is

He who comes bring - ing sal - va - tion.

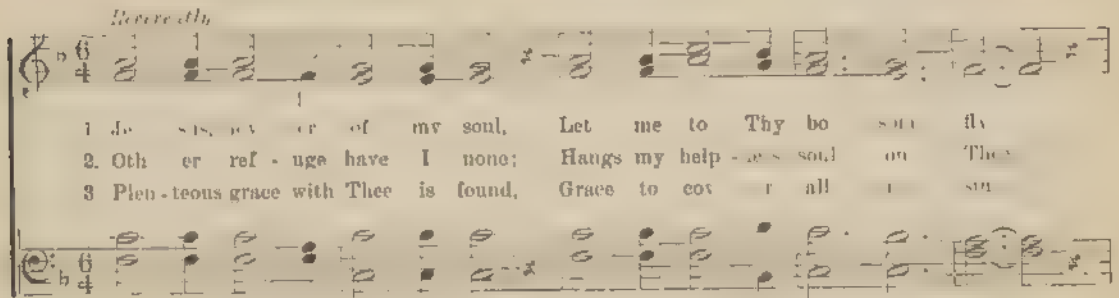
# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(MIXED VOICES.)

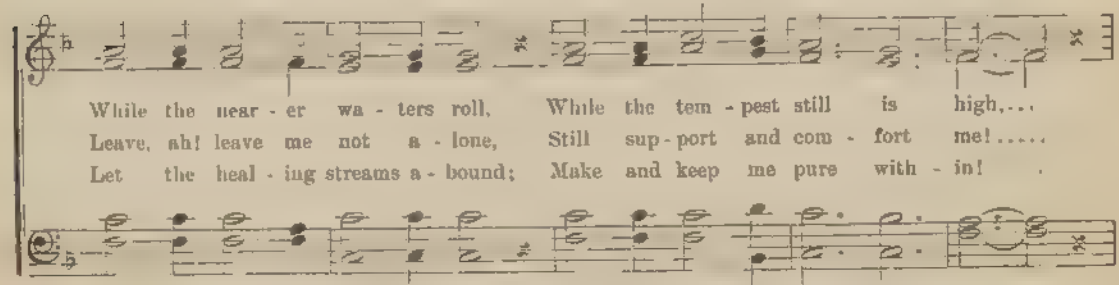
Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by S. B. MARSH.

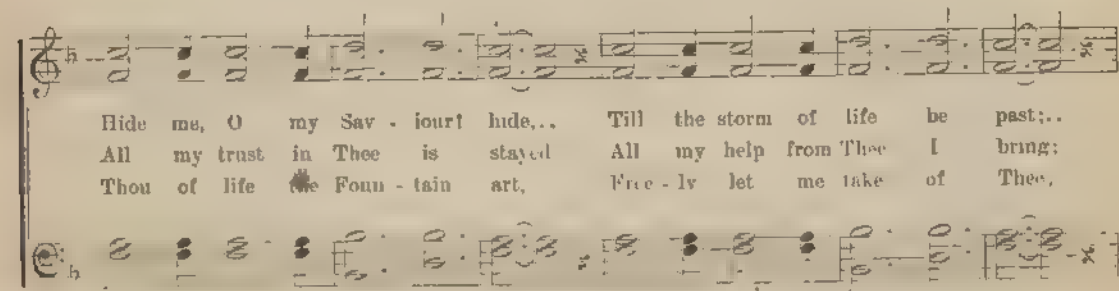
*Recitativo*



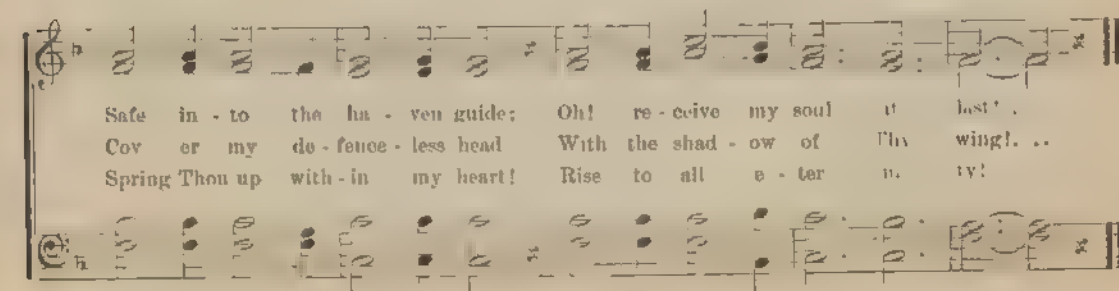
1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som - fly  
2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee  
3 Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high,...  
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!....  
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!



Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide... Till the storm of life be past;..  
All my trust in Thee is stayed All my help from Thee I bring;  
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Fre - ly let me take of Thee,



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!  
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!..  
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!


# JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Words by BERNARD OF CLUNY.



Music by ALEXANDER EWING.

( MIXED VOICES )



Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.





1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold en, With milk and hon - ey blest,  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,  
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!


Be - neath thy ' con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throug  
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;  
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try. That 'ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,  
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
 And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,  
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ru - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.



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# IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

( MIXED VOICES. )



Words by S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Music by JOSEPH P. WEBSTER.


*With feeling.*



1 There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a -  
 2 We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the  
 3 To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the trib - ute of





far For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.  
 blest, And our spir - its shall sorrow no more Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.  
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days!




By and by,


CHORUS




In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore!  
 In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore!  
 In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore!



by and by, by and by, by and by,



In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
 In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
 In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.



by and by, by and by,

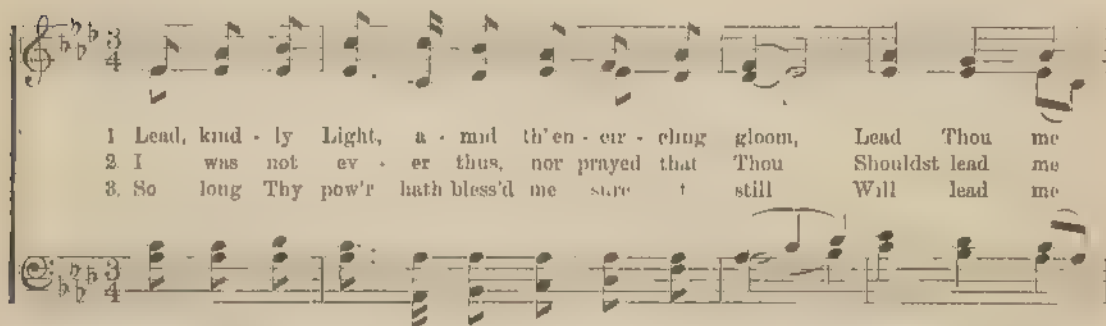


# LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

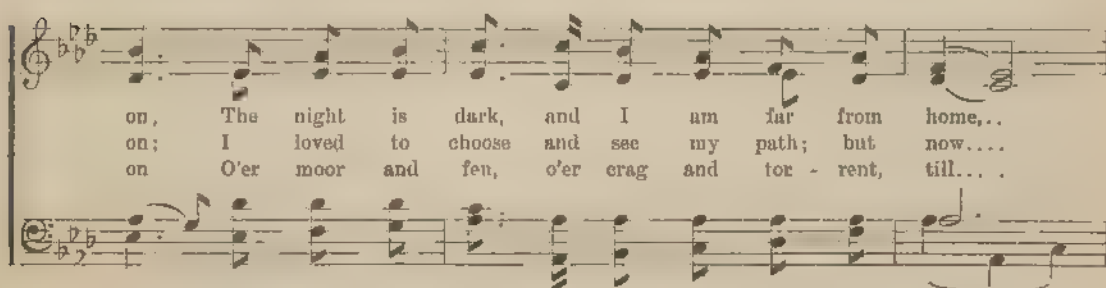
(MIXED VOICES.)

Words by Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Music by Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - er - chug gloom, Lead Thou me  
 2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me  
 3 So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me sure + still Will lead me



on, The night is dark, and I am far from home...  
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now....  
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till...



Lead Thou me on.... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to  
 Lead Thou me on.... I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of  
 The night is gone... And with the morn those an - gel fac - es




see... The dis tant scene; one step e nough for me  
 fears.... Pride ruled my will: re mem ber not... past years.  
 smile Which I have loved long since, and lost... a while...

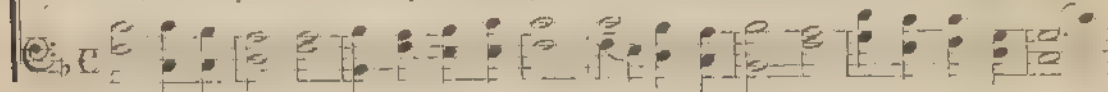
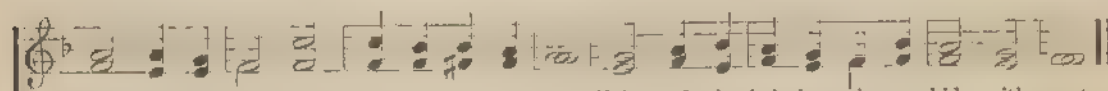
## ABIDE WITH ME.

(EVENTIDE)

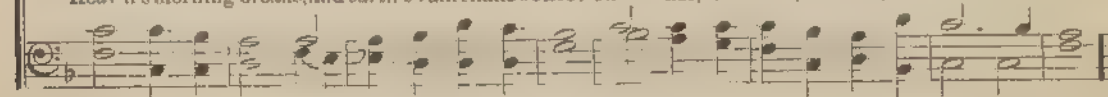
Words by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. (MIXED VOICES.) Music by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



1 A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!  
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way.  
3 I need Thy pres-ence ev-ery pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the temp-er's pow-er?  
4 Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes, Same thro' the gloom, and pain me to the skies.

When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!  
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see: O 'Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun shine, oh, a-bide with me!  
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!




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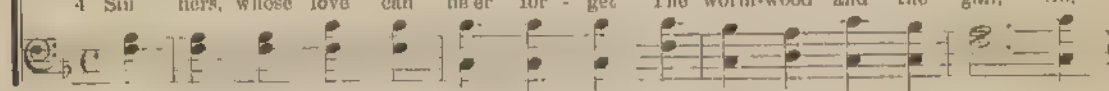

## ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

(CORONATION)

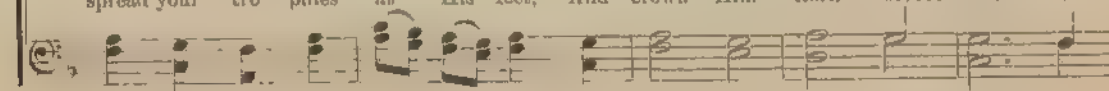
Words by EDWARD PERRONET. (MIXED VOICES.) Music by OLIVER HOLDEN.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall! Bring  
2. Crown Him, ye morn-ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball; Now  
3. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail  
4. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall, Go,

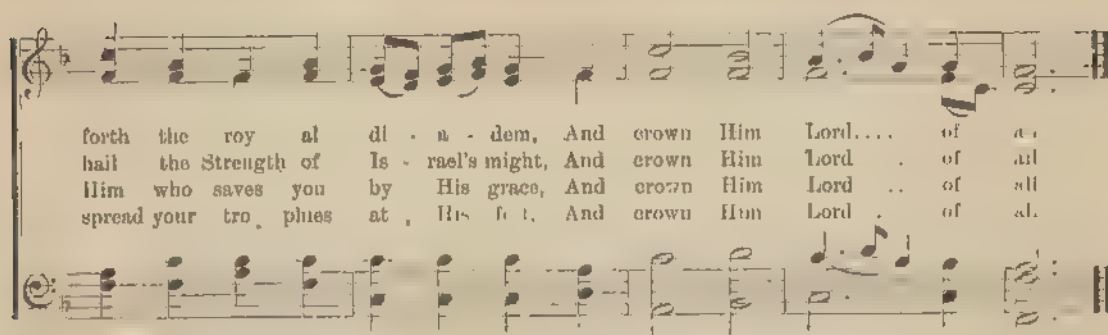



forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of... all; Bring  
hail the Strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of... all; Now  
Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of... all; Hail  
spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of... all; Go,



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# ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!



forth the roy al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord... of all  
 hail the Strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all  
 Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all  
 spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all

## ROCK OF AGES.

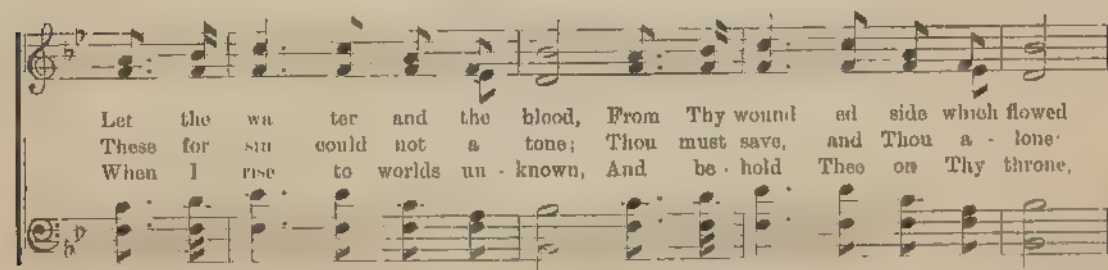
( MIXED VOICES. )

Words by AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

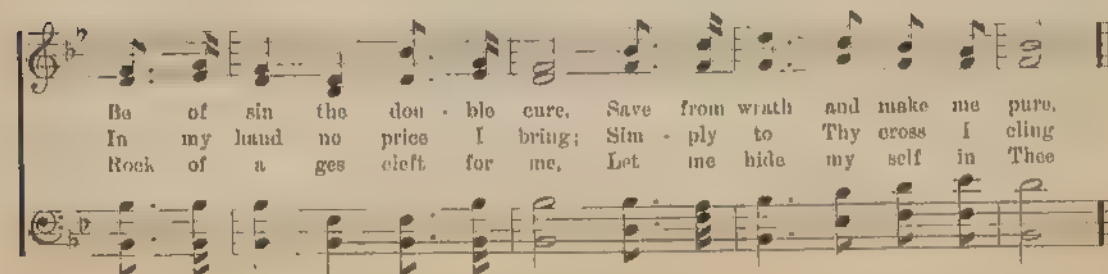
Music by THOMAS HASTINGS.  
Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



1 Rock of a ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee  
 2. Could my tears for ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa ter and the blood, From Thy wound ed side which flowed  
 These for sin could not a tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Ba of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure,  
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling  
 Rock of a ges cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee

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# OLD HUNDRED.

( MIXED VOICES )

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by L. BOURGEOIS.

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,  
 2 know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make  
 3 Oh, en - ter then His gates with joy, With - in His courts His praise pro - claim,  
 4. Be - cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure.

*Doxology:*

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take  
 Let thank - ful songs your tongues em - ploy, Oh, bless and mag - ni - fy His name.  
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

# SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!

( MIXED VOICES. )

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

*Andante.*

1 Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All a - sleep, . . . no - where light,  
 2 Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds first, . . . heard a - right  
 3 Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, . . . oh, how bright

Save the lov - ing saint - ed pair, Won - d'rous In - fant with ring - led hair,  
 Ti - dings borne by an - gel band, Far and wide . . . ring through the land,  
 Shines Thy love up - on the earth! We are sav'd by Thy ho - ly birth,

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# SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!



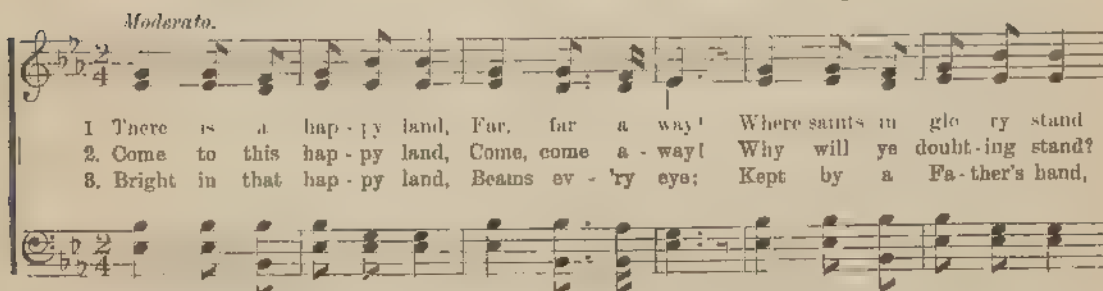
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, . . . Sleep . . . in heav - en - ly peace  
 Je - sus our Sav - iour is born, . . . Je - sus our Sav - iour is born, . . .  
 Je - sus by Thy birth, . . . Je - sus by . . . Thy birth, . . .

# THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

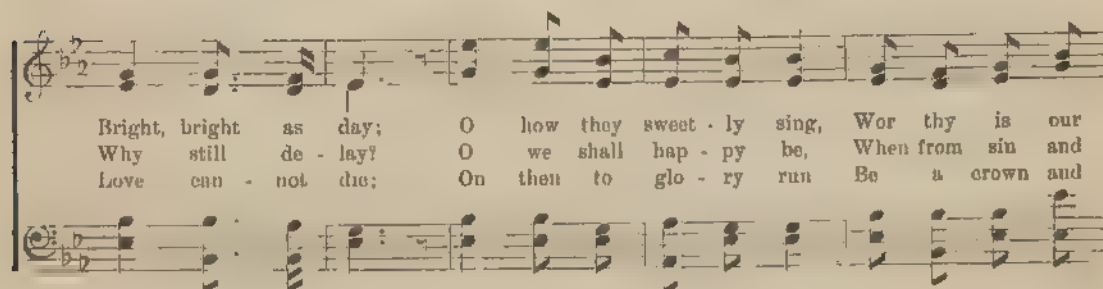
(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

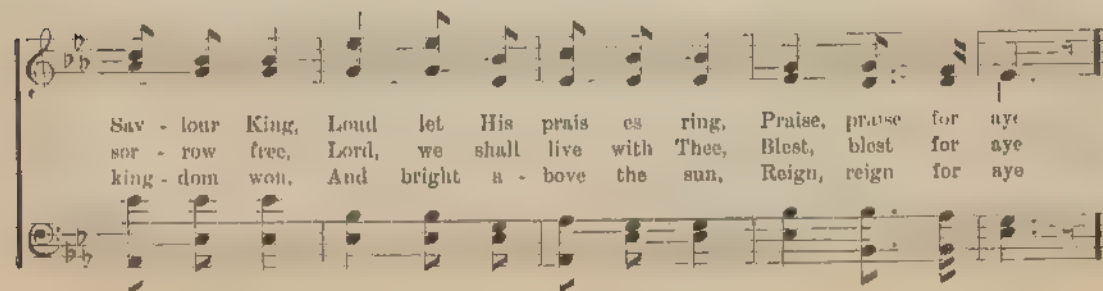
*Moderato.*



1 There is a hap - py land, Far, far a way! Where saints in glo - ry stand  
 2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way! Why will ye doubt - ing stand?  
 3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,



Bright, bright as day; O how they sweet - ly sing, Wor thy is our  
 Why still de - lay? O we shall hap - py be, When from sin and  
 Love can - not die; On then to glo - ry run Be a crown and



Sav - iour King, Loud let His prais es ring, Praise, praise for aye  
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye  
 king - dom won, And bright a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye

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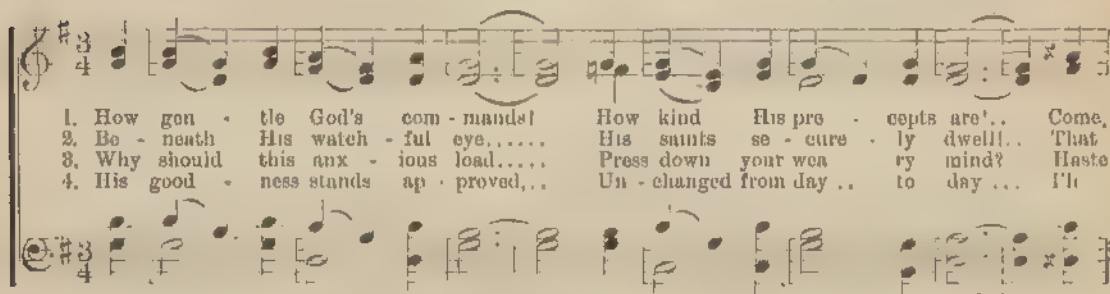


## HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (MIXED VOICES.)

Music by H. G. NAEGELLI.

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.



1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!... Come,  
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye,.... His saints se - cure - ly dwell!... That  
 3. Why should this anx - ious load,.... Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste  
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved,.... Un - changed from day .. to day ... I'll



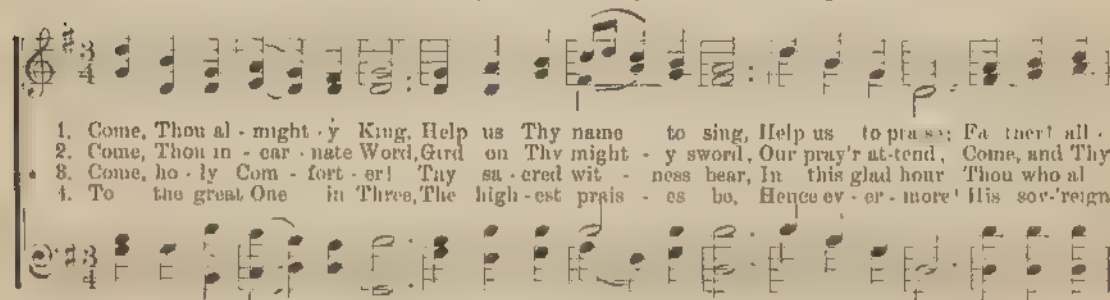
cast your bur - dens on ... the Lord,.... And trust His con - stant care  
 hand, which bears all na - ture up,.... Shall guard His chil - dren well  
 to.... your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne And sweet re - fresh ment find  
 drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way

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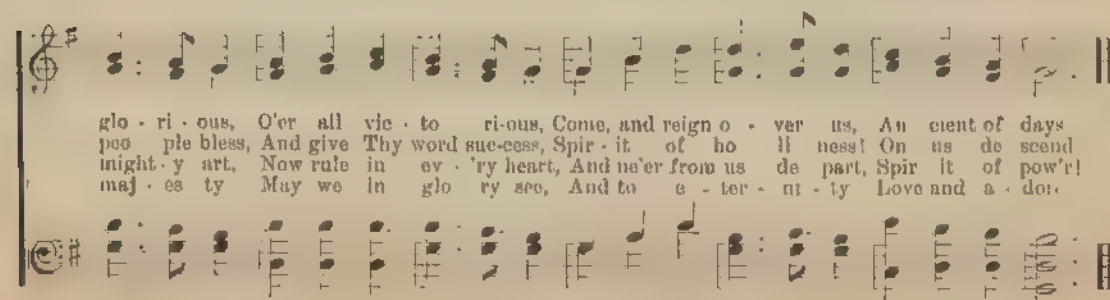
## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY. (MIXED VOICES.)

Music by FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou al - mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise, Fa - ther! all -  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Guard on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at - tend, Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour Thou who al -  
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est pris - es bear, Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign




glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days  
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend  
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore

# WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

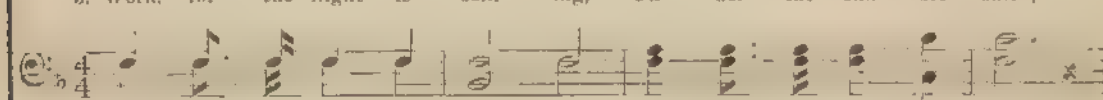

(MIXED VOICES.)

Words by Mrs. A. L. COGHILL.

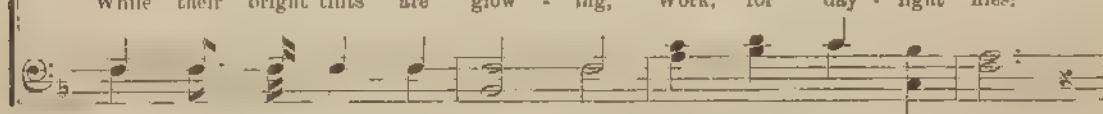
Music by LOWELL MASON.




1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;  
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;  
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

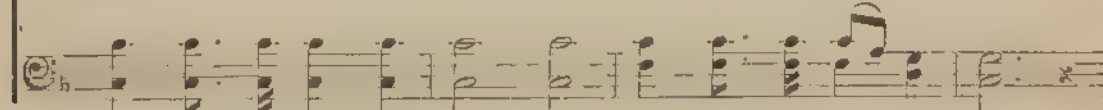
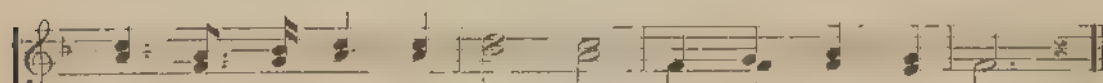
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs,  
 Fill bright - est hours with la - - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;  
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:




*Chorus*



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;  
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.



# SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.


(MIXED VOICES.)

Words by GEORGE W. DOANE.

Music by CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



1 Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
 2 Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
 3 Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;  
 4 Thou, who sin - less, yet hast known All of man's un - firm - i - ty;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.  
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.  
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus look with pit - ying eye.

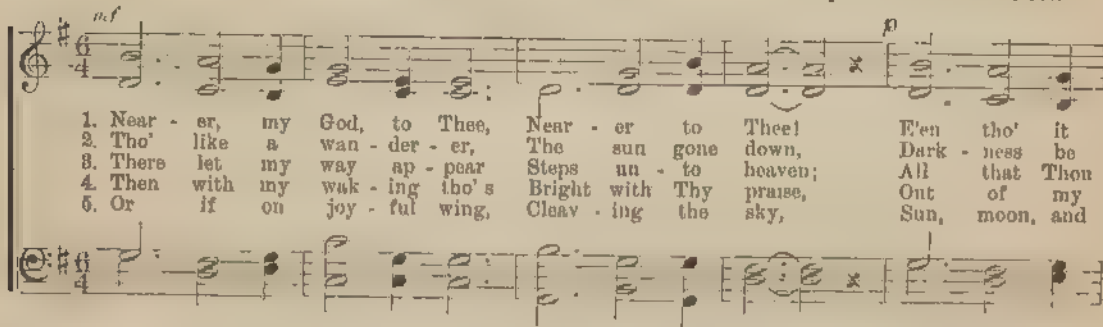
# NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(BETHANY.)

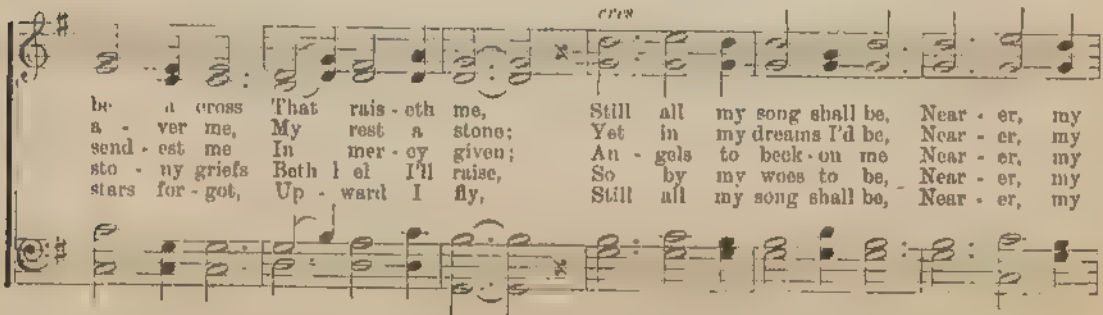
Words by SARAH F. ADAMS.

(MIXED VOICES)

Music by LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
 3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou  
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho's Bright with Thy praise, Out of my  
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



be - a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
 a - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my  
 send - est me In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my  
 sto - ny griefs Bath I el I'll raise, So by my woes to be, Near - er, my  
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my



# NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

*dim.*

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

This musical score is for the hymn 'Nearer, My God, to Thee'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The tempo/mood is marked 'dim.' (diminuendo). The lyrics are: 'God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!'.

# FLEE AS A BIRD.

Words by MARY S. B. DANA.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Spanish Melody.

*Expression.*

1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;...  
2. He will pro-ect thee for - ev - - er, Wipe ev - er - y full - ing tear;...

This musical score is for the hymn 'Flee as a Bird'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo/mood is marked 'Expression.'. The lyrics are: '1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;... 2. He will pro-ect thee for - ev - - er, Wipe ev - er - y full - ing tear;...'.

*f agitato.*

Go to the clear-flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is  
He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel-tered so ten-der-ly there! Haste, then, the hours are

This musical score is for the hymn 'Flee as a Bird'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo/mood is marked 'f agitato.'. The lyrics are: 'Go to the clear-flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel-tered so ten-der-ly there! Haste, then, the hours are'.

*a tempo.*

near... thee, Call, and the Sav-iour will hear... thee, He on His bo-som will  
fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor-row and

This musical score is for the hymn 'Flee as a Bird'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo/mood is marked 'a tempo.'. The lyrics are: 'near... thee, Call, and the Sav-iour will hear... thee, He on His bo-som will fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor-row and'.

*rit.*

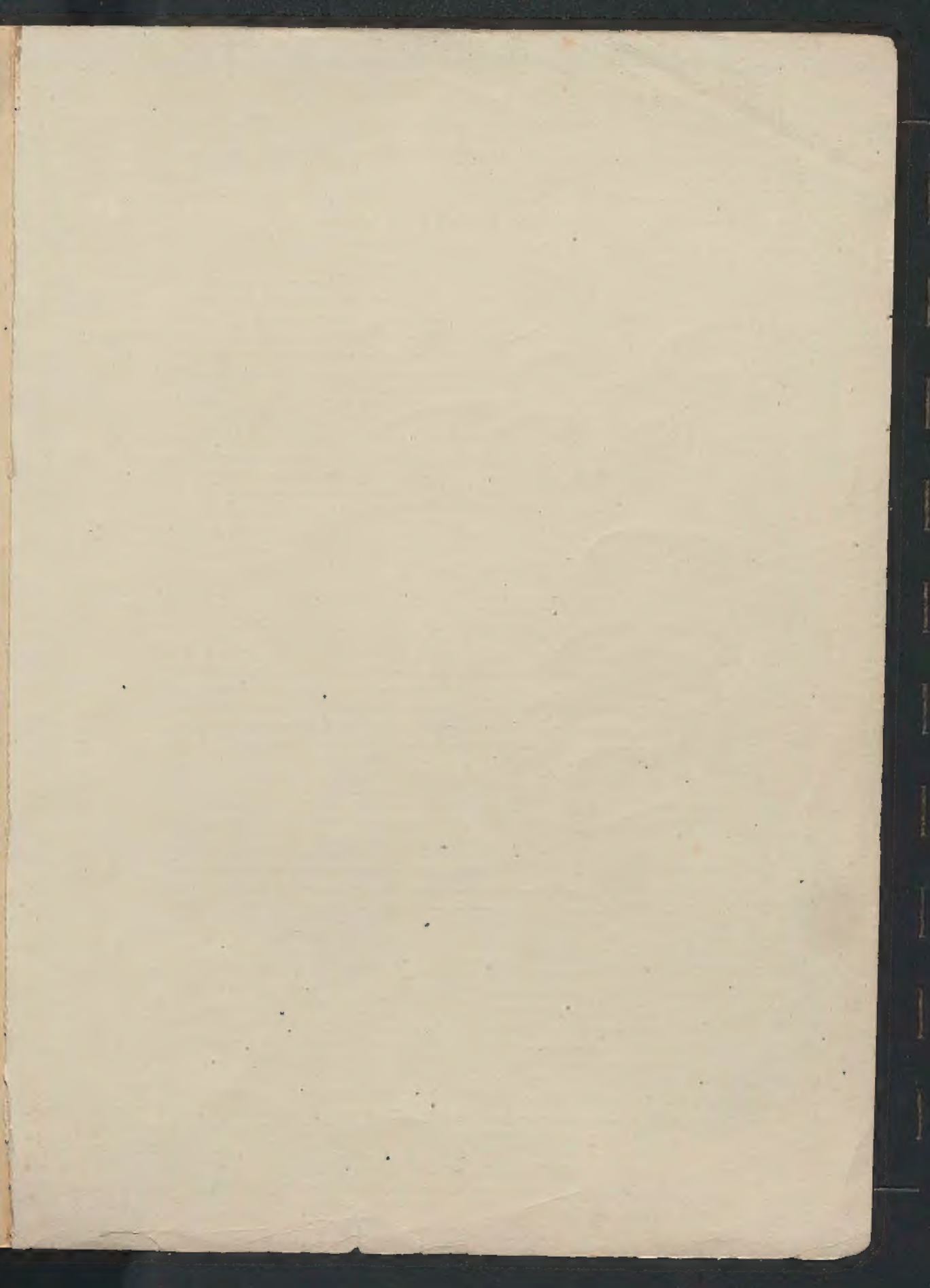
bear... thee; Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.  
cry - ing, The Sav-iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Flee as a Bird'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo/mood is marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: 'bear... thee; Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin. cry - ing, The Sav-iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.'

201-







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